COLUMBIA LIBRARIES OFFSITE
AVERY FINE ARTS RESTRICTED
AR01411136

CAT'S WORLD

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST



FORT NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK). 1651

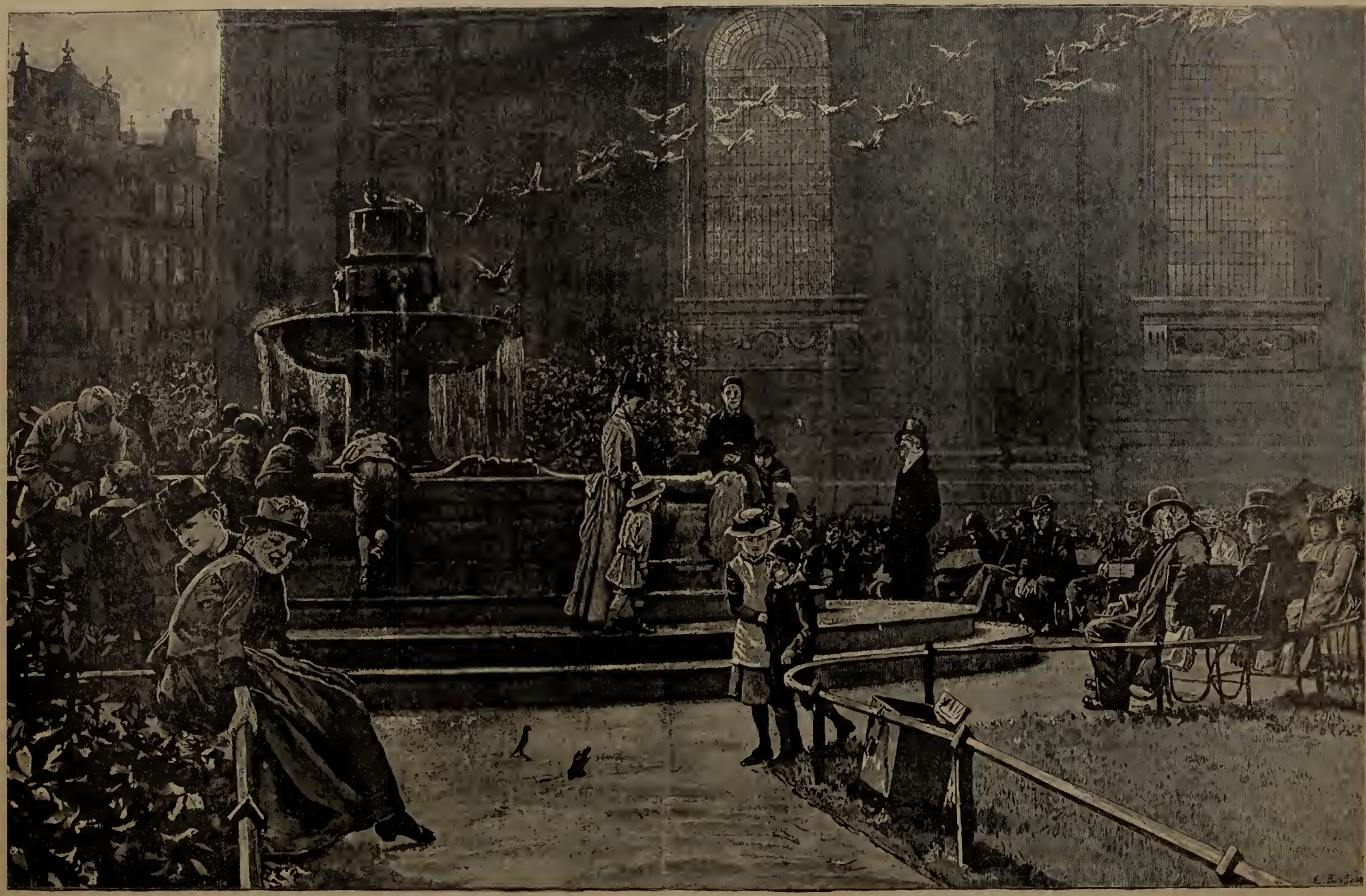
When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."

AVERY ARCHITECTURAL AND FINE ARTS LIBRARY

GIFT OF SEYMOUR B. DURST OLD YORK LIBRARY

Annie Armstrong.

Christmas.
1890.



IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

The garden of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. (*From a sketch by E. K. Johnson.*)

GREAT CITIES

OF THE WORLD

EDITED BY

ELBRIDGE S BROOKS



BOSTON

D LOTHROP COMPANY

WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

OFFSITE
G
140
.B77
1890g

Copyright, 1890,
by
D. Lothrop Company.

PREFACE.

It is a somewhat ungracious task to pick and choose from among the World's metropolises a certain number to be classified as the Great Cities of the World. To the inhabitant of every busy city his own town is not only great, but the greatest. If not in population then in tradition, history or surroundings, the claim to greatness will be proudly advanced and as strenuously insisted upon, and woe unto him who seeks to dim the luster or belittle the proportions of the city's record of importance.

In this compilation, however, the editor has sought to avoid the disputed question of constructive greatness, and to base the selection rather upon the single claim to bigness as given by the census returns. Population is, after all, the one material test — even wealth and commerce standing below it in comparison. Many a goodly city of our own land should really have place in this list if the wealth of its citizens, the importance of its manufactures or its trade, and the position it holds in the ever-lengthening honor-roll of progressive American cities were here to have consideration. And every such city, when compared with the sleepy, retrogressive and often tumble-down towns of the far-off Orient or of those less pushing nationalities familiarly known as "the effete monarchies of Europe" would surely have a better claim to the distinctive title of "Great" cities.

In the limited space allowed him, however, the editor has striven to do justice to all lands — with, perhaps, just a shade of favoritism toward America. The voice of the census-taker has been heard in the land even while this book has been preparing, and the relative position of the cities as given in the volume may not be in strict accord with the result of the investigations of these modern inquisitors; but the endeavor has been made to make the order taken as nearly correct as possible, for not all the earth's cities are of the character of many of those Oriental towns where the census-enumerator is unknown and where the population, always estimated, has a fluctuating margin that varies from two hundred thousand to a million.

No one, however, who goes over the descriptions here somewhat meagerly collected can fail to be impressed with the feeling that deepens almost into the assurance that the world is growing and progressing in every section. Few, if any, of the cities here described have fallen back; nearly all have materially progressed — an indication that the days of war and rapine, of strife and destructive epidemics have indeed passed, and that the era of peace, of companionship, of a growing loving-kindness among men is fast coming on.

For some of the cuts in the book the publishers desire to make appreciative acknowledgment. Especially is this due to David McKay, of Philadelphia, the John Shillito Co., of Cincinnati, the Minneapolis Board of Trade and to those others who kindly placed certain of the illustrations accompanying the description of their respective cities at the service of the publishers.

CONTENTS.

LONDON 9
PARIS 16
NEW YORK 23
CANTON 30
BERLIN 31
PHILADELPHIA 34
VIENNA 39
TOKIO 42
CHICAGO 44
ST. PETERSBURG 47
CONSTANTINOPLE 50
CALCUTTA 53
BROOKLYN 54
BOMBAY 56
MOSCOW 58
GLASGOW 60
LIVERPOOL 62
PEKIN 65
ST. LOUIS 66
BALTIMORE 68
BOSTON 71
BUENOS AYRES 76
BRUSSELS 77
NAPLES 80
BUDAPEST 81
MELBOURNE 82
LYONS 84
WARSAW 85
BIRMINGHAM 86
AMSTERDAM 89
MADRID 92
MARSEILLES 94
CAIRO 95
MADRAS 97
RIO DE JANEIRO 98
OSAKA 100
HYDERABAD 101
MEXICO 102
MANCHESTER 104
SAN FRANCISCO 105
LEEDS 107
CINCINNATI 108
HAMBURG 112
BRESLAU 113
MILAN 114
COPENHAGEN 115
LUCKNOW 116
SHEFFIELD 117
CLEVELAND 118
SHANGHAI 120
ROME 120
BUFFALO 123
MUNICH 125
NEW ORLEANS 126
KIOTO 128
PITTSBURG 128
DUBLIN 130
SEOUL 131
DRESDEN 132
LISBON 133
BARCELONA 134
SANTIAGO 135
BORDEAUX 135
EDINBURGH 136
DETROIT 139
STOCKHOLM 139
WASHINGTON 141
TURIN 145
MINNEAPOLIS 145
BRISTOL 147
ST. PAUL 149
SYDNEY 151
ANTWERP 152
BUCHAREST 153
MILWAUKEE 154
ALEXANDRIA 156
BELFAST 157
PALERMO 158
KANSAS CITY 159
LOUISVILLE 160
SMYRNA 161
TEHERAN 162
NOTTINGHAM 163
MONTEVIDEO 164
PRAGUE 165
BENARES 166
LILLE 167
ROTTERDAM 168
HAVANA 170
NEWARK 171
MONTREAL 172
JERSEY CITY 173
VENICE 174

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the heart of the city . . . . *Frontis.*
The guard of the tower 9
The Tower of London 10
Westminster Abbey 11
The Bank of England 12
Interior of Saint Paul's 14
View of Paris from the Seine 16
Church of Notre Dame 16
Bird's-eye view of Paris 17
Bridge of St. Louis 18
The Bourse 19
The Luxembourg Palace 20
The Louvre 21
Open-air café 22
Book-stalls on the Quai Malaquais 22
Tower of Produce Exchange 23
New York, from Governor's Island 24
Picturesque New York 25
Madison Square 27
Cooper Institute 27
Fifth Avenue, below Central Park 29
Initial 30
Statue of Frederick the Great 31
The Brandenburg Gate 32
"Der Mühlendamm." — The Mill-Dam, Berlin . 33
The Liberty Bell 34
Picturesque Philadelphia 35
New Public Building 36
Statue of Franklin 37
Façade in Vienna 39
Heinrischof 40
In old Vienna 41
Interior of Japanese shop 43
Chicago in 1820 44
Picturesque Chicago 45
Statue of the Czar Nicholas 47
Bridge over the Neva 48
The Winter Palace 49
Initial 50
In the bazaars of Stamboul 51
Constantinople 52
Esplanade, Calcutta 54
The bridge from the Brooklyn side 56
A Hindoo temple in the Black Town, Bombay . 57
The great bell 58
The Kremlin 59
In the dry docks 60
Picturesque Glasgow 61
New municipal buildings 62
Great Western Railway Station, Liverpool . . 64
Feast of Lanterns in Pekin 65
Custom House and Post-office 66
Court House, St. Louis 67
Battle Monument 69
Baltimore from Federal Hill 70
Soldiers' Monument 71
King's Chapel 71
State House 72
On Boston Common and the Public Garden . . 73
Commonwealth Avenue 74
Cathedral of Ste. Gudule 77
Tourists abroad 79
A girl of Naples 80
Government building 82
"The Block" in Collins Street, Melbourne . . 83
Below the Heights 85
A marriage ceremony in Warsaw 87
The fish market at Amsterdam 89
In Amsterdam streets 91
The boy-king of Spain 92
The Palace of Congress 92
In the bull-circus, Madrid 93
The Rue La Cannebière 95
A street in Cairo 96
View from the citadel of Cairo 97
In the Black Town, Madras 98
Rio Harbor and Sugar Loaf Mountain 99
Rio de Janeiro 99
A Japanese carriage. — The Jinrikisha . . . 100
The Nizam's palace 101
Approach to the Char Minar 102
In the court of the National Museum 103
In the smithy 104
Bird's-eye view of San Francisco 106
The City Hall 106
Initial 108
The Tyler-Davidson Fountain, in Fountain Square 109
The Ohio River, opposite Mount Auburn . . 110
A Hamburg market-woman 112
On the promenade 113
The Kongens Nytorv 115
The Bailey Guard Gate 116
Forging a steel ingot at the Atlas Steel and Iron Works, Sheffield 117
The Garfield Memorial 118
Initial 120
On the Corso 121
The Castle of San Angelo 122
St. Peter's and the Colonnade 123
The new Academy of Fine Arts in Munich . . 125
The French market, New Orleans 126
View of Pittsburg from Coal Hill 129
A rainy day in Dublin streets 130
Phœnix Park, Dublin 131
View of Dresden 132
Bridge over the Elbe 133
Initial 134
View of Bordeaux 136
The great bridge over the Frith of Forth . . 137
Statue of Sir Walter Scott 138
The Castle Hill 138
View of Stockholm 140

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Washington Monument 141
The Capitol and Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House 142
The Capitol 143
Mount Vernon. — Home of Washington . . 144
City Hall and Court House 146
Minneapolis Public Library 146
The Falls of Minnehaha 147
Coming into port 148
The State capitol, St. Paul 149
St. Paul from Prospect Terrace 150
View of Sydney 151
Cathedral at Antwerp 152
Picturesque Milwaukee 155
View of Alexandria 156
At Belfast docks 157
A girl of Palermo 158
Initial 160
The Shah entering Teheran 162
View of Montevideo 164
The Ganges, at Benares 166
In the gardens of Lille 167
In the harbor of Rotterdam 168
Picturesque Holland 169
In the Cathedral 170
Newark from the Passaic 171
In the St. Lawrence Rapids 172
The Hudson River at Jersey City 173
A water-vender on the Riva 174
On the Grand Canal 175
The Cathedral of St. Mark 176

GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD

LONDON.

TO be the leading city of the world in population, wealth and trade, culture and historic associations, is a pre-eminence that must make such a city at once the center of the world's interest and the mark toward which all others must aspire. Such is London — the metropolis of the British Empire, the largest city in the world.



THE GUARD OF THE TOWER.

The visitor in London finds himself overwhelmed by its immensity. Before he leaves it he is fully convinced of the truth of Mr. Stockton's assertion, that "if one were to undertake to walk one way only through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American Continent from New York to San Francisco."

Extending fourteen miles in one direction and eight in the other this mighty metropolis has to-day a population of nearly four and a half millions of people. It has an area of fully forty-six thousand acres, occupies portions of four counties, is cut in twain by a broad and famous river, and is divided into a curious conglomeration of fourteen governmental divisions — districts or boroughs.

It numbers among its residents more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine. It has a foreign population of more than a quarter of a million. In England one person out of every fifteen lives in London.

This enormous collection of human beings, numbering more than the entire population of the six New England States, are of all sorts and conditions. Some of them, according to Mr. Stockton, are "so rich that they can never count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count." And these all find homes in the five hundred thousand inhabited houses of London.

London has been for so long "the great city" that it is hard for one who to-day stands amazed at its vastness to realize that there ever was a time when this gigantic metropolis was nothing but a collection of rude huts, encompassed by an earth wall and a ditch on a cleared spot reclaimed from fen and forest. Yet such was probably the case, as its very name seems to indicate.

But whatever its origin — whether it was only a rude forest clearing on which the earliest British "boomers" started a claim, whether it was the mythical city founded by Brut, the son of Æneas the Trojan, or that capital city of Cassivelaunus the Briton that Julius Cæsar captured and

sacked, its early days were certainly full of turmoil and trouble. Franks and Norsemen, Picts and Scots, Danes and Saxons in turn conquered and ravaged it, while fire and famine, pestilence and whirlwind have again and again visited it to scourge, to decimate and to destroy.

A review of the city's annals up to the close of the seventeenth century reveals little else. But, prostrated by each scourge, London almost immediately regained her feet again and went unconcernedly about her business. The attempt of the arch-conspirators — fire and pestilence — to annihilate her, was an ignominious failure. Disheartened, they slunk away, and have never since plucked up courage to send out anything more than the skirmish line of their forces.

London had other enemies during these earlier centuries. There were enemies without. With twenty thousand men and thirty-eight ships she was foremost in resisting the Spanish Armada. There were enemies within. There were the struggles for kingly succession in which she was bound to take sides; there were Nat Tyler's insurrection and Jack Cade's rebellion. There were precious charters to maintain against the usurpation of John and others like him. There were all forms of religious persecution, even to burning at the stake, under Henry the Eighth and Bloody Mary. There was the Civil War; Parliament must be sustained. But to turmoil succeeded quiet. Never, like Paris, a turbulent city, her last two centuries have been especially peaceful, and her growth both in population and area has been enormous.

The city administration of to-day is a legacy conscientiously handed down from the Middle Ages by generation after generation of citizens, each generation adding a little. The precious privileges granted in these old charters have been hoarded and counted and gloated over with as keen a delight as was ever miser's gold. So it is that, just as he did generations ago, the Lord Mayor still moves amid great pageantry and glitter to take the oath of office at Westminster, and for a consideration of ten thousand pounds and personal expenses amounting to about half as much again, keeps the "show running" for a year. Even the Queen cannot enter the sacred precincts of "The City" without the Lord Mayor's permission.

It is probable that the material aspect of London would have undergone as little change as the administrative government, had not a fiery providence swept the old away. Still, despite the purgatorial fire, there is much to recall the past. Parts of the old encircling wall are still standing and Roman relics are occasionally dug up in great numbers. The Tower frowns forbiddingly as of old. Originally, in William the Conqueror's time, a royal palace and fortress, it became later a prison and a place of death, the scene of many a tragic drama during the succeeding centuries. In the Tower, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, led his singular life, Richard the Second abdicated, Henry the Sixth was assassinated, and Charles, Prince of Orleans, lightened the burden of a quarter of a century of confinement by writing poems. The frown it continues to wear — from long habit, no doubt — is to-day quite harmless, for it shelters nothing more terrible than a museum and an arsenal. Here are stored the trophies of England's wars, the national archives, the jewels of the crown, some of the richest collections in the world of arms and armor of every period, and an enormous array of modern weapons for a national emergency.

Among all the thirteen bridges that span the Thames, London Bridge is still the great causeway. The original structure does not remain, however: this was torn down and replaced



THE TOWER OF LONDON.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

many years ago. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are still the great churches. St. Paul's is the third largest church in the world, St. Peter's and the Milan Cathedral alone surpassing it. Whether, as some maintain, it occupies the site of an ancient temple to Diana is more than doubtful, but it certainly dates back as a Christian church to the seventh century.

The present structure, the sixth upon the spot, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and finished at the very close of the seventeenth century. Good architectural judges find it remarkable chiefly for its massive simplicity and beautiful proportions, rather than for its adornments, the interior especially being very plain, as compared with most European cathedrals.

Westminster Abbey was founded about the same time as St. Paul's, but was not regularly established as an Abbey until the time of Edward the Confessor. It is the coronation church and contains the royal burial vaults as well as a long series of monuments to warriors, saints, statesmen, poets, musicians, men of science, travelers, patriots and adventurers. "At every turn," says Washington Irving, "I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and miters; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence."

Ecclesiastical narrowness and political prejudice have barred the Abbey's doors to some of England's noblest sons and daughters, and have flung them open wide to some of the most detestable. But for all that, burial in her Abbey continues to be the highest tribute England can pay her dead.

There are other London landmarks equally old, but less pretentious, quaint nooks, touched lightly by the centuries, such as Irving found on his pilgrimage to Eastcheap. A stroll about the older quarters will amply repay any lover of antiquities.

London's opportunity to become both a beautiful and commodious city fell to her after the great fire of 1664. But, true to her instincts, she refused to adopt Christopher Wren's comprehensive plan for rebuilding, considering only the needs of the moment and the convenience of



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

the hour. As a result of this inexcusable old-fogyism, London streets are not only irretrievably ugly — which is of no consequence to the average Englishman — but extremely inconvenient, and inconvenience does wound his utilitarian susceptibilities, and lead him to ponder on what "might have been." The growth of the immense new outer city has been totally unregulated, so that there is absence of direct connection between important points; streets are blocked thereby and traffic enormously impeded.

London has five well-marked divisions. Smallest in area, but greatest in importance, the center of all business activity is the Old City, that part which was once surrounded by a wall. Scarcely anybody lives there — the resident population certainly does not exceed fifty thousand — but between nine and eleven o'clock on business days a human stream pours in, seven hundred and sixty thousand strong, and between four and six o'clock it all pours out to the suburbs again. A strange spectacle is this business ebb and flow to the loiterer on London Bridge. There is no great merchant in the whole British Empire that does not have an office in the city, yet no great merchant lives there. Formerly it was a dismal, dirty place quite out of keeping with its cosmocentric character. Of late years, however, great improvements have been made. Narrow streets have been broadened, hollows filled in, new streets cut through, and gigantic warehouses and civic buildings have risen upon the sites of tumble-down houses. Now it can at least claim to be respectable if not beautiful.

To the east and northeast of the city are the homes of the working classes, uninteresting save from the human point of view, for here are collected the squalor and misery that are London's shame, sorrow and peril.

West of the city is Westminster, the seat of government of the British Kingdom. Here are the immense Parliament Halls and the famous Abbey.

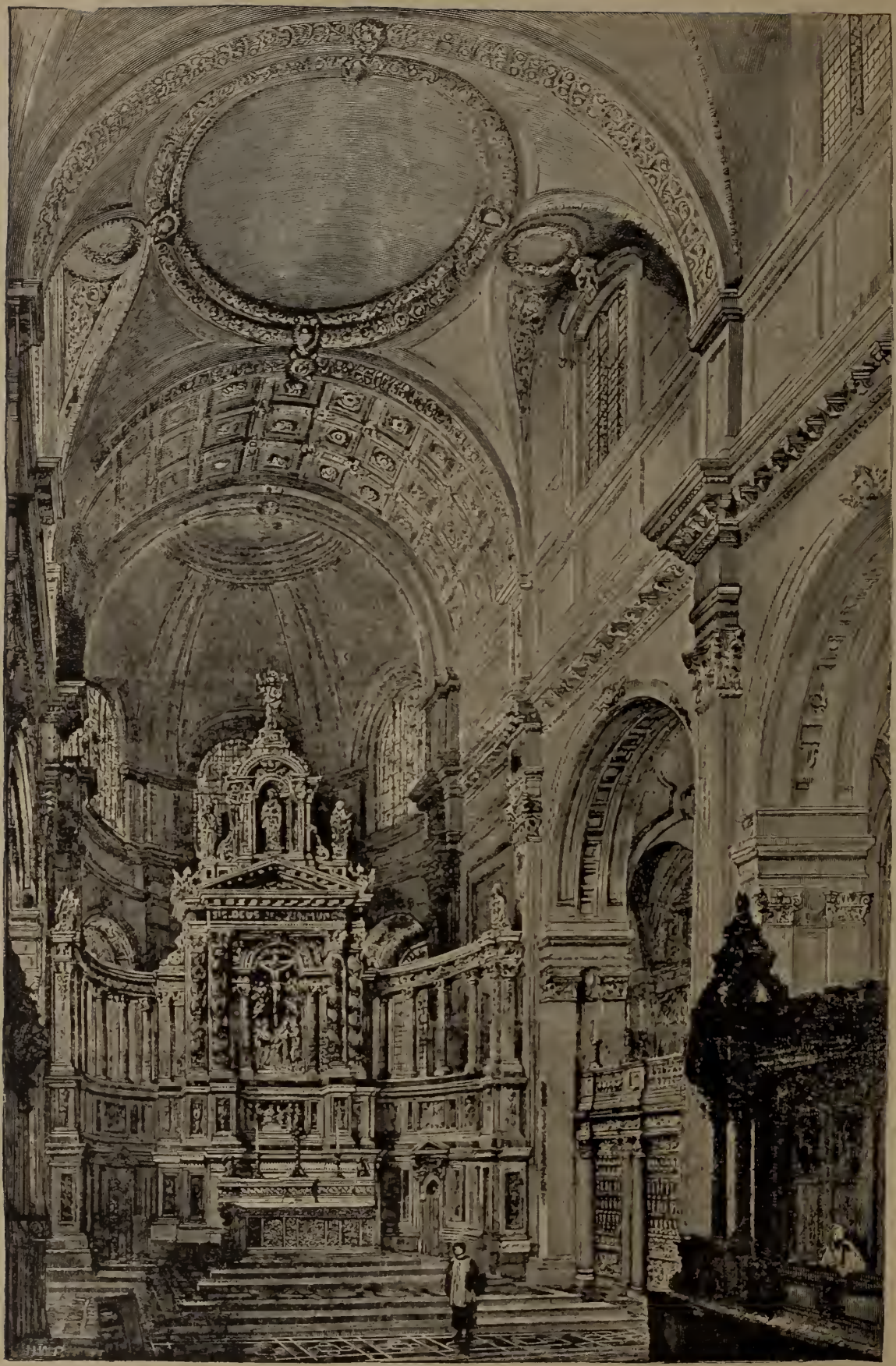
Beyond Westminster, at the West End, lies the fashionable quarter, resplendent with parks, palaces and elegant private residences. All these divisions are on the north bank of the Thames.

Southwark, on the opposite bank, is a city by itself. It has a population of two hundred thousand, and is the scene of great business and industrial activity, but boasts of nothing of interest to the public.

These five great divisions have numerous subdivisions, each more or less distinctly marked for some peculiarity on the part of its *habitués*. The French affect the vicinity of Leicester Square and Soho. The Italians are found in Hatton Gardens, and the Germans live at the East End. Trades and professions have the same huddling tendencies. Lawyers are nearly all to be found in Lincoln's Inn and The Temple, publishers and booksellers in Paternoster Row, journalists in Fleet Street. Pall Mall and Piccadilly are the centers of London Club Life. Doctors, butchers, clockmakers, etc., have each their own quarter. Regent and Oxford Streets are the most fashionable thoroughfares. The great artery of traffic from the heart of the city outward is the Strand. It is lined with handsome shops. It has grown busier and busier every year since Charles Lamb used to frequent it. Yet even in his time he was constrained by its bustle to write to Wordsworth: "The wonder of these (London) sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life."

But many a Londoner has ridden year after year on the underground railways, has hurried past the thousands of persistent costermongers and itinerant venders, who alone do a business of four million pounds a year — has been jammed into the daily press on London Bridge, has stood like Lamb in the Strand, dazed by the perpetual swirl and has even had an office by the very valves of the city's heart, who knows almost nothing of the fullness of its business activity in its relations to the rest of the world. He has examined commercial reports, no doubt, but statistics of imports and exports, of ships and tonnage and customs revenue make no clear-cut impression when they are so enormous. There is but one way to get even an approximate idea of the extent of London's international trade and that is, to follow the river down for six or seven miles from London Bridge in the midst of what Byron once described as "A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping."

Since Byron's time, the mighty forests of shipping have grown mightier, the huge warehouses and magazines have grown huger, the wine and oil burrows have distended into mammoth caves; new docks have been built without rivals in the world. It is the compound interest of growth, and we wonder will it ever cease, until it has overspread the whole fifty miles to the sea, and the



INTERIOR OF SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

great upper city fattening on the life of this shall have swelled westward to the other sea: so resistless, so relentless is its trend.

Former ages have known no such marvel. The vaunted nineteenth century has been able to supply none greater than this.

Financially, in even a more complete sense than commercially, if that be possible, London is a globe center. It is literally the world's great banking-house and clearing-house. Every great corporation of every important civilized country has here its office and its agent. Values are as inevitably reckoned from London as longitude is from Greenwich. A slight pressure on an electric button at the London Stock Exchange may vitalize or paralyze financial interests located thousands of miles away.

The industries of London, while of immense size and importance in themselves, are unimportant relatively to its commerce and finance. The price of labor and land makes it cheaper to manufacture away from the metropolis. Of all the industries brewing is the most important. Of the one hundred and ten great breweries the best known is that of Barclay, Perkins & Co. in Southwark, which covers an area of twelve acres. The prosperity and wealth that old Dr. Johnson a century ago prophesied for the London he so loved has been attained.

In view of so much commercial, industrial and financial activity, it is not to be wondered at that some of the most loyal of London's sons are gloomy with forebodings, that satisfied with riches she shall neglect and forget all the nobler things of life.

It must be confessed that in much which makes life worth living, London might learn wisdom of many a smaller, poorer city. In music, in architecture, in sculpture and painting she has but a low prestige. But it would be a hasty judgment that should declare utility her ruler and money her god. Many thousands there must be among her millions whose knees "have not bowed unto Baal." The glory of her literature past and present is enough to confirm that. Her museums alone would vindicate her. The noble British Museum is the largest and richest in the world, considered as a whole, as it is also the finest in several departments, especially Greek and Roman antiquities and engravings. Its library, which is second only to the Paris Library, contains over one million bound volumes, besides numerous manuscripts. While art does not flourish in London, the National Gallery — though of course not to be compared with the Louvre — is exceedingly valuable to students of the history of art, and the comparatively new Royal Academy has always a good loan collection.

London architecture is unquestionably inferior to that of all the more important European capitals. It would be uncharitable to say that Providence has kindly lent London a veil of fog to shroud her ugliness and conjure up unreal beauties. Yet the thought will come, and artists corroborate it. A London fog is unquestionably, to the artistically unregenerate mind, a most unlovely thing. At present however the city gives promise of an architectural new birth. Some of the more recent public buildings and works have been constructed with some regard for beauty. Stone is rapidly replacing brick. The saying that "The nineteenth century found London brick and will leave it stone" is a prophecy that seems likely of fulfillment.

Still other evidences there are that London is not wholly given over to material gain: her numerous learned societies (with the Royal Society at their head), each doing solid work for the different departments of science; her colossal charities with an aggregate income of over four million pounds; her schools with accommodations for over half a million children; her colleges and universities, social clubs, books, journals and magazines; her parks and pleasure grounds, her missionary and Bible societies for the evangelization of the world; her thousand churches and chapels that supply the great city's religious life: her concert halls and her forty theaters, some of which have in recent years been the scene of important revivals.

"He who is tired of London is tired of life," said Dr. Johnson. The good doctor was quite apt to make strong statements, and this is one of them. Yet even those who like London least must admit that she is a sturdy city with a noble past and a yet more noble present. And if she can only be persuaded to weave into her destiny more of the amenities of life, more of its "glory and genius and joy," that destiny is bound to be still nobler.

PARIS.



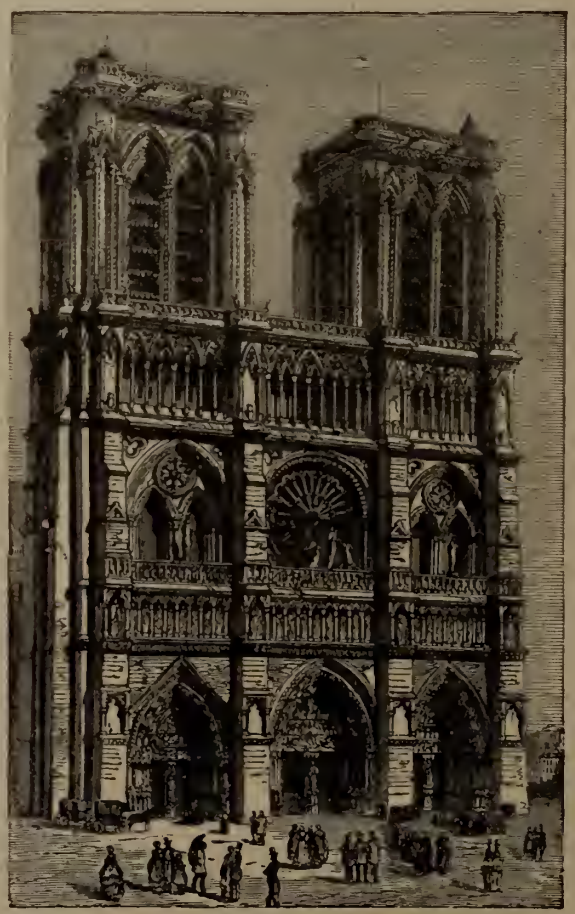
VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE SEINE.

PARIS has had my heart from my childhood. I love it tenderly even to its faults and its blemishes. I am a Frenchman only as I am a citizen of this great city, the glory of France and one of the world's noblest ornaments." Thus wrote Montaigne in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and Daudet, in the latter part of the nineteenth, referring to an enforced absence from Paris in his early manhood, says:

"Yes, I pined for Paris. I pined for Paris, for the precious things I had left there, for its fog, and for its gas, for its journals, its new books, for its evening talks at the café, or under the peristyle of the theater, for its fine artistic fever and its perpetual enthusiasm."

This affection that the Parisian bears and has always borne to Paris is unique. It is so strong that he cannot live at all or can at best only half live away from her; it is so partial that she seems to him in all respects a veritable goddess.

Patriotism is the Frenchman's religion, and he adopts in speaking of his country the glowing phrases of religious enthusiasm and exaltation. Love of France is love of Paris without qualification. Peter the Great once said that if he possessed such a town as Paris he should be tempted to burn it down for fear it should absorb the rest of his empire. Paris has done precisely this. It has absorbed the empire. To say that it is the center of the political, judicial, artistic, scientific, commercial and industrial life of the nation does not express the fact. Paris is the nation.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

But after making all due allowance for the intense patriotic bias of the Parisian mind, the fact remains that Paris is a remarkable city. Witness the fact that foreigners have vied with the Parisians themselves in her praises. Hawthorne, for instance, in almost the same breath that he berates the French people praises their capital. He says: "Never had my idea of a city been gratified till I trod those stately streets." Mr. Stockton declares that "there is no one place which will show us so well what Europe is to-day as Paris — the queen city of the world."

Paris is remarkable first of all for her beauty. An immense city, surrounded by ramparts, twenty-one miles long, cut in twain by the river Seine, that winds and doubles so much that there are seven miles of the river within the city walls, full of broad and handsome streets, magnificent buildings and miles upon miles of stores and shops, Paris is generally admitted to be the most beautiful city in the world. She is a marble city, and



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

foremost among her beauties are her noble edifices — palaces, churches, government offices, shops, bazaars and private mansions. The glorious transformation from brick to marble abruptly checked by the Franco-Prussian War and the riots of the Commune, has gone rapidly on toward completion. One is met at every turn with magnificent specimens of architectural comeliness — Gothic, Renaissance, and Modern. In the very heart of the city is the colossal palace of which Hawthorne said: "I never knew what a palace was, until I had a glimpse of the Louvre." The name Louvre was probably derived from an ancient hunting château, called Louverie, that used to stand here in a wolf-infested forest. Francis the First laid the foundations in the middle of the sixteenth century. Nearly every succeeding ruler has added something to it, so that it shows many different styles of architecture. In 1852, Napoleon the Third consummated the old plan of the French kings by joining the Tuileries and the Louvre. Together, they covered an area of forty-eight acres. But the union was not for long. The Tuileries were destroyed by the mob in 1871. The Louvre also was slightly injured, but was quickly repaired.

Across the river from the Louvre is the Luxembourg Palace, the seat of the Senate and former residence of Marie de Medici; and not far away the Bourbon Palace, the present seat of the Chamber of Deputies. Other prominent public buildings are the Palais de Justice; the Hotel des Invalides, a refuge for old soldiers beneath whose majestic dome rests the sarcophagus of Napoleon; of this building Montesquieu said: "I would rather have built this, if I were a prince, than to have won three battles." The Palace of the Legion of Honor, an exquisite structure of Louis the Fourteenth's time; the Elysée Palace, a vast modern edifice used by the President of the Republic; the Hotel de Ville, successor of a much grander hotel destroyed in 1871; the Trocadero Palace, somewhat resembling the London Crystal Palace, and built expressly for the Exposition of 1878; the Palace of the Institute, the Mint and National Printing Establishment are others of the notable buildings of Paris.

Of the numerous beautiful churches, the largest and probably the most famous is Notre Dame de Paris. It is in the form of a Latin cross and has one of the most beautiful façades left to us by the Middle Ages. The present structure was erected in the twelfth century on the site of two other Christian churches and a Pagan temple. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attempts were made at so-called improvement which resulted rather disastrously. This

century has seen a restoration on a magnificent scale by Viollet le Duc, that is in every way a worthy one. Within, strange scenes have been enacted for a church. During the Revolution it became a Temple of Reason, when Mlle. Maillard as Goddess of Wisdom and her priestesses were enshrined and where their orgies were celebrated. In the Commune it barely escaped destruction. The chairs were all heaped up in the choir and ignited, but the draft was so poor they refused to burn. Nothing else could have saved it. It has witnessed some gorgeous ceremonies, the most gorgeous of all no doubt being the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine at an expense of eighty-five million francs. Sometimes, too, religious fervor has prevailed. The great Bossuet and Bourdaloue both preached here. Here twelve thousand persons were in the habit of listening to the Dominican, Lacordaire. Père Hyacinthe the Carmelite and the Jesuit, Père de Ravignan, made here their greatest spiritual conquests.

Next to Notre Dame in fame and beauty, are the church of St. Geneviève (the Pantheon) and the church of the Madeleine. The second largest church in Paris, St. Eustache, was built by the architect David, early in the seventeenth century. It is regarded as the most complete specimen of Renaissance architecture in the city. Gothic in essentials, but classic in details. A decidedly unique church is Notre Dame de Lorette, probably the richest of any in its interior decorations, so very rich, in fact, that it has come to be called the "religious boudoir." The church of the Oratoire, conspicuous for its stately porticos, is famous for the preaching of Massillon and Mascaron. It was used for public meetings during the Revolution. The Sainte Chapelle was built by St. Louis to receive the crown of thorns from the Emperor of Constantinople. It is exceedingly beautiful. Other noteworthy churches are San Roch, with its picturesque arrangement of chapels, S. Germain de Près, dating back to the tenth century, in which Descartes is buried, St. Sulpice architecturally interesting, as being built by the Florentine, Servandoni; St. Etienne du Mont, "a fine and delicate marvel of French art," containing the tombs of Racine and Pascal, and St. Gervaise where interior Gothic can be studied at its best.

Even such edifices as these, if jammed together on narrow, crooked and unkempt streets, would find all their magnificence of little avail. Paris streets, quays and boulevards, however, are models of width and straightness. They are well-paved, well-drained, brilliantly lighted, and scrupulously neat; always bustling and animated, but free from deafening noise. Possessing thus a certain kind of beauty in themselves, they also heighten the greater beauty of the buildings that fringe them. The boulevards as first laid out, occupied the site of the old fortifications, and it is from these they derive their name. They are nowhere less than thirty-three yards wide, the busiest and most fashionable in the world, with their broad walks, numerous shade trees, attractive show-



BRIDGE OF ST. LOUIS.



THE BOURSE.



THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

windows, booths, stalls and kiosks, theaters and cafés. That boulevard which among the many has come to be called *The Boulevard* runs from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastile, but the gayest of them all is the Boulevard des Italiens. This seems to be one great open air restaurant, for on both sides it is almost wholly lined with cafés, before which hundreds are always seated at tables in fine weather. By the quays, so often referred to, are to be understood nothing like the English or American wharves and docks, but magnificent roadways, almost as gay as the boulevards, bordered on one side by sumptuous edifices and on the other by very high, solid parapets overlooking the river on which one can sit and watch the throngs of pleasure-seeking foot passengers and equipages pass by.

But an uninterrupted glare of asphalt and marble wearies the eye. Paris would be tiresome, unendurable perhaps, but for its abundant greenery. There is scarcely a district in Paris that does not have its open square of trees and green-sward, garnished with monumental fountains and statues, and all scrupulously cared for at the public expense. The Place de la Concorde has delightful green outlooks in every direction and contains eight allegorical statues of the great cities of France — Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lille, Strasbourg, Rouen and Brest. Since Strasbourg has become a German city, its statue has always been draped in mourning. This section teems with the most terrible memories of the Revolution. An obelisk marks the death-place of Robespierre, a fountain that of the King, Louis the Sixteenth. Charlotte Corday, Mme. Elizabeth, Madam Roland, Marat, Danton and nearly three thousand other and less famous victims were here guillotined. The Place Vendome, "handsome, old-fashioned, octagonal," dates back to the time of Louis the Fourteenth. It is adorned by a column and statue of Napoleon. The Place de l'Etoile has the largest triumphal arch in the world. Other places — des Victoires, de la Bastile, de la République and de Rivoli are celebrated for their fine columns and equestrian statues.

On a larger scale are the Champs Elysées, the principal promenade of the city; the Gardens of the Tuileries, whose parterres, trees, fountains, lakes, statues and fine river terrace forms the "especial paradise of nurse-maids and children;" the Jardin des Luxembourg in front of the Senatorial Palace, whose conservatories are rich in rare exotic plants; the Jardin des Plantes, laid out in straight walks and regular beds; Buttes-Chaumont and Montsouris Park, both very broken and picturesque; Monicean Park the resort of aristocracy and the Champ de Mars.

But the real parks lie outside the walls at directly opposite ends of the city. They are the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes. The Bois de Boulogne is part of an ancient forest, once a notorious resort of suicides, duelists and robbers. Ever since its cession to the City in 1852, its two hundred and fifteen acres of turf, roads, trees, shrubbery, lakes and running water have been the Parisians' favorite pleasure ground. It contains menageries, conservatories, aquariums, two race courses and the gardens of the Acclimatization Society. From three to five in the winter and five to seven in the summer all the frippery and foppery of Paris — tailoring, millinery, toilet and equipage — may here be seen airing itself. The Bois de Vincennes is in most respects similar to the Bois de Boulogne, but is not yet nearly so much frequented.

Paris greenery is also much indebted to the twenty-two scattered cemeteries. Père Lachaise, the largest, richest and only interesting one, was formerly the headquarters of the Jesuits and derives its name from the Jesuit Superior. Père Lachaise is the necropolis of the élite. To have a hotel in the Boulevard Malesherbes, a box at the Grand Opera and a tomb in Père Lachaise — that is to live and to die *à la mode*. Gentility may rendezvous here secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. Père Lachaise proprieties are never scandalized; the burial fee is ample security against that. Musicians are buried here: Bellini, Cherubini and Chopin; bankers, the Rothschilds and Foulds; authors, Alfred de Musset, Beaumarchais, Béranger, Racine, La Fontaine, Balzac; the artist, David; the scientist, La Place; the actress, Rachel. But the most famous tomb of all, the one that every traveler visits, is in memory of those half-mythical mediævalists, Abelard and Heloise.

But gorgeous new palaces bordering immaculate streets, quays and boulevards, studiedly checkered with places, gardens, parks and cemeteries have an unpleasant air of punctiliousness. It is because the city was remodeled by a discriminating taste that knew how to tear down as well as how to build up that it is not liable to this criticism. While ruthlessly clearing away crooked alleys and squalid purlieus it recognized the claims of Old Paris and left almost undisturbed many of the more ancient streets, rich in historic associations and in those mansions of the past whose fine old doorways and balconies have a quaint beauty quite their own which modern elegance can not rival. The Rue St. Honoré, with its slate-roofed, many-windowed and balconied houses is one of the quaintest and richest of these streets. At its entrance formerly stood the gate which Jeanne d'Arc attacked in 1429. Here was thrown up the barricade which began the troubles of the Fronde. The first gun of the July Revolution was fired here. In 1848 it witnessed a bloody fight between the mob and soldiers. By this street Marie Antoinette made her entry into Paris and by this she went to her death.

Paris is indeed beautiful; all these and many other things combine to make her so. But mere beauty is not charm. Dulness cannot be redeemed by regularity, while even plainness is transfigured by vivacity. Beauty and vivacity combined are irresistible. It is the gayety of Paris that fascinates. Almost two and a half million of people, gathered from every province of France and every quarter of the globe, are here making an especial study of enjoyment and practising it as an art. To the Parisian a household is a disagreeable necessity; society is his home. And so he frequents the promenades, parks and boulevards where society is to be found; he goes to the salon, the opera, the theater, the circus, the panorama, the ball; he reads, gossips and drinks at the café, cabaret or brasserie where he is always sure to find not only gossips, scandalmongers and the omnipresent dude; but financiers and stock brokers, military and naval officers, lyric and dramatic artists, painters, novelists, poets and wits, all there for the same purpose — social enjoyment. Paris is the home of elegant leisure, the Capital of Pleasure, all movement, life and color. "Paris is electric," says a recent keen observer. "Touch it at any point, and you receive an awakening shock. Live in it, and you lose all lethargy. Nothing stagnates. Every one visibly and acutely feels himself alive. The universal vivacity is contagious." Gayety is revealed in every feature of the city. "In every quarter of Paris, on either side of the river," says Mr. Stockton, "we shall find shops, shops, shops:



THE LOUVRE.



OPEN-AIR CAFÉ.

people, people, people; life, activity and bustle of every sort. Splendid buildings meet our eyes at every turn. There is very little monotony in Paris."

Art is the glory of Paris. Some idea of the extent of its collections may be obtained from the fact that it takes two hours to walk through the rooms of the Louvre without stopping. Rich in Egyptian and Oriental antiquities, in sculpture, ancient, renaissance and modern, its paintings are yet its chief pride. The Louvre galleries alone have an aggregate length of five eighths of a mile. They contain over two thousand works of very high rank, representing almost every school of art. Some of the greatest masters can be satisfactorily studied only in the Louvre. The Museum of the Luxembourg is a valuable but constantly-changing illustration of modern art, inasmuch as the best of its pictures are removed to the Louvre ten years after the death of the artist. The Salon is an annual exhibition of paintings held in the Palais de l'Industrie. To appear in the Paris Salon is the acme of artistic ambition the world over. The prestige is an earnest of success. Besides these public art collections, Paris contains more private picture galleries than any city on the continent.

In dramatic art Paris is easily preëminent. The stage is not only sanctioned but heavily subsidized by the government. The Grand Opera alone receives eight hundred thousand francs yearly. The Grand Opera House is worthy of the City. It was designed by Garnier, was fourteen years in building and is the largest and finest theater in the world. The Théâtre Français was founded in 1600 and was under the management of Molière for some years after 1658. Here, as also at the Odéon, classical dramas are frequently presented. Every theater has its specialty — comic opera, operetta, comedy, farce or spectacular — but whatever it may be it is artistically presented, for the drama is art at Paris.

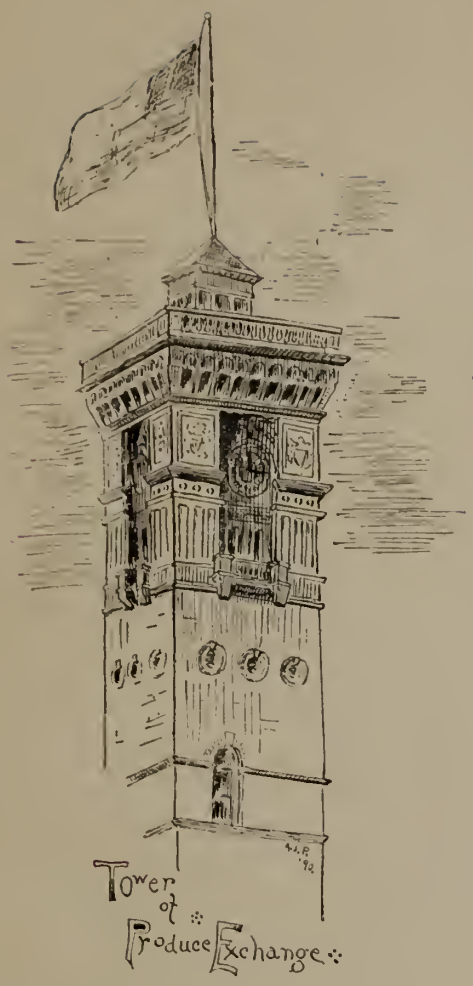
The libraries of Paris are the finest in the world. The colleges, universities and various special and technical schools, continue to do a very valuable work. Numerous learned societies, with the much-abused and long-suffering French Academy at their head, are doing much for scholarship.

The world admires Paris for her beauty, gaiety, art and intellect. The very ideas of progress and liberty which Paris has sacrificed so much to disseminate have taken firm root among other peoples; already the refinement and elegance of which she is still the fittest incarnation are beginning to sprout elsewhere, and are slowly but surely breaking up the hard soil of absorption in bread and butter interests. Sometime therefore a greater than Paris will be evolved that shall have all her sprightliness and grace, and intellect, and shall have also what Paris has not and what is vastly more precious, a heart attuned into harmony with that "Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Perhaps that glory is reserved for some city of this new world, despite the crudities incident to her youth.



BOOK-STALLS ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS.

NEW YORK.



IN the year 1613 London was, as to-day, the Metropolis of England, the home of three hundred thousand busy men and women; in 1613 Paris, with a census roll of four hundred thousand inhabitants boasted an existence of fully seventeen centuries and was, as to-day, the seat of luxury and culture; in 1613, upon a forest-crested island in a newly-discovered world three thousand miles to the westward, a few peltry-gathering Dutchmen laid out the rude beginnings of a city that to-day stands third in population and second in commercial greatness in the whole civilized world. The growth of New York is a triumph of American freedom, American progress, and American thrift.

Situated upon an island of the Manhattans at the mouth of the river which bore the name of its famous discoverer, Hudson, the little fur-trading settlement of the Dutchman grew but slowly. In 1661 Wall Street (De Waal) was still its northern limit. The poet Stedman tells us:

> "Where nowadays the Battery lies,
> New York had just begun,
> A new-born babe, to rub its eyes
> In sixteen sixty-one.
> They christened it Neuw Amsterdam,
> Those burghers grave and stately,
> And so with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
> Lived out their lives sedately."

Three years later, the English took possession and re-named it New York. They held it until the very close of the Revolution. From the Battery, the town worked its way due north on either side a central thoroughfare called the Broad Way, occupying, as it advanced, nearly all the space from river to river with streets and buildings whose location was determined by convenience or caprice. It was not until 1807, when fully two miles of labyrinth had been constructed, that a regular plan of streets and avenues was adopted. Fourteen avenues now run directly north and south, all other streets east and west. Below Waverley Place, or Eighth Street, house numbers are from Broadway, above that point they commence at Fifth Avenue. Though it was not in the plan, aristocracy and plutocracy have occupied this latter avenue and grouped themselves about it within very clearly defined limits — Sixth Avenue on the west, Fourth Avenue on the east. Manhattan Island in its length and narrowness, its single, long, central avenue from the Battery to the Harlem, its side streets branching from the central avenue short and straight, gives to the framework of New York a striking though of course a rough resemblance to the spinal column of a fish.

Capital, currency and exchange center about Wall Street, the second great money street in the world. Broad, Nassau, William Streets, Broadway near Trinity Church, and Exchange Place receive the overflow from Wall. Next beyond are the offices of the great corporations, of shipping, telegraphs, imports, exports and lawyers; the newspaper buildings and courts are packed into an incredibly small space, including but scarcely going beyond the City Hall. Broadway north from this point is lined for a long distance with great wholesale establishments. These gradually give way

to the retail houses for fashionable trade, the bulk of which is now done in an area embracing Union and Madison Squares. Business of every kind, however, is being forced up town so rapidly that for its permanent arena the retail trade, at least, can hardly be expected to stop much short of Central Park. Even Fifth Avenue is no longer inviolate. For about half the distance to the Park business has invaded it; fashion is being slowly but surely disintegrated. The history of Broadway is repeating itself here, and the time is probably not far distant when it will be as difficult to conceive of Fifth Avenue (below the Park) as the fashionable quarter as it now is to conceive Broadway in that rôle, or to imagine as the favorite promenade the emigrant-invaded Battery, — a state of things however within the memory of New Yorkers yet living. Inasmuch as fashion does not like to have even the hem of her skirts soiled by the dust of traffic or the plebeian touch, she will hardly find her home short of the extreme north of the island. Washington Heights will in all probability be the ultimate "court quarter."

Along with this expansion, some notable public works have been conceived and executed. The Croton Aqueduct, connecting the city with Croton Lake, forty miles to the northward, supplies it at all seasons with such an abundance of pure water as few cities know what it is to enjoy. The limit has as yet by no means been reached, but in the near future it must be. A new supply is therefore already being provided, whose aqueduct is to run under instead of over the Harlem River, as a safeguard in case of war. The cost of the New Aqueduct will be about twenty million dollars.

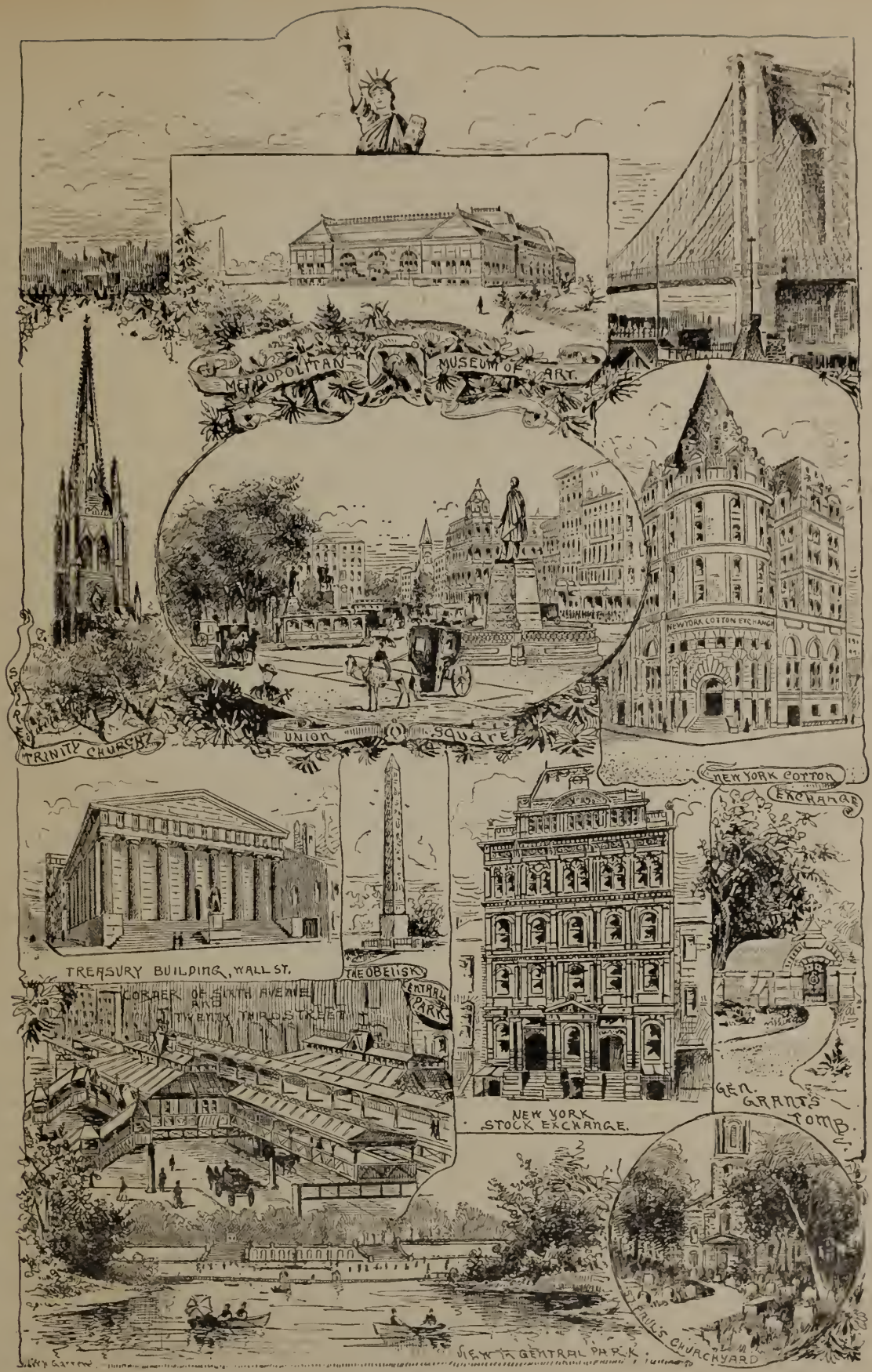
The Brooklyn Bridge, whose length of more than a mile is twice that of any other suspension bridge, is perhaps the wonder of this age of mechanical wonders. It was thirteen years in building; it has two railroad tracks, two roadways for vehicles and a raised promenade, all abreast. As its glitter first strikes the eye of the incoming voyager, it seems scarce more than a huge silvery web stretched by some titanic spider between the attractive supports of the sister cities' towering blocks. And yet each of its four main cables has a diameter of sixteen inches and contains over five thousand galvanized steel wires in nineteen separate strands, each strand having over two hundred miles of continuous wire. Other bridges and tunnels to weld the island to her sister communities on either hand are now in contemplation.

Central Park was laid out in 1858; its name then seemed somewhat of a misnomer because of its remoteness. It is two and one half miles long and half a mile wide. Its nearly ten miles of fine roadways make it the fashionable drive of the City. Riverside Park, where the remains of General Grant were placed, runs for three miles along the Hudson River, but is much narrower than Central Park. Although not yet completed, its fine river outlook has already made it a favorite resort.

Great as has been the increase in the extent of New York, its increase in population has been much greater, in fact out of all proportion. Philadelphia, the second American city in point of population, has over three times its area. Chicago, a close third in population has over four times its area. New Yorkers have literally been obliged to climb and burrow for places in which to live and work. In 1656 its population was but one thousand. At the beginning of the Revolution



NEW YORK, FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.



PICTURESQUE NEW YORK.

only twenty-two thousand. At that time it was not to be mentioned with Boston and Philadelphia. It did not reach even its first hundred thousand till 1815. It was not until 1825, in fact, the year the Erie Canal was opened, that it really began to grow. It had at that time about 160,000; in 1880, the census returns gave it 1,206,299. To-day its estimated population is 1,800,000, and before the decade is out the two million limit will have been passed. These figures place it far in advance of all American rivals, but in making any comparison with European cities, it ought to be borne in mind that they very imperfectly represent its real size. Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and Long Island City are only so many overflow meetings, as it were, of the great Manhattan Island Convention. They have as clear a title to be censused with New York as do the analogous quarters with London and Paris. These overflows aggregate fully eleven hundred thousand while the growing cities of Newark and Yonkers together with the suburban villages of the great city increase the actual resident and contributory population of New York City to fully three and a quarter millions of people — giving it the right to be called the second largest city in the world.

Of the eighteen hundred thousand people within the municipal limits, fully one third are of foreign birth. Of these Irish and Germans are the principal elements. English, Italians, French, Scotch, Russians, Jews, Chinese, Welsh and Spaniards are quite numerous, to say nothing of a sprinkling of still other nationalities. None of them are thoroughly assimilated; some of them scarcely at all; the Irish are certainly the most so. They may be said to do the chamber and kitchen work, drive the cabs, work the provisions, keep the saloons and the order of the city, and to a certain extent direct its political destinies. They are on the whole frugal and industrious. The Germans control much of its commerce and banking, make its music, and do its cabinet-making, brewing and baking. The Italians wait on its tables, do its ragpicking and turn its hand organs. The French do its fancy cooking, the Chinese its laundry-work and the Jews direct no small portion of its small trade and its immense commercial enterprises. Nor should the unclassifiable street Arabs be omitted here, a full ten thousand of them, whose only language is the *patois* of the gutter, whose only home the hogshead or drygoods box. They are Jacks-at-all-trades, but they principally black its boots and sell its papers.

Mr. Howells, who may perhaps be considered as the latest student of New York's cosmopolitan life, says, "New York is still popularly supposed to be in the control of the Irish, but every observer returning to the city after a prolonged absence must remark one fact: the numerical subordination of the dominant race. If they do not out-vote them, the people of Germanic, of Slavonic, of Pelasgic, of Mongolian stock outnumber the pre-potent Celts. The chief pleasure (to a new-comer) of life in New York is from its quality of foreignness: the flavor of olives which once tasted can never be forgotten."

A dozen years or more ago, the forty lines of horse railway began to find it absolutely impossible to attend to the needs of the rapidly-growing city. The demand for better transit led to the construction of the elevated roads in 1878. Four lines run on four avenues from the Battery to the Harlem River. These lines have come to carry over half a million passengers daily, and the travel on the horse railways has increased notwithstanding. In fact, the congestion is as great, if not greater, than before the introduction of the elevated roads. The problem of rapid transit is as far as ever from solution. But at all hazards, freer and quicker communication between the city's extremes must be had.

The sudden development of the northern part of the island caused by the building of the elevated roads has swelled enormously the value of real estate, and inevitably made many fortunes. In 1887, the total assessed value of real estate was $1,254,000,000, a gain of over $50,000,000 in one year, and one half of this gain was above the middle of Central Park. The total valuation of property — both real and personal — on January 1, 1889, amounted to $1,603,838,113, showing an increase of over $500,000,000 in ten years. These figures are too enormous to convey any very definite impression to any mind but that of the financier, if they do even to his. It may be helpful to note, in this connection, that the ground on which New York stands was purchased of the natives for twenty-four dollars.

While so much of this wealth seems to be directly traceable to the elevated roads, it really has its origin in the exceeding great prosperity of the city, which made these roads necessary.



MADISON SQUARE.

Possibly, too, it is a prosperity which is based upon the gigantic financial, commercial and industrial interests centered in the metropolis. What there has been so peculiarly favorable in its natural situation and its history to attract thus powerfully this trinity of interests and to give it in its turn superiority over all its former superiors is for the special student to determine. The fact is sufficient that it is to-day the American metropolis and, after London, the most important commercial and financial city in the world. Its connection with the interior is secured by water-courses and hundreds of daily trains over tens of thousands of miles of railroads; with the rest of the world by ocean steamships to almost every quarter of the globe. Its importation is nearly seventy per cent., its entire foreign trade sixty per cent. of that of the whole United States. Of the eight million emigrants who came to America between 1855 and 1882, five millions disembarked at New York. An equal proportion of the better class of passengers have made it their destination. Its postal and telegraphic business is from three to four times that of all the other American ports together; so that, if foreign trade be made to include all purely financial transactions it would not be exaggerating to say that seven eighths of the foreign business of the United States is concentrated in New York. Philadelphia held its own as the first American manufacturing city for some time after it dropped to second place in population, but it had to yield the palm in this also at the last census.



COOPER INSTITUTE.

Architecturally New York seems to be on the eve of a renaissance. In the erection of the Equitable Building and some of the more recent newspaper buildings a marriage of art with the industrial spirit is dimly foreshadowed. The tall campanile of the new Produce Exchange is a thing of beauty that promises much. The fresh young beauty of St. Patrick's white marble cathedral, with its two carved and pinnacled spires, may suffer in comparison with the venerable majesty of the cathedrals of the Old World, but it is notwithstanding, probably the finest church edifice in this country. It is certainly a very significant fact, that the four architects who have presented the best designs for the new Episcopal Cathedral are New Yorkers — in a competition open to the architects of the world. The science and art of architecture, so far as this country is concerned, is undoubtedly domiciled at present in New York. This fact, and the kindred fact

that a spirit appreciative of architectural beauty is gradually infusing New York life, ought to afford more satisfaction than the ability to point to numerous flawless monuments of an attainment that is past and dead.

New York glories in its bigness and busy-ness. It has a right to. But every candid New Yorker is willing to acknowledge the defects in his city. He appreciates them better than anybody else can. He has painful recollections of its political shortcomings and vulgarities. He is well aware that the poorer classes are excessively crowded, though he may not be familiar with the figures: six hundred thousand people living below Fourteenth Street, five hundred thousand crammed into twenty thousand tenements. He knows how dirty it is. And, if he is alike candid, traveled and cultured, he will be enough a citizen of the world to admit that his city has but little *esprit du corps*, but little unity of purpose, life or attainments, that her architecture is abominable, her civilization far from perfect and her society dominated by dollars. At the same time, he knows that he has little to be ashamed of in any comparison with other American cities, and is alive to the rich promise that confronts him everywhere.

New York is indisputably the center of the art life of America, so far as America has any art life. The Metropolitan Art Museum has at last, after twenty years of struggle, attained to the dignity of a nucleus for such a great national collection as the Louvre and will be able by virtue of itself, and of the enlarged advantages soon to be derived from its Metropolitan School of Fine Arts, to give a real impetus to art education in this country. The collection of the Lenox Library, though small, is choice and very helpfully supplements that of the Metropolitan. The National Academy of Design has one exhibition each of oils and water colors annually; occasionally others. The "sales," more frequent than in any other city, are sometimes of high merit and these have their educating influence. All these things, added to the picturesqueness of her cosmopolitan life, are attracting artists and amateurs in great numbers. Besides she has a just cause of pride in the actual attainments of a few of her painters and in the growing powers of such sculptors as Warner and St. Gaudens.

If music be in question, no American city will venture to compare itself with New York. It is the only city that supports grand opera through a whole season. Its musical life lacks originality it is true, music and artists being largely imported; but appreciation of the beautiful, if not always in itself creative, is always a prerequisite to creation of the beautiful.

Theaters cater to every taste and every stratum in New York society; there is certainly no other American city where actor and playwright are so much admired, where histrionic art is held in such high esteem, and is associated with so many brilliant stage triumphs.

Educationally, New York takes a fair rank. Her public schools are good, but not the best. Her city college for young men, her normal college for young women, both absolutely free, are of a high grade in practical education. Columbia College, which is really a university, is doing a glorious work along very nearly the same lines as Johns Hopkins. Cooper Union, the gift of Peter Cooper, is one of the grandest monuments to consecrated wealth the world has ever seen. The building alone, admirably adapted to its purposes, cost six hundred thousand dollars, and is readily accessible from the poorest quarters of the city. It contains a library, a reading-room with nearly five hundred periodicals, schools of science and art free to all and a School of Telegraphy. A course of free lectures is also given every Saturday evening through the winter. Five hundred women attend its "Women's Art School:" its evening schools are attended by three thousand working boys and girls annually; and twenty-five hundred rough and not over cleanly people visit its reading-room daily. This noble charity has gone a long way toward solving the vexed question what to do with the masses in great cities. New York could have no surer defense than a whole girdle of Cooper Unions.

In literary life New York's record is not to be underestimated. Her future is full of vigor and promise. If not the metropolis of literature, the signs of the times are that it will be, and it is indisputably the metropolis of the periodical. As for budding genuises and would-be littérateurs, they for some reason flock to New York. That perhaps don't count, but it has its Authors' Club, the most strictly literary of any club in this country, and that does count. Other clubs are doing their part to season the Philistinism of New York's social life with the literary spirit, while the social life of the city is in every sense that of a capital — a metropolis.



FIFTH AVENUE, BELOW CENTRAL PARK.

A few years ago, Wm. C. Conant, writing in the Century Magazine, declared his belief that New York was to be the final world metropolis. He found comparatively little difficulty in making it the final metropolis of the United States; assuming then that the United States was to be the great nation of the future, his case was a clear one. He went on to prophesy a city of fifteen miles radius and an area of seven hundred square miles, a site so large that if one half were neglected and one seventh were water, there would still be an occupied area double that of London, and sufficient, because of its water fronts, for many times the business of London. "Lower New York will be the London of the future, upper New York its Paris," is his succinct statement of its destiny. The argument amounts almost to mathematical demonstration, it is so exceedingly thoughtful, logical and flattering to our national pride. Still such forecasts are always liable to mistakes. Many a flattering propheey was stultified by the unforeseen applications of steam and electricity. So may this be by even a slighter thing. However, it is so very pleasant to think about, why not grant ourselves this indulgence?

But all prophecy aside as well as all rose-colored views of literary and artistic tendencies, letting idealism give way to realism, New York as it is to-day can scarcely be more accurately described than it has by one who knows her best, Walt Whitman, America's "good gray poet," in the following characteristic lines:

"City of Ships!
(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
O the beautiful, sharp-bowed steam ships and sail ships!)
City of the world! (for all races are here;
All the lands of the earth make contributions here.)
City of the sea! City of hurried and glittering tides!
City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede, whirling in and out with eddies and foam!
City of wharves and stores! city of tall façades, of marble and iron!
Proud and passionate city! mettlesome, mad, extravagant city!"

CANTON.



A TRAVELER looking down from the barren tomb-covered hills, that rise to a height of over twelve hundred feet in that part of the Pearl River Valley, eighty miles from the ocean, would see the broad Pearl River seeming to stretch away endlessly in either direction, its banks for four or five miles of its course almost concealed by boats and rafts, and its central current dotted with the huge brown and yellow sails of Chinese junks; and back from the banks of this populous stream a circular brick wall, numerous red roofs, a few large trees and an occasional tower or pagoda. That is Canton — the largest city in China, the most populous human hive of semi-civilization.

Within the city walls things take on quite a different aspect. Here is a perfect maze of narrow streets and alleys, filthy, crowded and unpleasantly odoriferous of sewers and putrid fish and flesh. The one and two story houses overhanging these so-called streets are closely packed and windowless. The business quarter is as animated as a bee-hive and just about as swarming. Here are markets, most extraordinary affairs, crammed with the delicacies of the season, horse-flesh, dogs, cats and edible birds' nests, as well as vegetables, fish, poultry and sucking pigs. Here is the Bazaar, crowded with jewelers' shops, ivory shops, porcelain shops, tea shops, silk shops and curio stalls. Here is a whole street occupied by the cutters and merchants of the precious jade stone and another given up to the silk weavers, who do the daintiest work on hand looms.

Four large prisons, a few high official residencies, several public and association halls and numerous temples are about all there is in Canton besides the dwellings, shops and markets. The temples are invariably surrounded with hawkers, beggars and loafers, and are none of them beautiful. One of the largest, the Temple of the Ocean Banner, has grounds that cover about seven acres, divided into courts, gardens and a burial-ground for the priests. One hundred and seventy-five priests tend its shrines.

The river is the most interesting feature of Canton; it is the site of a veritable floating city. Here three hundred thousand persons, who have no other home, eat, drink, sleep and work, healthy and happy, though despised as a lower caste by the citizens on shore. But why indeed should they care for the land-lubber's contempt, when all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life are brought to their very doors (or gangways)? Vegetable-boats, fruit-boats, fish-boats, meat-boats, duck and geese boats, confectioners'-boats, flower-boats and firewood-boats ply in and out continually for the convenience of the householders. Crockery and clothing in finest assortment are displayed at convenient anchorages with an eye to trade. A search among the signs displayed at the mastheads will reveal miniature emporiums of everything a reasonable mortal could ask for in the way of merchandise. River-barbers and river-doctors make their regular rounds, giving notice of their approach by ringing a bell. Floating restaurants and hotels accommodate such of the Chinese as are not fortunate enough to be family men. The priests are quartered in consecrated temple-boats, always in readiness for marriage or funeral summons. Lepers are banished to floating pest-houses, from which they beg a meagre living of sailors by means of a bag tied on the end of a long pole.

In the evening, when darkness hides the misery and squalor of this river city, it becomes beautiful with a fairy-like beauty. Sweet incense-sticks and candles are lighted and placed on the thousands of tiny boat-altars. Burning gilt paper is cast into the river as an offering to the River Dragon, while Chinese crackers are fired at intervals to keep off the evil spirits.

Canton, as it is to-day, is a monument to the calm persistence of its people. Devastated, re-devastated, and almost desolated by invading armies, only the records of history declare it. The city itself tells no tales. So complete has been its restoration that, to-day, with its nearly two millions of inhabitants, it has not even a scar to show for all its cruel wounds.

BERLIN.



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

EUROPE knows no Chicagos. Her soil is too much exhausted to bear the Aladdin-reared cities familiar to America. The fact that everything across the sea grows so very slowly makes the growth of Berlin seem all the more remarkable. It is the nearest European approach to Western expansion. First mentioned as an unimportant fishing-village in the thirteenth century, it had in 1640, at the end of three centuries, only six thousand inhabitants and eight hundred miserable thatched huts. In 1740 it had ninety thousand; at the end of another century, three hundred and thirty thousand; at the coronation of the kaiser, 547,000; at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, 826,000; ten years later, 1,156,000; and at the last census, in 1885, 1,315,287. From 1740 it doubled in sixty-three years; from 1790, in forty-nine years; from 1816, in twenty-nine years; from 1840, in twenty-six years; and from 1861, in less than nineteen years. During the last thirty years its population has trebled. It has been transformed from the capital of a kingdom into the capital of an empire. It has become first a national city, then a world-city.

Improvement has kept pace with population. To this end, rivalry with Paris has been a powerful stimulant. A city bought at the dearest price must be most dearly cared for, and while Berlin has nothing as yet to compare with the Parisian boulevards, or the Vienna Ringstrasse, it is fast becoming one of the handsomest cities in Europe. Except in the oldest portions, and even the oldest that remain can hardly be called old, the streets are long, straight, wide and bordered with high houses. Unter der Linden Strasse (the street of the limes) is lined throughout its whole length, of over a mile, with a double row of fine trees. Here are the royal palaces, the palaces of the foreign embassies, the university, and very many elegant stores and public buildings. These public buildings have the advantage of being for the most part new and very close together. None of them date back of the eighteenth century: the finest have been erected since the struggle with Bonaparte. The Post-Office, by virtue of its imposing front, eclipses all the other Government buildings. The National Gallery, the Exchange, the Royal Academy, the Imperial Palace, the Old and New Museums, the Royal Bank, Mint and Telegraph Office are every one on a scale worthy the German imperial city.

In spite of all their magnificent new buildings, the streets of Berlin are on the whole decidedly uninteresting; perhaps it is because they are so sleepy when compared with the streets of London, Paris or Vienna. The lack of animation is easily accounted for by the fact that the Germans are preëminently a home people and stay in doors much more than do the French or even the English. Yet it is this very devotion to home that has done the most for the beauty of the city streets, by making the Berliner of every grade in society go to great pains and expense to maintain a garden. It is estimated that fully six thousand Berlin houses are provided with this luxury. The small squads of soldiers also that are often seen marching about the streets give them an unpleasant air of military punctiliousness. Even when these soldiers are not to be seen the possibility of their presence is continually felt.

In fact, military precision prevails in every phase of Berlin life. The whole city service is infinitely organized. The particular function of every one of its eighteen thousand and seven hundred individual members is determined to an almost incredible nicety.

Nowhere does Berlin's scrupulous attention to details show to better advantage than in her educational work, as will readily be inferred from the fact that only about thirteen thousand of the whole city population over ten years of age cannot read and write, a large number of these being old people who once boasted both these accomplishments, but have lost them from long disuse. Her school system is wonderfully logical and thorough. At the head stands the noble University with its nearly six thousand students, founded in 1810, when Humboldt was director of the educational interests, by Frederick William the Third, whose long sight saw in it as much a weapon of war as an incentive to learning. Though still young, it can point with pride to Fichte, Schleiermacher, Von Ranke, Helmholz, Lepsius, Curtius, Mommsen, Von Sybel, Du Bois Raymond, Gneist and many others.

Berlin has sometimes been called the "City of the Theater." Every effort is indeed put forth by the government to maintain a high order of merit in all theatrical representations and thus to make them a real means of popular education. A government official investigates the way in which each piece is acquired by the managers, sees to it that it is suitable, morally and artistically, for public presentation, that the costumes and scenery are in keeping with the date of the play, and that it is in every other particular properly staged. It is probably true that Shakespeare is acted oftener in Berlin than in London, and Goethe, Schiller and Lessing may be heard many times each season. The theory is well enough, but, in the view of many, there are two such serious defects in its execution that it is really doubtful whether the development of the drama is helped or hindered by all this paternal control. In the first place, the Intendant, as he is called, does not half do his work. It is simply impossible that he should, because he has a score of other governmental



BRANDENBURG GATE.



"DER MÜHLENDAMM." — THE MILL-DAM, BERLIN.

duties to perform. If he should give his whole time to the stage there would still be many loose ends. In the second place, the censorship tends to kill out all spontaneity and originality, so that it is not without some reason that the Berlin theaters are characterized as "grand, cold, respectable places, where classical dramas as well as the most modern literary dramas are acted by a company of highly respectable artists, according to long-established, immutable, orthodox rules."

While Berlin's right to be called the City of the Theater may be disputed, there can be no doubt as to her right to be called the Home of Classical Music. Grand opera has here achieved some of its greatest triumphs. Herr Niemann and the Royal Opera House have attained a fame that is wider than Germany. Kullak and Joachim are teachers whose names will not soon be forgotten. Students of music flock hither from foreign lands and find to-day better advantages than any other European city can furnish. Paris, it is true, continues to send her prize pupils to Italy for advanced instruction, but she has no better reasons than long-standing habit and hatred of Germany. She will soon be forced to pay this tribute to her rival city or fall behind the times in musical art.

The city of Wilhelm, Bismarck and Von Moltke has surely a glorious future before it. Secured by its strong but kind government from disaster, there seems to be no reason why it may not keep on growing numerically, industrially, commercially, artistically and intellectually. It took three heroes to make it great. It would have dwindled inevitably without them. But they saw so far and so wide, and wrought so well that they themselves have made themselves unnecessary to the permanence of its power, and Berlin will continue to be great long after the last of these three shall have passed from the stage of its manifold activities.

PHILADELPHIA.

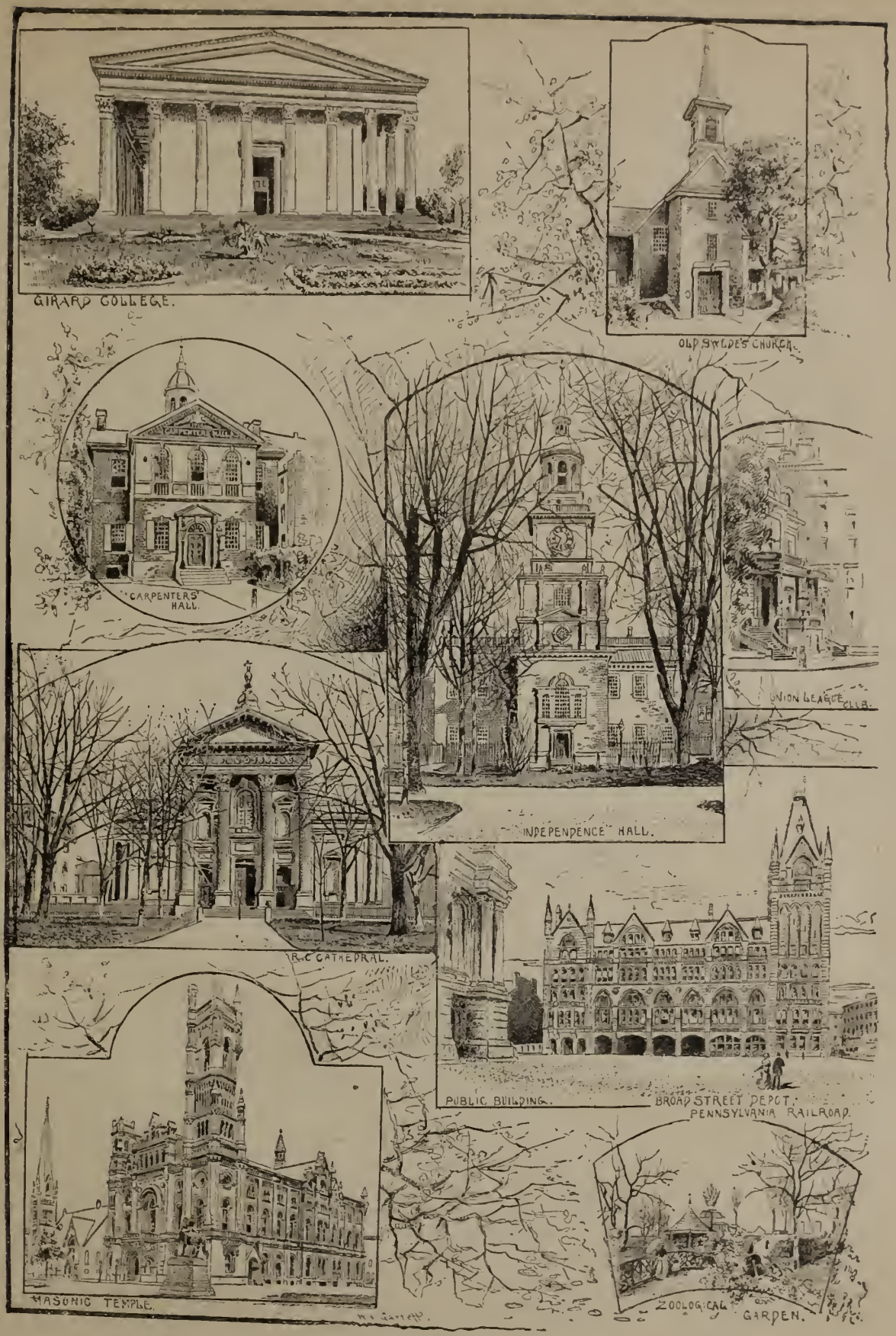


THE LIBERTY BELL.

PHILADELPHIA — "city of brotherly love," chief town of the land of Pastorius and of Penn, at one time the leading city of the Western world, and standing to-day second in population, in area and extent, is one of the ten great cities of the globe and is excelled by none in the solidity of its commercial dealings, in the security and beauty of its home life, in the public spirit of its citizens, in the civic pride of its residents and in the philanthropy of its men of wealth.

Situated at the bend where the winding Delaware broadens and deepens into the greater bay, it is, though nearly one hundred miles from the Atlantic, one of the most important of American seaports. The extraordinary depth of the Delaware River at this point enables vessels of the largest tonnage to lie at the city's docks; her custom receipts crowd twenty millions of dollars annually, and her exports and imports together swell the sum of eighty millions of dollars.

Lying like some mighty octopus between the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill Rivers, the Quaker City has, year by year, reached out its great tentacles and absorbed into its municipality all the adjoining villages. Thus have disappeared Frankford and Holmesburg, Germantown and Chestnut Hill, Manayunk and Hamilton and Mantua, until to-day the city, stretching twenty-three miles north and south and from five to ten miles east and west, has an area of one hundred and twenty-nine square miles, or nearly eighty-three thousand acres; it has over two thousand miles of streets and highways, three hundred miles of sewers, three hundred miles of horse



PICTURESQUE PHILADELPHIA.



NEW PUBLIC BUILDING.

railways; and houses in its three hundred thousand dwellings a total population of 1,350,000 souls. Adding to this the tributary residents of the cities of Camden, Gloucester and the immediate suburbs, and the city's census is increased fully one hundred thousand more making it the rival of Berlin in population and nearly twice the extent of London in acreage.

The lover of the rambling and the picturesque is sometimes prone to make merry over the geometrical regularity with which Philadelphia is "laid out," but in no city in the world are strangers and citizens so well enabled to find their way about without query or puzzle. By this parallelogram system the houses in streets running east and west are numbered by hundreds, beginning at the Delaware. Market Street divides the city north and south, and the streets take the northern or southern prefix as they are north and south of this dividing line. Thus number 649 North 16th Street, the stranger knows, will be the sixth "square" north of Market Street and the sixteenth in numerical progress from the Delaware River, the house will be a trifle beyond the middle of the block and will stand on the east side of the street.

It is asserted that in no city in the land is the pride of family or the aristocracy of "blood" so dominant, as in this "city of brotherly love." A few years ago so marked was this spirit of localism and pedigree that it was asserted those living to the south of Market Street considered themselves of a finer strain of blood than those dwelling to the north of the dividing artery, where it was asserted the "new people" largely dwelt. But the enormous growth of the city has materially changed all this, for now West Philadelphia (the region beyond the Schuylkill) and the noble northern extension of Broad (otherwise Fourteenth) Street has carried the wealth and aristocracy of the town into other sections.

To the casual visitor Philadelphia seems, at first sight, only one dead level of brick and marble devoid of architectural grace or the lines of beauty that make a city picturesque. The square brick blocks of houses, each house barricaded with compact wooden shutters on its lower story, flanked by gleaming white marble steps, and the reddest of brick-sidewalks — alike steps and sidewalks showing the effect of the omnipresent and never-idle scrubbing brush — are not at first appearance hospitable and homelike, and one does not wonder at the legend of Franklin's

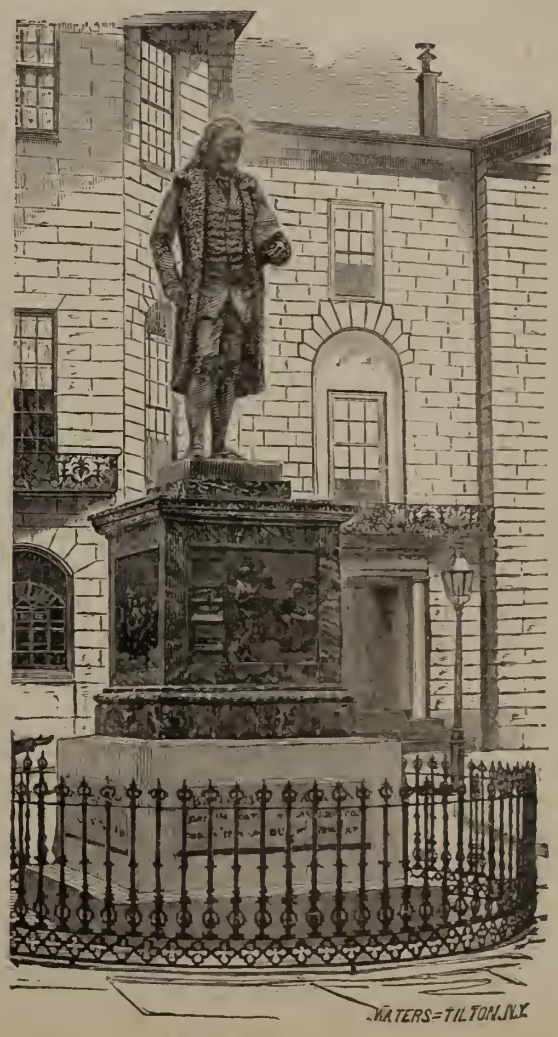
wanderings about Philadelphia streets in early days seeking a home and finding none, for never an open door or un-shuttered window smiles out its welcome to the stranger within the gates. But in this too has progress shown her hand. Brownstone is replacing brick, board shutters are disappearing from lower windows, light streams from house-fronts instead of being relegated to upper back sitting-rooms as of yore, and one who walks the streets to-day has no longer the feeling that he is patroling a city of the dead.

For Philadelphia is by no means a dead town. She is to-day the "livest" of live cities, as busy, as active, as progressive as any one of her noisier rivals. Since 1880, her population has increased four hundred thousand; her actual property valuation is to-day six hundred and seventy millions of dollars; she stands in the lead of American manufacturing cities, with fully fifteen thousand establishments employing three hundred thousand hands, paying one hundred millions of dollars in wages, with capital employed amounting to over two hundred millions and showing a total product of nearly four hundred millions of dollars.

Her railroad facilities are immense. More than seven hundred trains roll in and out of her stations each day, dispatched by her three controlling lines — the Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio. The first-named of these lines may be estimated as one of the marvels of modern America. In 1887 the Pennsylvania Railroad handled over one hundred and six million tons of freight and transported nearly seventy millions of passengers. It had in commission 1349 engines and 32,101 cars, showed receipts amounting to nearly one hundred and sixteen millions of dollars and expenses rising seventy-seven millions. A visitor to Philadelphia, during the great centennial celebration of 1876 when nearly ten million visitors entered the city, being asked what impressed him the most, replied with a sigh of relief, to think of the crowds and the possible calamities he had escaped — "the Pennsylvania railroad." Its record in that busy year was a triumph of executive ability.

The glory of Philadelphia is Fairmount Park. This great pleasure-ground, washed by the waters of the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon, its three thousand acres diversified by hill and vale, forest and meadow, water-way, ramble, promenade and boulevard, affords a longer and more diversified opportunity for the *rus in urbe* than any similar breathing-space in an American city. The Park has thirty-five miles of foot-paths, thirty-one miles of carriage-drives and eight miles of bridle-paths, while fully four hundred acres of the three thousand are river surface or winding creek. Within the limits of the Park stand Horticultural and Memorial Halls — mementos of the great exhibition of 1876, while just without its borders is the oldest and best zoölogical garden in the United States, covering an area of thirty-three acres and stocked with representatives of the world's wild creatures.

The former architectural plainness and uniformity of the city has materially changed within recent years. Indeed, art critics express the fear that the trend may be too much the other way toward undue irregularity and a bizarre appearance. But between the old-time plainness of the ancient Swedes Church — the oldest building now standing in the city and the new and magnificent City Hall, the architectural Philadelphia possesses many



STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

noble and notable buildings. Steeped in the odor of sanctity and of antiquity the half dozen historic buildings that still stand as relics of colonial days are preserved with the true Philadelphia loyalty to pedigree, and Carpenters Hall, where met the first Continental Congress, and Independence Hall in which was adopted the immortal Declaration, are the meccas toward which throngs of American pilgrims annually turn.

Philadelphia possesses the finest post-office building in America with the exception of Washington, as should be the case with a city whose carrier-delivery covers the greatest territory of any city in the world excepting London. The magnificent Drexel Building on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets is one of the finest of mercantile palaces and the new City Hall or "new public buildings" as the edifice is called, begun in August, 1871, will when completed be the largest single building in America. Its tower which is to be topped with a colossal statue of Penn, thirty-six feet high, will rise to the height of five hundred and thirty-seven feet, making it the highest structure in the world, the Washington Monument alone excepted. This enormous building covers four and a half acres; it contains five hundred and twenty rooms and will cost fully fifteen millions of dollars.

Philadelphia has been called the "City of Homes" and this it preëminently is. From the large and luxurious private palaces on Broad Street to the "boxes" of houses scattered throughout the northern and newer portions of the city range homes of every rank in the social scale — but homes always. Every house has its conveniences and its comforts, and it is claimed that the laboring classes of Philadelphia are better housed and obtain more comforts for a little money than can be secured in any other city in the world.

It is such home-life as this, surrounded with such chances for improvement, culture and growth as are to be found in the five hundred public schools, the four thousand public and private libraries, the art collections, the churches and charities, the parks and pleasure-grounds of so great a city that make Philadelphians loyal and unwavering lovers of their town, and it is such elements of life and growth as these as will in time obliterate the un-American pride of blood and pedigree that sometimes makes the Philadelphian ridiculous and certainly gives the cue for scoffing to its rivals in other States.

The city that was the first capital of the united colonies, that was the most important town, commercially, politically and socially during the entire colonial period, from whose wharves sailed the first American expedition to the Arctic, in which was established the first printing-press of the middle colonies, the first manufactory of porcelain in America, in which was opened the first bank in the colonies, and the first mint for the coinage of United States money, about which cluster some of the most sacred of the deeds that have made American patriotism glorious is to-day a mighty and evergrowing metropolis, the manufacturing center of the country and in the volume of her business enterprises ranking third among the cities of the United States.

Although the prophecy of George Webb, done into rhyme a hundred and sixty years ago:

> "Rome shall lament her ancient fame declined
> And Philadelphia be the Athens of mankind"

may not yet be entirely worked out to fulfilment, the fact cannot be gainsaid that in all that makes a city great, successful, progressive, homelike, happy and free no city on the American continent has greater opportunities or a more promising future than the city founded two centuries ago by Penn and the apostles of peace, and made famous by the immortal compact that brought to the mighty American republic through conflict freedom and through revolution peace.

VIENNA.



FAÇADE IN VIENNA.

IN 1683 all Christendom was in danger from the Moslem power. Vienna had been invested by an immense army, and the emperor, Leopold, had fled in dismay. Europe trembled. The fall of the city seemed inevitable. But it did not fall. The sturdy endurance of Rüdiger von Starhemberg held it, until the dashing bravery of John Sobieski, the "Wizard King" of Poland drove the enemy away. Vienna was the Waterloo of the Moslems. Oddly enough though, it is to these very Moslem enemies that Vienna owes all its prosperity, if not its very existence. As far back as the Crusades it was supported by the traffic that flowed through it, to and from the Orient, and from that day to this its steady growth has found a sufficient cause in its ability to act as middleman between the merchants of Constantinople and those of all the Western capitals. Had Vienna fully lived up to the privileges which it had in this respect it would be much greater than it is to-day.

A circle within a circle and still another circle within that; this is the general plan of Vienna — home of 1,275,000 souls. The suburbs make up the rather irregular outer circle. The middle circle, bounded by a wall along which runs the Gürtelstrasse boulevard, contains many shops and the dwellings of the people. The innermost circle is the home of government and aristocracy. Thirty years ago, it also was shut in by a wall, and despite its pretensions was gloomy, crowded, labyrinthine. At that date Vienna was, says Mr. Von Zelau, "a somewhat large town, built in the style of the Middle Ages, surrounded by moats and fortifications and separated from the suburbs by stretches of open country." If the good Viennese of "ye olden time" should be suddenly dropped down into the midst of the new Vienna of to-day, he would see very little to remind him of the city his earthly probation knew. Yet the change, great as it is, has cost very little effort. The chrysalis wall falls away, and the butterfly city spreads its wings. A little more space was the one thing needful; the throwing down a useless, anachronistic fortification

into its encircling ditch gave that, and uprose the New Vienna. Magnificent, modern structures, all that the city could need or desire, went up everywhere, and still there was one hundred and fifty feet of room left for the boulevard, the Ringstrasse, Vienna's glory, broader than the broadest of the Parisian boulevards or any other in the world equally long.

The Hofburg or Imperial Palace deserves to be reckoned among the treasures of the Ringstrasse, though it sets a little back. It is a huge irregular structure, in which are the apartments of the emperor, the state archives, imperial library, crown jewels and many rare and very valuable curiosities. Near the Hofburg are the Hofgarten and Volksgarten, the Court and People's Gardens, the latter of which contains a fine statue by Canova of Theseus conquering the Minotaur. Close by these are the Museums of Art and Natural History. Hans Makart's painted dome surmounting the Natural History Museum is the largest pictorial canvas in the world.

At a little distance farther up the Ringstrasse, the fine new buildings of the university appear. This was the second university opened in Germany, and like the Paris university reached the zenith of its influence during the Middle Ages. It is still attended by about six thousand students; its library contains a half million volumes, and its medical faculty is world famous. The Palace of Justice and Parliament House, the New Rathaus, New Court Theater and the magnificent Opera House, second only to the Grand Opera at Paris, the Academy of Art, the Industrial Museum and the Exchange are only a few of the jewels of rare beauty, whose luster makes the Ringstrasse a veritable girdle of light about the dark old city.

But, while most that dazzles is confined to the Ringstrasse and its immediate vicinity, all that interests is not by any means. At the very heart is the Cathedral of St. Stephen, whose four hundred and fifty foot tower projecting beyond everything about it stands as the hub of the circle — the boss of the city. St. Stephen has been for ages Vienna's chief glory and even the magnificence of the new town cannot efface its renown. It contains the tombs of former emperors and many quaint old relics, and the Viennese are loyal to the old relics. Even the gold and glitter of the new Opera House are not so fair a sight to the loyal citizen as are the pickled hearts of royalty so artistically shelved in the Church of the Augustinians. Among the numerous coffins in the dark cellar of the Capuchin Church are those of the wife and only son



HEINRISCHOF.



IN OLD VIENNA.

of Napoleon, Maria Louisa and the Duke of Reichstadt. Here also are the sarcophagi of Maria Theresa, Joseph the Second, and other members of the Imperial House of Austria. The art collections of the Belvedere Palace (situated in the suburbs) are among the finest in Europe — innumerable choice antiquities, and seventeen to eighteen hundred pictures. Titian, Rubens, Van Dyke and Dürer are magnificently illustrated.

The population of Vienna is almost entirely Roman Catholic and largely German, though there are also Czechs, Hungarians and Slavs. Despite the varieties in nationality, the Viennese are a type quite by themselves, gay, pleasure-loving, exceedingly given to dress and passionately fond of dancing. Strauss, Lauger and Gungl have furnished the world with more bewitching waltzes and polkas than any other trio that could be named, and in the brilliant hall of the Volksgarten the daily concerts of the military bands fill the nights with music. Music, in fact, in any form pleases them; light opera they adore.

The original home of the lady orchestra now almost omnipresent, the city *par excellence* of the waltz, café and ballet, of priests, beer and meerschaums, it resembles Paris in its gaiety without aping it. Vienna is also like Paris in that it has its more serious aspects as well as lighter ones. It is only necessary to hear the names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert in the single department of music to be reminded of its prestige in many departments of learning and of art.

In the broad Burgplatz, near to the court museums stands Zumbusch's magnificent statue of Austria's greatest empress and foremost woman, Maria Theresa, noble in conception, in size and in adornment, and in the splendid cafés of the University street no less than in the Bohemian quarters of the Josefstadt where the students congregate, may be studied the real life of the people even more than in the great rooms of the mighty Parliament House or the splendid palaces of the Parkring. New Vienna, rich, steadily growing and lavishly adorned with noble buildings, broad roadways, parks, sculptures and palatial residences is to-day one of the wonders of civilization.

TOKIO.

IMAGINE, if you can, a city that is yet not a city — a city of villas. People an area almost equal to that of London with one fourth of the population of London; scatter them over the whole space under the white-tiled roofs of white houses. Fill in with parks, gardens, meadows and rice-fields, orchards and sacred groves, with a river and its rivulets spanned by arched bridges, and bordered with miles and miles of cherry blooms in their season. Picture a city all green and white and silver fondled by the waves of the sea, watched over by the towering old volcano of Fusi, and you have Tokio, the Garden City of Japan, the Garden City of the world. In only a few quarters are the houses in rows for any considerable distance. Moats and canals, temples and tea houses, filled with charming waiter girls break up the street lines everywhere. Tokio could never be mistaken for a Chinese city, if for no other reason, because its streets are scrupulously clean and well-paved. Horse-railways are just beginning to be used, but the most popular conveyance is the Jinrikisha, a light two-wheeled cart, which has been aptly described as "an overgrown baby-carriage, with the baby spilled out." It is drawn by a coolie very scantily clad. Though not introduced till 1870, there were fully twenty thousand in daily service in 1885. Neatness characterizes the houses also which are for the most part of wood, two stories high, and painted white both inside and outside. They are extremely simple in architecture, absolutely without ornaments except the armorial bearings over the doors. The Buddhist temples, cloisters and tombs, however, are often very richly adorned with the most artistic wood carving for which the citizens are so justly famous.

Tokio has four distinct sections, Siro, Soto Siro, Midsi and Hondso, all of which lie on the west bank of the Sumida except Hondso. Hondso, on the east bank, bears the same relation to the city proper that Southwark does to London. Siro is the center of the western portion. In it



INTERIOR OF JAPANESE SHOP.

is the palace of the Mikado, an immense, rambling pile, also the palaces of the nobles and highest state officials. It is surrounded by a high, thick wall and a wide moat about which flocks almost every conceivable kind of screeching waterfowl — a strange population for the heart of a great city. The Soto Siro, just without the Siro, is another aristocratic neighborhood, inhabited for the most part by the former feudal lords and minor officials, but in one part of it is a merchant's quarter in the shape of a parallelogram completely surrounded by canals, and far removed from every temple or palace, to guard, it may be, nobility and priesthood from the contamination of the *bourgeoisie*. The busy traffic recalls vividly the marts of Western cities, although it is much easier to get about, there being no wagons of any sort. The Midsi, or city proper, the dwelling-place of most of Tokio's population, and the seat of most of its life and trade is next beyond the Soto Siro, and is joined to it by a number of bridges. Here the streets are narrow, closely linked together by cross ways and always full of people. Shops of the highly-prized Japanese bric-à-brac are numerous and make a very brilliant display. Within these larger divisions are many smaller ones with strongly marked characteristics.

The history of Tokio is the history of Japan. From 1590, for nearly three hundred years, the Shoguns or Tycoons resided there. They obliged all the feudal lords to spend a part of the year at the court doing them homage. It was this that first gave prestige to the city. At the beginning of the present century it contained over one million inhabitants, but declined as the power of the Shogun declined. The Shogunate having been abolished, it became the home of the Mikado, and in 1869, its old prosperity came back. It has to-day a population of a million and a half.

The Japanese are apt scholars and it is by the way of Tokio that new impulses enter the country. It is to-day the center of Japan's financial and intellectual activities as well as the seat of the Imperial Government. Some traces still remain of the old feudal civilization, more perhaps of the old religion, but in its essentials the life of the Tokio of to-day is not unlike that of an occidental city. It has its theaters, the largest accommodating from six thousand to eight thousand spectators, it has its society, its organizations of Christians and Free-thinkers, its industrial normal and technical schools, and its University, with faculties of Law, Science, Medicine and Literature. Above all it has in its fulness the spirit of progress. If Tokio continues to obey as it has in the past the promptings of this spirit, it will soon take an honored place in influence as it does now in point of numbers among the great cities of the civilized world.

CHICAGO.



CHICAGO IN 1820.

JUST one hundred years ago — in 1790 — a negro refugee from the horrors of San Domingo — Jean Baptiste Point au Sable by name, found his way to the great central lake region of the North American continent and built a rude log shelter on the bank of that narrow inlet of Lake Michigan known as the Chicago River. To-day the region on which that log-cabin stood is covered with buildings to the estimated value of two hundred millions of dollars, and in place of the one negro refugee who courted the solitude and "out-of-the-wayness" of that narrow stream, the sun rises and sets on a city with a population of one million, one hundred and fifty thousand. There is no American miracle of this nineteenth century greater than the evolution of Chicago.

More than this, the story of Chicago is beyond a parallel in the founding and developing of the cities of the world. Inferior cities, says Dr. Barrows, "have been established by the will of sovereigns — such as Alexandria, Constantinople and St. Petersburg; but Chicago is due to the personal will of the sovereign people combining voluntarily their individual interests."

Never were individual interests combined to grander results. With a population of four thousand in 1837, Chicago quadrupled itself in ten years, quintupled itself in ten more, again quintupled itself in twenty, and more than doubled itself on these enormous figures in another ten. The business of the insignificant fur-trading post which in 1820 only did a business of twenty-five dollars has in 1890 a trade that exceeds twelve hundred millions of dollars and with aggregate bank clearings in one year of more than three thousand millions of dollars. The thirty-two voters of 1830 have swollen into the one hundred and seventy-five thousand voters of 1890, the bushel basket of letters that constituted the accumulated mail of 1837, has grown into a daily despatch of over six hundred thousand pieces of mail matter. The twenty-five school children of 1830 have become the one hundred and fifty thousand pupils in the public and private schools of 1890 educated at an annual expense of two and a half millions of dollars.

This comparison, showing the startling changes of sixty years in this city of the Western prairies, could be prolonged indefinitely. It is as fascinating as it is stupendous, and is an indicative of the marvellous growth of the American republic. It is but a parallel to the story of wheat in America, three kernels of which were all that a soldier of Cortez had with him to cast into American soil three hundred and seventy years ago. Yet those three kernels of wheat have grown in three and a half centuries into a harvest that yields an annual dividend of four hundred and seventy-five millions of bushels, and the bulk of this enormous product of the meager sowing of the old *Conquistador* is handled to-day by the great western metropolis that stands upon the site of the hut of the negro refugee.

Chicago has made herself the metropolis of the west within the last fifteen years. With the illimitable prairie to occupy, and with an inland sea for harborage, she has to-day an area of one hundred and seventy-three square miles — the largest city in superficial area in America, and lacking but a little of the extent of London. This growth — in area, architecture, trade and metropolitan power — is almost of to-day. In 1860 Chicago though enterprising, pushing and growing, was but a shabby and unattractive city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, muddy, irregular, straggling and decidedly ugly. In 1871 came a visitation of fire. And from the ashes arose the metropolis. "There is in history," says Charles Dudley Warner, "no parallel to this product of a freely acting democracy: not St. Petersburg rising out of the marshes at an imperial edict, nor Berlin, the magic creation of a consolidated empire and a Cæsar's power. The



PICTURESQUE CHICAGO.

north-side village has become a city of broad streets, running northward to the parks, lined with handsome residences interspersed with stately mansions of most varied and agreeable architecture, marred by very little that is bizarre and pretentious — a region of churches and club-houses and public buildings of importance. The west side, the largest section, and containing more population than the other two divisions combined, stretching out over the prairie to a horizon fringed with villages, expanding in three directions, is more mediocre in buildings, but impressive in its vastness; and the stranger driving out the stately avenue of Washington some four miles to Garfield Park will be astonished by the evidences of wealth and the vigor of the city expansion.

"But it is the business portion of the south side that is the miracle of the time, the solid creation of energy and capital since the fire — the square mile containing the Post-office and City Hall, the giant hotels, the opera-houses and theaters, the Board of Trade buildings, the many-storied offices, the great shops, the club-houses, the vast retail and wholesale warehouses. This area has the advantage of some other great business centers in having broad streets at right angles, but with all this openness for movement, the throng of passengers and traffic, the intersecting street and cable railways, the loads of freight and the crush of carriages, the life and hurry and excitement are sufficient to satisfy the most eager lover of metropolitan pandemonium."

But all is not "metropolitan pandemonium" in the great Lake City. Out of the noise and struggle, the rush and crush of the fierce rivalries of trade and traffic the higher qualities of an American life are emerging. Chicago is a city of homes, second only to Philadelphia in the proportionate number of people who own the houses in which they live. Those timorous critics who regard Chicago as the home of Anarchists and of loose methods of home life should bear in mind that, as Mr. Warner says, "there is no better prevention of the spread of anarchical notions and communistic foolishness" than this ownership of homes.

Chicago is the child of the railway. Twenty-one of these iron roads "literally surround it and actually pierce its heart." They cut through the parks, they thunder through the fine residence quarter. Over them the whole country north, south, east and west seek the Lake Metropolis as a market or draw from it their supplies. One of these alone, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, operates over four thousand miles of road, has an equipment of six hundred and fifty engines and twenty-five thousand cars, and shows annual earnings of nearly thirty millions of dollars. Fifty thousand miles of surrounding territory is, through the railways, tributary to Chicago.

The lake commerce of the city is surprising. Its foreign and coastwise clearances exceed, in a year, those at New York, Baltimore and Portland combined, and largely exceed the combined clearances at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, Portland and San Francisco. The fresh-water sailors of Chicago may yet redeem the flag from the stigma of America's marine degeneracy.

The largest city in territorial area upon the American continent, Chicago's manufacturing statistics are, to-day, enormous. The returns of the census year of 1890 show a total of more than four thousand manufacturing establishments with products aggregating three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Her thirty great grain elevators have capacity for thirty million bushels of grain, her shipments of lard aggregate three hundred and fifty millions of pounds annually and she sends to the dinner tables of the world each year more than six hundred million pounds of dressed beef.

Architecturally and socially the growth of this great city runs parallel. Already, despite the smoky pall of its factories, it contains some of the stateliest and most beautiful public and private buildings in the world. The Art Museum, the Studebaker Building and the new Auditorium would be "show-places" in any city in the world, and certain of the private houses are, Mr. Warner declares, worth a long journey to see. "No other city in the Union," he says, "can show business warehouses and offices of more architectural nobility. The mind inevitably goes to Florence for comparison with the structures of the Medicean merchant princes. One might name the Pullman Building for offices as an example, and the wholesale warehouse of Marshall Field, the work of that truly original American architect, Richardson, which in massiveness, simplicity of lines, and admirable blending of artistic beauty with adaptability to its purpose, seems to me unrivalled in this country."

The social life of the city is that of any young, prosperous and rapidly-growing community — composed of mingled elements, but ever growing gradually toward a fixed condition. Such lightning-like growth does not allow a man to know his next-door neighbor, but time is certain to change all this. Chicago is a city, not of old residents, but of young people, who have gone there to make their fortunes, and its "society" is of necessity that of the new-comer rather than of the "old-timer." Club life is vigorous and almost metropolitan and includes such social organizations as the Chicago, the Union League, the University, the Calumet, the Union (all splendidly housed), the Commercial, the Woman's Exchange, the Ladies Fortnightly, and a legion of lesser clubs.

With a harbor frontage on the Chicago River alone of thirty-eight miles, connected by navigation with all the great lakes and by its enormous railway facilities with every state and territory in the Union, with a marvelous development of all the phases of civic improvement that make a city the only place in which to live with comfort and enjoyment, with a wonderful past, a phenomenal present and an incalculable future, Chicago stands as one of the world's greatest cities alike in extent, in population, in wealth, in commerce and manufacture, in possibilities, in the energy of her people and in the broadening and refining influences that wealth and growth naturally bring. A city that can recover so magnificently from a devastating fire, that can lift and move its greatest buildings as a child would its toys, that can tunnel a great lake for six miles to obtain pure water, that can make a wind-swept prairie blossom into park and pleasure-ground, that can double itself into a round million within ten years and climb so rapidly to a front rank in the statistics of the world must be regarded as a triumph of man's indomitable pluck and unwearying energy, and can be proudly claimed as at once the inheritance and the fruitage of American effort and endeavor.

ST. PETERSBURG.



STATUE OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

ONE day, while Peter the Great was watching the workmen who were laying the foundation of his city, he noticed a peculiar mark upon a tree near by. "What does that mark mean?" he asked one of the workmen. "It is the height which the flood reached in the year 1680," the man replied. "You lie!" bawled out the rough old Czar, "it's impossible," and seizing an axe he chopped down the tree forthwith. That was the spirit that built St. Petersburg. Peter had resolved to build St. Petersburg. That was enough; St. Petersburg would be built. His decree sped to every corner of the Russian empire, summoning workmen to the Neva. From the decree of the Czar there was no appeal. Workmen came. Tartars, Cossacks, Kalmucks and Finns were impressed into the imperial service. Building with stone was prohibited in all Russia. Every stone mason must be at work upon the fortresses, palaces and churches of the new city. Extreme heat or extreme cold caused no cessation. Thousands, tens of thousands of men — two hundred thousand in all — lost their lives. Others quickly filled their places and the work went on. Before he died Peter had the satisfaction of seeing a permanent population of one hundred thousand established there. If severe with others in accomplishing this, he was equally severe with himself; nothing ever took him from his duty. The Czar of all the Russias lodged in a log cabin, which is still standing just about as he left it. From its ceiling is suspended a miraculous image,



BRIDGE OVER THE NEVA.

his companion in all his battles. He thought it his "maseot." Peter's real "maseot" was his grit. In the heart of the city is a monument designed by Falconet, a magnificent equestrian work in bronze set upon a huge monolith pedestal. But Peter's finest monument is St. Petersburg itself. It is his city, if ever a man had a right to call any city his own. It was the conception of his brain, the work of his hands.

And yet, to-day, St. Petersburg, though the home of a million people, contends with mighty odds. Desolate wildernesses still separate it from its own country; for four hundred miles in every direction there is no large Russian city. The summers are just as hot, the winters just as long and cold as ever they were. The atmosphere is just as corrosive. The Neva still threatens inundation. The marsh has lost none of its greediness. But for continuous restorations, it would gulp down the city in much less time than it has taken to build it up. St. Petersburg has still to toil and suffer.

St. Petersburg viewed from the deck of an incoming vessel is one great glitter. Gilt spears, crescents and crosses, golden cupolas and star-dotted towers flash everywhere.

In shape the city proper bears a rude resemblance to a lady's open fan. The Quay, a huge dike of rose Finland granite, extends for about a mile in a straight line along the Neva. From the central point of this Quay broad avenues radiate. Concentric circles of canals and streets cross these avenues. Most of what is finest in St. Petersburg is to be seen along the Quay. Here are the Admiralty buildings, surrounded with gardens; the New Admiralty; the Field of Mars (a parade-ground of the Russian army); a statue of Peter the Great; a column to Alexander the First; the Winter Palace and the Hermitage. The fine art collections of the Hermitage are attracting larger numbers of students year by year as their merits become better known. The Greek and Scythian antiquities are invaluable, and the Flemish collection is one of the finest.

Russian court life centers about the Winter Palace. This building has an extraordinary history. The original structure was burned in 1837. Whimsical Nicholas the First, the reigning Czar, ordered

his architects to rebuild it in a year. It was done, but at a terrible sacrifice. Several thousands lost their lives in the mere laying of the foundations; many more in the raising of the walls. But the work of finishing was probably the most fatal of all. So high a heat was kept up to dry the paint and plaster that the artisans were forced to wrap their heads in ice. When after their work they went into the freezing streets they were sure to be prostrated. Much splendor but little art was the natural result of so much rushing. Nicholas, however, was satisfied. Barbaric splendor delighted his heart.

St. Isaac's is the most gorgeous church in St. Petersburg, perhaps in the world; few, however, think it really beautiful. It is especially famous for its monoliths. The interior is one blaze of gold, silver, bronze and precious stones. There are two agate columns worth several millions and eight columns of malachite forty-two feet high. It is impossible to believe in the genuineness of such prodigality.

Industrially St. Petersburg is less important than Moscow. Of the manufacturing establishments within the city limits, only a very few employ more than twenty workmen; the average is less than ten each. Commercial interests aside, then, it derives its importance chiefly from being the home of the Czar, in fact it is often spoken of, especially among officials, as "The Residence."



THE WINTER PALACE.

The court of the Czar has no counterpart in modern Europe. It has often been compared with a great deal of reason to the court of Louis the Fourteenth of France. It is indescribably sumptuous and ceremonious. The innumerable fêtes and festivals are all exceedingly brilliant, and some of them, especially the religious ones, are equally curious.

It has been said that St. Petersburg is the head as Moscow is the heart of Russia, and it is true that through her gateways much of modern European thought has found its way into the Interior. Some still passes that way but less than formerly. The press cannot perform its legitimate functions. The few papers published are mere machines of the government. Even the literary and scientific movement which promised such great things between 1859–69 has been throttled by the Censorship. The great city's finely equipped scientific and educational institutions and museums, her magnificent libraries — the Imperial Library with its million volumes and forty thousand manuscripts, the Library of the Academy of Science with five hundred thousand volumes and thirteen thousand rare manuscripts — might almost as well not be. For of what use are the finest tools of the mind, when the mind itself is fettered? And St. Petersburg — all Russia indeed — stands shackled in the slave marts of tyranny.

CONSTANTINOPLE.



CONSTANTINOPLE, by name the City of Constantine, to history the capital of the later Roman and the Ottoman empires, is to the world's consciousness quite as much the home of dream, of poetry and romance. Like Rome it rests upon seven hills, but with none of Rome's stern majesty and none of her promise of eternity, rather like a pied-plumaged bird from the citron and lemon groves of the far away Orient, alighted for a moment only on the Bosphorus shore ere it wings its homeward flight. A Queen City it seems, but the Queen City of Fairyland, conjured into being by a single wave of the wand of enchantment, likely to vanish instantly at another wave of the same magic wand. The minarets, cupolas and domes of mosques and palaces white and golden-fretted, the red and blue houses, the fresh green clumps of cypresses, planes and acacias, make a rainbow city poised between two blues: above, a southern sky, below, the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn blending into

"The liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent, sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land."

Constantinople's exterior beauty is exceeded, all agree, only by its interior ugliness: to be admired it must never be inspected. The streets are narrow, steep, crooked, badly paved or not paved at all. The houses are nearly all wood, dirty, poorly lighted and cheap-looking. Men little better than brutes do the work of brutes, carrying on their backs by means of huge pack-saddles loads that actually bend them double. Dogs, or rather yellow, mangy, mangled, flea-infested curs that have no right to the name of dog, howl, sleep and fight everywhere. They are invariably given the right of way by pedestrians and vehicles. Even in Pera (that district of Constantinople on the Northern shore of the Golden Horn where the inhabitants have become so far civilized as to use tramways) it is no infrequent thing to see a conductor stop his car and use not

violence but all the persuasive eloquence he can muster to induce a nasty yellow cur to lift himself off the rails. Beggars are thicker than dogs if possible and a great deal dirtier and more troublesome. The stranger who so far forgets himself as to be moved to generosity by their miseries, speedily regrets his tenderness when a whole street-full of these vermin swarm about him leaving him no alternatives but bankruptcy or flight.

The stock attractions of Constantinople are its mosques, bazaars and palaces. Of the first there are fully four hundred including chapels. The best known is of course St. Sophia, originally built as a Christian church by Justinian, who adorned it with splendid columns and marbles taken from the pagan temples at Heliopolis, Ephesus, Delos, Baalbac, Athens and Cyzicus. The Mohammedans converted it into a mosque after their occupation of the city in the fifteenth century. Nothing can destroy its grand proportions and impressiveness, but there is little else left to attest its former splendor. All sorts of parasitic out-houses mar the symmetry of the exterior lines and the once rich mosaics of the interior have either fallen to pieces or been whitewashed over.

The Grand Bazaar is an immense vaulted gallery divided into a number of smaller galleries, lighted from the roof and devoted to every conceivable kind of trade. It is a veritable city within a city. It has streets, squares, alleys, restaurants, the tiniest of cafés, itinerant venders of fruit, water and sweetcakes, fountains and bath-houses. There are workshops as well as counters, so that it is often possible to have the article you desire made to order "while you wait," as Americans say. Spinners of gold and silver thread for instance sit barefooted with the end of the strands tied to the big toe, and lazily smoke cigarettes as they spin. Cotton goods, shoes, silks, cashmeres, precious stones, perfumes, whatever in fact is useful or beautiful is here displayed. Nearly everything however is imported from Europe and is not of any value as a souvenir of Turkish industry as credulous travelers like to think it. The streets are always crowded with representatives of every nationality, the most numerous being Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians and Franks, whose varying costumes and manners add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. Nobody hurries, however, and social intercourse plays almost as important a part as buying and selling, the only social enjoyment indeed the Turk ever exerts himself to take.

The Seraglio Palace, the most famous of all the palaces, is a large wooden affair, built for comfort rather than beauty, quite ordinary as to both its exterior and interior. It is remarkable



IN THE BAZAARS OF STAMBOUL.



CONSTANTINOPLE.

chiefly for its situation. It stands on the slope of a beautiful hill overlooking the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The hill is covered with vast gardens, running streams and primeval forests and evidences, Lamartine thinks, the love of Nature of the constitutionally nomadic Turkish people and their unerring instinct for fine sites.

Incredible as it may seem, the bath is for the Mussulman a religious duty and one to which he devotes a great deal of time and attention. Numerous brown-domed structures have been built exclusively for this purpose. The Turkish bath is no longer confined to Turkey, yet it is to be found in all its aboriginal awfulness nowhere outside of Constantinople. If there is any one who has not yet read Mark Twain's description of it in his "Innocents Abroad," he had best do it at once. Another institution peculiar to the city is the Khan or Caravansary, an immense hostelry giving water and lodgings to both man and beast. There are fully one hundred and eighty of these, some of which accommodate several thousand.

Founded by Greek colonists as far back as the seventh century B. C., Constantinople did not come to be of any real importance till nearly a thousand years later when Constantine made it the capital of his empire. Since then, its history has been for the most part a history of sieges, the most important being that which put it under Moslem control in the fifteenth century. During the last quarter century it has suffered from some terrible conflagrations. These, however, have not been without their benefits. Pera, indeed, has been modernized quite rapidly since the fire of 1870. It has now some well-paved streets and European bookstores, cafés and horse-railways, and old Constantinople was driven to make a few improvements by the great fires of 1865 and 1866. In 1885 its population was about nine hundred thousand. Industrially it has a very narrow range and even within that range is nearly dead. Commercially it is of considerable importance, but almost in spite of itself its trade is not at all what it should be from its magnificent situation and the number of its inhabitants. "In Constantinople," says Theodore Child, "the Turks camp rather than dwell and were they to be driven out of the city to-morrow they would leave behind them no monument of their genius but tottering tomb-stones and tumble-down wooden houses." The whole significance of Constantinople for the last three hundred years resolves itself into just this: magnificent opportunities let slip, sluggishness and sloth when the times called for energy and push. It will never realize its destiny until the Moslem power is either broken or transformed.

CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, the "City of Palaces," chief center of the East Indian trade, capital of Bengal and seat of the Supreme Government of the British Empire of India, is a striking example of what modern engineering science can do to make a place accessible and habitable. The river, Hoogly, on whose banks it is situated about ninety miles from the mouth, is a very treacherous stream. It was rendered navigable only by the greatest labors, and is kept open for ships of the largest tonnage at the price of unremitting vigilance and exertion. The city itself continues to be infested to a disagreeable extent with mosquitoes, red and black ants, beetles, snakes and lizards; cyclones still occur; the "ponka" is as indispensable as ever. But malarial fevers, cholera and other forms of pestilence have been warded off by an elaborate system of drainage and an abundant supply of pure water. Since the date of these improvements the death rate has been greatly reduced, and to-day Calcutta well deserves its reputation of being the healthiest city in the East.

Like all the colonies of Great Britain it is divided into a European and a Native quarter. The former does not differ materially from a European city except in a certain aspect of leisure, an airiness of costume, a predominance of the verandah and the colonnade, a scantiness and lightness of interior furnishings and an amplitude of space so novel that the Jesuit missionary, Father Charbonnelle, after seeing Calcutta, expressed his belief that "if Paris were built on the same system it would extend itself as far as the natural frontiers." Like its western prototypes it has its avenues and public squares, its government buildings, its parks, gardens, museums and race-courses, its schools, colleges, periodicals, political and literary, learned societies, clubs and religious associations innumerable.

Every city, from the very fact of being a city, shows painful contrasts of squalor and magnificence, but nowhere probably are the contrasts so striking as in Calcutta; partly because there is so great a quantity of both, partly because race degradation is added to that of the individual. The ways of life of the natives have remained practically unchanged for centuries, and their town of mud huts is simply one vast huddle of beggary, disease and dirt, of which the creeds of beardless Hindoos and bearded Moslems alike seem to make cardinal virtues, if one may judge by the results. So far south as to belong properly to neither the native nor European quarter stands Fort William, Calcutta's chief defence. It is the finest fort in India. It accommodates a garrison of twenty thousand men and has three hundred guns.

The one famous event indissolubly connected with the name of Calcutta, whose history is otherwise entirely barren, is the terrible "Black Hole" atrocity, and this is famous only for its fiendishness. To the cluster of mud villages found by the English merchants who were driven down the river in the latter part of the seventeenth century, had been added ware-houses, English residences and fortifications, when in June, 1756, the town was attacked by a native force of fully fifty thousand, flanked by nearly as many camp-followers. Historical records speak only too eloquently of the inefficiency and poltroonery of those whom duty called to the defence. All but one hundred and seventy fled precipitately down the river. This little band made a gallant defence, but finally, fully one third being dead or wounded, and everybody else exhausted, the survivers surrendered to the overwhelming numbers. At the close of the day, all who were still alive (one hundred and forty-six) were jammed into the Black Hole, a dungeon about eighteen feet square with only two very small windows. It was one of the hottest nights ever known, even in that hot country, and to this natural heat was added that of the burning buildings which the natives, frenzied by their victory, had fired. All the poor prisoners suffered cannot be adequately described or even imagined. Still the stories of the few survivors give some idea of how the night was passed. Ineffectual assaults were made upon the door at frequent intervals: agonizing cries of "Water! water!" "Air, air!" were incessant. Water was brought during the night. It only inflamed their terrible thirst. A trifle more space was obtained by stripping off all their clothes. Hats were used to create a current of air: for the same purpose they all tried to rise and sit alternately, but in this attempt the weaker were inevitably crushed. The heat, thirst, suffocating pains and terrible



ESPLANADE CALCUTTA.

stench soon put nearly the whole mass into delirium or stupor. One by one, as the night wore on, they gave up the struggle for life. Toward morning, those not already dead, competitors for air being fewer, were able to breathe more freely by clinging close to the windows. When the door was opened at daybreak, only twenty-three, less than one sixth of those that went in, were taken out alive. These were liberated, the rest were thrown promiscuously into a ditch. For about seven months the natives had everything their own way in the town, but just at the close of the year Colonel Clive and Admiral Watson restored it to the English. Since the native uprising of 1756, Calcutta has been almost uniformly prosperous, the history of its development being merely a history of East Indian trade. Bombay, on the opposite coast of the peninsula has been for some years a formidable rival and seems to be rapidly overtaking it. It would not be strange if Calcutta should lose the supremacy of India by and by, but its railway and waterway connections with the interior, its steamship connections with the rest of the world and its industrial products are sure to preserve for it an honorable place in the commerce of the East.

BROOKLYN.

TO be ranked as the consort of a king has ever been esteemed, in days of royalty, an honorable privilege. To exist because of that king, to grow with his growth, to be strengthened with his strength is, at least, an evidence of power, a partnership in greatness in which either queen or city can alike take pride.

Brooklyn is to-day the fourth city in a nation of sixty-five millions of people because of the existence, the growth and the power of that metropolis of the nation. Humorists call it the bed-chamber of New York. It is really the home of New York. The crowds that throng its wonderful bridge and fill its fleet of ferry boats at morning and at night are the workers in the metropolis, through whom and because of whom New York City is possible.

Incorporated a city in 1834, growing with comparative slowness though with certainty and absoluteness until 1870, it has since then, and especially since the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge

in 1883 and the introduction of the elevated railroads in 1885, gone forward with marvellous strides, and the suburban town of a few thousands which New York for years saw fit to ignore has now become the sister city with a population crowding nine hundred thousand and with business interests of its own that threaten to rival even those of the metropolis itself.

Brooklyn has been called for years "the City of Churches." The title is not undeserved. At least fifty per cent. of its population are attendants upon the three hundred and fifty churches, one hundred thousand children are scholars in its three hundred Sunday Schools, and their unique June festival is called "St. Children's Day." The names of certain of its famous clergymen are as household words to the ears of all Americans. A statue of Henry Ward Beecher — Brooklyn and America's greatest preacher — is to adorn one of its public squares. The church presupposes the home and, even more than the city of churches, is Brooklyn a city of homes. With over four hundred millions in taxable real estate fully eighty per cent. of its buildings are dwellings; of forty-five thousand buildings erected since 1874, thirty-five thousand are dwelling-houses. Its horse and elevated railroads carried in 1889 over one hundred and sixty-three millions of passengers and the daily traffic on its great bridge reaches one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Of its giant structure — now one of the wonders of the world — the statistics are equally massive. It was thirteen years in building and cost over fifteen millions of dollars. It bridges with a single central span an arm of the sea, known as the East River, nearly sixteen hundred feet in width while the total length of the bridge from the Brooklyn to the New York entrance is six thousand feet. The width of the bridge is eighty-five feet, the weight of the structure supported from cables is nearly fifteen thousand tons, the clear height of the bridge in the center of the river span is one hundred and thirty-five feet while the height of the towers over which the great cables run is two hundred and seventy-eight feet above high water. The service of the bridge employs as collectors, gatemen, conductors and policemen two hundred and fifty persons, and the cable trains that cross it have a speed of ten miles an hour.

The rapid growth of Brooklyn during the past ten years has tested its educational facilities to the utmost. It has to-day in its one hundred public schools nearly one hundred thousand scholars, and its annual appropriations for educational purposes exceeds two millions of dollars. Brooklyn, because of the pressure on its public school accommodations, has for years been a city of many private schools. Some of these educational institutions, such as "Packer" and the "Polytechnic" have a national reputation: the Adelphi Academy has a roll of nearly one thousand students and the new Pratt Institute, devoted to instruction in the technical and industrial departments, is one of the best furnished industrial institutes in the land.

The magnificent water-front of Brooklyn presents ample facilities for harborage and wharf accommodations and this phase of commercial activity is growing rapidly. Every country on the globe is represented in the cargoes daily delivered on the Brooklyn wharves, the warehouses along the water-front have an enormous cubic capacity while the granaries of Brooklyn are unequaled in any seaport in the world. The nineteen great grain elevators, with a capacity of nearly seventeen million bushels, handled during 1889 over thirty-three million bushels, and each elevator is capable of emptying an eight thousand bushel canal-boat in less than two hours, of loading a ship at the rate of eight thousand bushels an hour, of taking up nearly nine hundred million bushels of grain in a working day of twelve hours and of transfering to steamers during the same period nearly two millions of bushels.

For years Brooklyn depended for its shopping and purchasing facilities upon New York, but within the past ten years the growth of mercantile enterprise has kept pace with the increase in population. Fulton Street, which formerly centered its limited retail trade about the city hall, is now lined with shops and great retail establishments as far "up town" as Bedford Avenue, while in the Eastern district of the city (or what was once Williamsburg) great stores on Broadway or Fourth Street constitute another trade center.

Brooklyn's most famous suburb is Coney Island. Private and public enterprise have combined to make of a long stretch of level sand a great seaside resort, thronged with hotels and pleasure-spots while a broad driveway five and a half miles long and two hundred and ten feet wide connects this stretch of ocean beach with the woodland, meadows, lakes and drives of Prospect Park, a beautiful pleasure-ground of over five hundred acres.



THE BRIDGE FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.

Laid, like an open palm, upon the western end of Long Island, with an area of nearly thirty square miles, and all Long Island behind it for growing space, Brooklyn's future is among the great possibilities of the nation. And yet, self-existent and self-centered as it is, with local industries and local commerce that could alone support a great city, Brooklyn cannot be deemed as other than New York's greatest suburb. Local, almost provincial, in much of its inner life and its immediate surroundings, it yet owes its bigness, its prosperity, its very existence, indeed, to the great city beyond the bridge. Year by year the bond of union grows stronger and more apparent, and the Brooklyn that twenty years ago was almost a *terra incognita*, an unexplored region to the average New Yorker, may in time, even as the surroundings of the world's greatest city are known as Greater London, become Greater New York.

BOMBAY.

FLANKED by lofty mountains, guarded by islands and cliffs, fronting a summer sea and embowered in a tropical verdure, Bombay occupies its island seat upon the Malabar coast — the Naples of Asia, the Liverpool of India.

The approach to this noblest city of the Orient affords one of the finest panoramas in the world in its splendid combination of sea and shore. Its buildings comprise some of the finest in India, and the enterprise of its merchants is making it the rival of Calcutta for the commercial supremacy of England in Asia. The city occupies an island with an area of twenty-two square miles and has, to-day, a population of nearly eight hundred thousand. Railway causeways connect it with the mainland, and the natural scenery and sanitary conditions make it the handsomest and the healthiest of the cities of India.

Of the eight hundred thousand inhabitants of Bombay more than half are Hindoos, nearly one hundred and sixty thousand are Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, Negroes, half-breeds and Chinese and between ten and eleven thousand are Europeans. The Parsees and the Europeans, however, are the merchants and capitalists of the city. Between the years 1861 and 1866

it is estimated that the cotton receipts of Bombay exceeded those in the five years preceding by fully four hundred million dollars.

Malabar Hill and Breach Candy, the western suburbs of the city, look out upon the blue waters of the Arabian Sea. It is here that the European residents have their private houses, each surrounded by a large garden, and affording magnificent sites for beautiful homes.

But despite its splendid situation Bombay is a commercial rather than a picturesque city. It has the finest market in India, and is the center of many progressive and important industries. Its cotton spinning and weaving mills give employment to over twelve thousand hands. Its exportation of opium and wheat are large, and its brass workers constitute a strong and important guild.



A HINDOO TEMPLE IN THE BLACK TOWN, BOMBAY.

Of all the inhabitants of this flourishing Indian city, none are more interesting, as none are more prosperous than the Parsis or Parsees, those descendants of the old-time fire-worshippers of Persia who, on the conquest of their country by the Arabs in the first half of the eighth century, emigrated to India and settled largely in and about Bombay. Active, intelligent, progressive and shrewd, these old-time Persians have largely monopolized the business enterprises of India, and here, in Bombay, number to-day nearly eighty thousand. They control the opium product of India, their credit as merchants is almost unlimited, and fifty large commercial houses in Bombay are controlled by Parsee enterprise. Of all the natives of India they are the most progressive and the most anxious to secure the benefits of English education and culture. Their benevolence, hospitality and sociability are proverbial, and their home-life is as peculiar and interesting as their costume is picturesque. A beggar is unknown among them and in the city of Bombay alone they have thirty-two charitable institutions.

Upon the highest point of Malabar Hill there rises above the encircling verdure a number of small towers, not over twenty-five feet high, over which wheels and circles a flight of vultures. These are the *dakhmas*, the famous "towers of silence" whereon for a certain space the Parsees expose their dead. Borne hither from the Parsee quarter with much ceremony the body is left in the pit encircled by the tower until the attendant vultures have with their sharp beaks stripped away the flesh and the denuded bones drop into a receptacle beneath. But while the bones are thus exposed to voracious birds of prey, in the Parsee home the most beautiful and tender memorial rites are celebrated on each recurring anniversary of death.

These most interesting people of Asia are of the greatest value to the development of India, and as their progressive desires and the effect of Western contact and culture lead them from the ancient forms and superstitions, their energy, thrift and commercial enterprise will lace Bombay in the lead of Asiatic cities as the most successful and metropolitan.

While Calcutta is standing still and Madras seems visibly declining, Bombay is increasing in wealth, importance and influence, and will speedily control the market and business enterprise of the East.

MOSCOW.



THE GREAT BELL.

IN the center of that division of the dominions of the Czar known as Great Russia, four hundred miles south east from St. Petersburg, as the crow flies and the ruler-marked railroad of the Czar Nicholas runs, stands an eminence known as the Sparrow Hill. From this eminence, three quarters of a century ago, the great Napoleon after he had overthrown the army of the Czar at Borodino looked down upon the conquered capital of all the Russias lying prostrate at his feet. Six days afterward, the burning capital ruined by its own inhabitants, gave to the conqueror neither shelter nor submission, and at this flaming barrier Napoleon turned back from his dream of conquest, a defeated, dispirited man.

As Moscow stood then, so had it stood for five hundred years and so it stands to-day, the richest, most interesting and most original of the Czar's treasure cities.

Looking to-day from the summit of the Sparrow Hill the tourist can study the topography of the old Russian capital even as Napoleon studied it seventy-five years ago. "At first," says Dr. Wight who visited Moscow in 1887, "the city appeared to me an irregular mass of buildings, spread out widely, with many spires of churches rising at intervals in a confused maze. Closer observation, with the aid of a map and a good glass, showed the Kreml, or Kremlin, on an eminence in the center, with its heavy surrounding wall nearly two miles in circumference, enclosing religious temples, an arsenal and an imperial palace, whose gilded and colored domes were resplendent in the morning sun, bearing some resemblance to the Acropolis at Athens, or the Capitol at Rome. The river Moskva runs through the city, winding under the walls of the Kremlin, crossed by stone bridges which look very picturesque. On the north side of the river boulevards circle round the Kremlin, about one mile from its center. Half a mile farther out is another circle of boulevards. The outer rampart of the city has a circumference of more than twenty miles. Gardens, parks, palaces and convents enrich the view of a semi-oriental city, which is the ecclesiastical capital of the empire."

The chief interest to the visitor in Moscow centers of course in the Kremlin — that triangular enclosure of fully ninety-eight acres, crowning a hill that rises above the river. Walled in and guarded by eighteen towers, the Kremlin is pierced by five towered gates and contains some of the oldest and most notable buildings in Russia.

Entering the Kremlin by the Spaski Voratu (the Redeemer's Gate) through which one is compelled to walk with bowed and uncovered head we stop an instant to gaze upon the historic picture that gives this gate its name — the picture of the Savior of Smolensk, venerated by all devout Russians. Once within the Kremlin we note its famous buildings. Here we see the Palace of the Emperors with its gilded cupola, its immense halls, one in white, one in red and one in blue, its treasury filled with the richest stores of Russia's royal relics, and its council hall of the patriarchs. Close at hand, too, mounted on a pedestal near the Kremlin wall is the great bell of Moscow — the Czar Kolokol (Monarch of Bells) sixty feet in circumference, nineteen feet high and weighing nearly four hundred thousand pounds. Within the Kremlin, too, are many sacred edifices — the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the Czars are crowned, costly with gold and gems, the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael containing the tombs of three centuries of Czars, the Cathedral of the Annunciation paved with carnelian, jasper and agate, the Church of the Redeemer with its twenty cupolas, while high over all towers the great campanile of Ivan Veliki or John the Great,

rising three hundred and twenty-eight feet in air and surmounted by a gilded dome in which hang thirty massive bells, which are all rung at Easter.

Outside the Kremlin the larger and later city stretches in every direction. Here is the "Red Square," with its busy commercial life and its fantastic cathedral known as the Church of Vasili or Basil the Blessed, "the most curious edifice in Moscow." It is a conglomeration of chapels, towers and spires, no two alike, either in design or decoration, and the architect of which (an Italian) had his eyes put out by that cheerful monarch Ivan the Terrible in order that he might not build a more beautiful edifice for any other monarch. "The story," says Dr. Wight, "would be more probable if it ran that the terrible Czar put out the architect's eyes in vengeance for building such a monstrosity at all."

Moscow is not only the richest of Russian cities but it is the most important of the empire's manufacturing cities. The enforced growth of St. Petersburg has not stayed its prosperity. It is the chief center of Russian railway traffic, is the chief home center for trade in grain, hemp and oils, in tea, sugar, groceries and all the produce and manufactures of middle Russia, and its population is steadily increasing.

Moscow, which has been termed one of the most original of cities, is both practical and picturesque. Besides its cotton mills and its tanneries, its candle-works and its silk factories, its carriage shops and its tobacco factories, it has academies and libraries, musical conservatories and military schools, scientific, literary and musical societies, old bookshops, great commercial houses, palaces, museums, cathedrals, markets and bazaars and all the elements of a prosperous city.

The birthplace of the Russian poets, Pushkin and Lomontoff, Moscow has the best theaters in Russia, while the city, gay with its gilt cupolas and its painted towers, half European, half Asiatic in its looks and life, is an even more varied and interesting city to visit than St. Petersburg, four hundred miles across the swamps and forests toward the frozen north.



THE KREMLIN.

GLASGOW.



IN THE DRY DOCKS.

GLASGOW is essentially a "self-made" city; her attractions lie more in the present than in the past. Outside of her ship-building yards on the Clyde, the immense establishment of John Elder and Company at Govan, the Steel Company of Scotland's Works at Newton, the St. Rollax Chemical Works, the largest in the world: outside of her pottery works, which turned out over one million of clay pipes a week as far back as 1852; her thirty thousand power-looms which weave annually three hundred million yards of cotton and woolen goods, valued at four million pounds: her embroidering of muslins which employed over one hundred and ten thousand women scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland; her turkey-red dye-works for which Glasgow has long been noted: her iron-works and foundries which yearly turn out one and a quarter million tons of cast iron and one hundred thousand tons of wrought iron — outside of these great industries, Glasgow though an ancient borough, has little in the city itself to interest the tourist.

Still, it is an old, old city. The Monk Kentigern, the mythical St. Mungo, sat down on the banks of the Molendinar Burn in 560 to teach the savage, half-naked Celts Christianity. On the site of his early labors stands St. Mungo's Cathedral, built in the twelfth century. Up a steep and rough-paved street you go to the Cathedral in the extreme east of the city: down in the damp crypt with its mossy Norman pillars and low-vaulted ceiling, through the deep gloom you peer to find the pillar behind which Rob Roy lurked in that memorable interview. The crypt corresponds with the whole Cathedral. "The pile is of a gloomy and massive rather than of an elegant style of Gothic architecture, but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved and so well suited to the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. Situated in a populous and considerable town this ancient and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude."

To add to its gloomy character, directly facing it on the steep hillside lies Glasgow's Necropolis, with its tall column to John Knox's memory overtopping all the other monuments.

After the tourist has seen the Cathedral and Broomielaw, the great quay one thousand feet long on the north side of the Clyde with its splendid view of the harbor, after he has passed through George's Square, where the Post Office, the new Municipal Buildings, many hotels and banks rise in massive strength, and has examined the fourteen statues of kings and queens, inventors, poets and statesmen which adorn the finest square in Glasgow, after he has strolled through broad Buchanan Street and admired the attractive shops, Sauchiehall Street will lead him to the new West End of the city.

Here, for the first time, he sees some beauty in Glasgow. On the banks of the winding Kelvin lies the pretty West End Park with its Museum; crowning the slope of the hill across the stream rises the magnificent pile of Glasgow University, with its twenty-three hundred students. Two million five hundred thousand dollars will barely cover the expense of the massive early English building, with its handsome Common Hall and its stately central Tower. Near the University is the Western Infirmary: and the beautiful Botanic Gardens are also in its immediate neighborhood.

Beautiful crescents and squares filled with stately trees where the wealthy Glasgow merchants live adjoin the Park; here are light and air and freedom; the contrast is great. The contrast is still greater if we take some of the numerous excursions into Glasgow's suburbs; no town in all Great Britain can equal it as a point of departure. The sail up the Clyde alone is a perpetual



Pic-
tur-
esq
ue
Glas
gow



NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

surprise: Arrochar on Loch Long, Loch Lomond and Katrine, the romantic Loch Awe watched over by Ben Cruachan and guarded by the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, Oban, Ballachulist and the wild pass of Glencoe, Staffa and Iona, the wild country of the West Hebrides, the land of William Black and the "Princess of Thule," can all be reached by this highway.

Nearer by are other historic spots: eleven miles distant lies Hamilton Palace, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Hamilton; near by is the picturesque ruin of Bothwell Castle: Langside, where Queen Mary's forces were defeated by Regent Moray in 1568 lies near the south part of Glasgow, and Lanark, where the "Scots wi' Wallace bled," lies twenty-eight miles away near the Clyde.

LIVERPOOL.

ROME was not built in a day: neither was Liverpool. For the siege of Calais in 1338, the city, whose commerce now is only rivalled by London, sent but one small bark manned by six men. In the time of good Queen Bess she had only twelve ships and one hundred and thirty-eight householders. From the time of the Restoration her maritime importance began — in 1709 her first dock was built when she had but five thousand inhabitants, by 1730 that number was nearly tripled. In 1801 she had 77,653 inhabitants; in 1881, 552,425. To-day, if we take in Bootle and Birkenhead, which are practically suburbs of Liverpool, we have the grand total of over three quarters of a million of inhabitants.

And her commerce has so far kept pace with her population that to-day, the annual amount of dock-dues received exceeds five millions of dollars, and thirty thousand vessels enter her muddy harbor. London is her only rival; in 1880 the exports and imports of London footed up to 16,479,108 tons, while Liverpool came in a close second with 14,496,364 tons. The city acts as a harbor for many of the towns of North England whose manufactures far exceed her own; Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and Leeds all pour out their wealth through her great harbor. London herself sends her ships in ballast to Liverpool to be re-loaded there. American cotton and American cattle and American lumber, American grain and canned fruits, barrels of apples, of flour, of pork, of sugar, of petroleum, and a thousand other necessities and luxuries are rapidly rolled off her ships to be replaced by coal and salt and iron and steel and cutlery and linens and Manchester cottons. Ninety million pounds sterling represented the value of the exports in 1885, but the imports exceeded these by five million pounds. Liverpool's registered tonnage, which exceeds even that of London or Glasgow, was in 1886, 1,844,263 tons. This comprised 850 steamers and 1681 sailing vessels. The Inman, the Cunard, the White Star, the National and the Guion Lines all send steamers weekly from Liverpool to New York, and the Anchor Line monthly, while the American Steamship Company sends a steamer weekly to Philadelphia.

In view of this immense commerce and large population our young American will probably demand, "What have these upward of seven hundred and fifty thousand 'bipeds without feathers' done to beautify their city, or to further the cause of Art, Literature, Religion or Humanity?" At first glance it would seem very little. This "gateway between the Old World and the New" seems to have brushed off upon itself the grime from its thousands of pilgrims. We are tempted to sympathize with that traveled American, who declared that although it is not a delightful place of residence, it is one of the most convenient and admirable places in the world to get away from. Her only forests are forests of masts, and her only spreading beeches are the granite-fringed docks of the Mersey.

But the scene brightens as the traveller approaches new Liverpool. Broad streets replace the narrow, crowded courts; granite and brick blocks of business houses in the Italian Renaissance style make an attempt towards lightness and beauty. All the public buildings are new with the exception of the Town Hall in the Corinthian style, surmounted by a lofty dome. Its severe architecture and eighteenth century air is rather unceremoniously jostled against the other three sides of the quadrangle which forms the Exchange. This airy building in the French Renaissance style, with its charming arcade, cost the pretty sum of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. One would think its News Room, one hundred and seventy-five feet long and fifty feet high, one of the finest rooms in Europe, would be good enough for the "solid men." But no; sturdy John Bull prefers to transact his business in the open air, and the "Flags" of the quadrangle are daily filled with a crowd of bustling cotton-brokers, where sight-seers are almost as numerous as in the New York Stock Exchange. Another sight hard by is Saintsbury's Luncheon Rooms in Exchange Street, where the Bulls and Bears dine and the wayfaring man goes to "see the animals feed."

Dead and silent, just as Trinity churchyard lies in the midst of the pulsing heart of New York, just as the sainted dead sleep in the old God's acre of King's Chapel, while the crowd of business men hurry unheeding by, so there lies a little *memento mori* in the heart of busy Liverpool. Chapel Street leads directly from the Exchange to the Docks, passing the oldest sacred site in Liverpool, that of the Church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners. Ever since the Conquest a church has stood here; in old days the overhanging grasses on the banks of the Mersey must have kissed the tombstones of the silent dead, now "all around it is the very busiest bustle of commerce, rumbling wheels, hurrying men, porter-shops, everything that pertains to the grossest and most practical life."

From the back of the Town Hall a broad straight street leads to the center of the city and the finest group of public buildings in Liverpool. This Dale Street, together with Bond, Lord and Church Streets hard by, are the Regent and Oxford Streets of Liverpool, brilliant with bright shops and handsome display. Here the Liverpool lady clad in a long sealskin cloak in the middle of June is seen to better advantage; she has driven down from some of the beautiful crescents or terraces that border on the parks in the suburbs of Liverpool, perhaps from her stately home near Sefton Park with its four hundred acres which is well worth a visit, or Prince's Park which though



GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, LIVERPOOL.

smaller, is quite attractive. Driving down from her residence in her stately English brougham, the Liverpool lady is not greeted by the sights and sounds that made the day hideous near the docks. In the center of the city, near the Lime Street Station, close by the enormous Northwestern Railway Hotel, where the thirsty American guest has to pay "tuppence" for a glass of ice-water, all that newest and most imposing of Liverpool architecture is gathered together. Here right opposite the station of the Great Western Railway that links Liverpool to London stands the stately St. George's Hall, it being the "crowning architectural feature of Liverpool."

Liverpool, although a commercial city, has had her share of worthies; in Duke Street Mrs. Hemans was born, and Hawthorne's Mrs. Blodgett had an abiding place there. Richard Mather, the grandfather of Cotton, preached in the ancient chapel of Toxteth Park. Mrs. Oliphant, too, is a native of Liverpool, and the interesting art critic and biographer of Lorenzo de' Medici, William Roscoe, not only was born there but took much interest in the city's artistic life.

So, after all, Liverpool though heavy and uninteresting at first view like many Britons, is solid and warm at heart. Her work for the people has kept pace with her material prosperity — her wonderful Mersey Tunnel opened in 1886, her Liverpool University College incorporated in 1881 are some of her most recent contributions to the life, not only of the body but of the mind. Although a commercial city, and ugly as modern utilitarianism must make her natural beauties, she yet gives a more pleasing impression than Manchester, or many other of England's large towns.

The fringes of her garment are more beautiful than the garment itself. Outside of her corporate limits are wonders of landscape beauty and art. Cheshire and the blue hills of Wales are not far distant. In the midst of a large park five miles to the northeast of Liverpool lies the old manor-house of Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby. Rare and costly Rembrandts, Rubens, Teniers and Claudes adorn its walls. Three miles in another direction lies Childwall Hall the country seat of the Marquis of Salisbury with the ruins of an old priory in the midst of its spacious park. Speke Hall, too, is another old moss-covered manor whose history dates back almost to the Conquest.

Liverpool's docks are world-famous. Its wonderful landing-stage consists of a huge pontoon 2060 feet long, from whose southern end the eight lines of river ferry-boats ply on the broad bosom of the mirky Mersey, while the tender of the Cunard line lands its passengers at the northern end, sacred to sea-going steamers. This stage which was begun in 1857, was just waiting to be christened, "greatly enlarged and improved," in 1874, by his Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, when the whole structure, which had been creosote-soaked in building, went up in flames, and two million dollars' worth of property was totally destroyed. 1878, however, saw it replaced by even a finer and more solid structure.

This landing-stage forms an integral and central part of the great system of docks which receive the commerce of the civilized world and are the sight of Liverpool. Broad and massive, they stretch along the Liverpool side of the water-front for nearly seven miles. Across the river at Birkenhead, runs another line of docks nearly as long, which have always proved a disastrous investment for Liverpool capital.

PEKIN.

OUT of the midst of gardens and of groves rise the roofs of Pekin — the *Hwang Ch'ing* or "Imperial City," — the capital of the Chinese Empire. Gay with blue, green and yellow tiles the porcelain-covered roofs of the Imperial City, its temples and palaces, its mansions and private houses do but intersperse with their vivid colors the living green out of which they rise, and make the whole town — to one who looks down upon it from the artificial mound known as the *King shan* or "Prospect Hill" — a veritable city of gardens.

For fully five hundred years, since the days of the Emperor Yung-lo, has Pekin been uninterruptedly the seat of the Chinese Government; while for nine centuries at least, at intervals more or less extended, it has remained an imperial city. The northern ramparts, reared by the conqueror Kublai Khan are still to be traced beyond the existing walls; and here the greater Jenghiz Khan held his court until forced by his interests further south.



FEAST OF LANTERNS IN PEKIN.

Pekin or Peking ("the Northern Capital") is situated in the north-eastern part of China proper and of the province of Chik-li, just to the south of the famous Great Wall and near to the Yan-ho or Grand Canal, some fifty miles to the westward of the Pe-chi-li Gulf, an arm of the Yellow Sea. Its population is variously estimated as from five hundred thousand to one million — but all information as to the population of Chinese cities is so untrustworthy that the real figures cannot be given. From Pekin, as the political center of the Empire, four great national roads radiate, north, south and west, each one from seventy to eighty feet wide, and as masterly in design and construction as were the noble state roads of ancient Rome.

The city itself is of wide extent, containing

within the walls an area of twenty-five square miles, the walls themselves measuring thirty miles in circumference. But the space within the city is by no means fully occupied by streets and dwellings, the greater portion of the grounds being devoted to the extensive surroundings of the temples, palaces and great private residences with which the royal city abounds.

The city consists of two parts — the *nui-ch'ing* or inner city and the *wai-ch'ing* or outer city, the one being separated from the other by a wall pierced with three gates. Within the inner (sometimes known as the Tartar) city is the Imperial City, or residence of the Court, and inclosed within this is the *Tsze-kin-ch'ing* or "Purple Forbidden City" in which stands the Emperor's Palace.

The outer (or Chinese) city is smaller than the inner city and contains with other sacred edifices the temple of agriculture and the remarkable Temple of Heaven — the chief shrine at which the Emperor offers sacrifices on special occasions. The shrine is an open altar to Shang-ti, the supreme deity, and consists of a triple circular marble terrace two hundred and ten feet wide at the base, one hundred and fifty in the middle, and ninety at the top. In the same temple stands the triple roofed altar of prayer for good harvests, one hundred feet in height. The tiled roof of deep blue glazed porcelain is of rare beauty and splendor, being in hue and brightness no bad imitation of the sky above.

Pekin is so strictly an official city that its inhabitants are consumers rather than producers, and the trade of the capital is very small. It is the center of the political, literary and aristocratic life of the kingdom; foreign merchants are forbidden by treaty from trading within its walls and foreign entrance is only permitted in the case of ambassadors or the representatives of treaty nations. Nowhere is Chinese exclusiveness more stupidly marked than in the sacred confines of this "Imperial City."

ST. LOUIS.



CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

THE history of St. Louis has been comparatively brief and uneventful. It was settled by thirty French traders in 1764, the year in which France ceded Louisiana to Spain. Spain did not take formal possession of this distant trading-post however until 1771, when Don Piedro Piernas and a company of Spanish soldiers came up the Mississippi. The installation of the first Spanish governor did not take place until 1780. Through the rest of the eighteenth century St. Louis continued a mere trading-post, subject to the vicissitudes of frontier life, among which an unsuccessful attack of fifteen hundred British and Indians in 1789 deserves especial mention. When it passed into the hands of the United States government in 1804, it was a stockaded village containing only a trifle over one thousand people, three streets and one hundred and fifty houses.

After this change of masters, it grew much more rapidly, yet as late as 1840 it had only sixteen thousand inhabitants and it continued to preserve its French characteristics for a full decade



COURT HOUSE, ST. LOUIS.

longer, in spite of a general conflagration that destroyed almost everything else. "To the stranger it was the 'Planter's Hotel,' and a shoal of big steamboats moored along an extensive levee roaring with river traffic. Crowded, ill-paved, dirty streets, a few country houses on elevated sites, a population forced into a certain activity by trade, but hindered in municipal improvements by French conservatism, and touched with the rust of slavery — that was the St. Louis of thirty-five years ago."

How entirely different is the St. Louis of to-day! a city by far the largest and most magnificent west of the Mississippi, with fully half a million of people, an assessed valuation of two hundred and seventeen million dollars, twenty miles of animated river front, a bridge (one of the wonders of the world) that cost ten million dollars, twenty-two public parks and a projected series of boulevards on which four million dollars have already been expended, an almost perfect system of drainage, well-paved streets and good horse and cable cars, a model fire department, a splendid Merchant's Exchange, a larger proportion of middle-class houses (costing from ten thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars) than any other city in the country, and a bountiful supply of churches, public buildings and palatial hotels! St. Louis's foreign-born population by itself would make as large a city as Rochester or Indianapolis; its Germans equal in numbers the residents of Charleston (S. C.), or many a famous old city of the *Vaterland*. It is laid out like Philadelphia and its streets are named and numbered in the same manner. It has excellent public, private and parochial schools and is the seat of a number of institutions of learning. Among the latter are Washington University, unsectarian, including an undergraduate department, a polytechnic school, the St. Louis Law School, Henry Shaw School of Botany, St. Louis School of Fine Arts, Smith Academy (boys) and Mary Institute (girls); St. Louis University under the control of the Jesuit Fathers, an excellent institution, thoroughly religious but in touch with the life of the times; Christian Brothers College (also Catholic), the excellent work of which has been deservedly recognized at two world's fairs; and the Concordia Seminar, the principal theological seminary of the Old Lutherans of the West.

It is a common saying that St. Louis is as invisible as London. London may be so for prudential reasons, her ugliness is notorious. But St. Louis is not ugly, and modesty certainly is not at the bottom of it. She would much prefer to be seen and she is worth seeing. The black veil that hides her fair face is of her own weaving but not of her own wearing. Convention imposes weeds upon the pretty widow; bituminous coal upon St. Louis. Both would gladly be rid of them. Imagine, if you can, the black veil slowly lifting. First of all there is the Mississippi River and the bridge that spans it, the river half-buried out of sight by a picturesque array of many-decked steamers, ferry-boats, tugs, flat-boats, dredges, and floating landing stages: the bridge alive with vehicles, pedestrians and railway trains. Then, the Levee, a broad, slightly-sloping Belgian pavement that might easily be taken for the levelled wall of some old fortification, but looking peaceful enough with its heaps of inoffensive bags, bales, kegs, barrels and hogsheads. And just beyond and above the Levee, rising and receding in three gentle terraces, thousands upon

thousands of buildings of gray limestone, brick and red sandstone, whose almost monotonous massiveness is pleasantly relieved by numerous green opens — wherein, if you could peer, you might see a bit of tropic or a genuine English landscape — and by here and there an aspiring dome, steeple or shot-tower, while far away to the left stands a veritable forest of grain elevators and tall brick chimneys into which blast-furnaces are roaring. It is a picture not easily forgotten, indicative of a prosperity that is not in the least factitious, as a few statistics will show.

St. Louis is the greatest purely inland cotton market in the world. It contains the largest lager-beer brewery in the world. This brewery covers thirty acres, employs one thousand two hundred hands, has an annual pay-roll of half a million dollars and a freight bill of one million dollars. Its product for 1887 was 456,511 barrels necessitating the consumption of one million one hundred thousand bushels of barley, seven hundred thousand pounds of hops, and two hundred and fifty million gallons of water. It was put up in twenty-five million quart bottles, which were in turn packed in four hundred thousand barrels and boxes. The total beer product of the city for the same year was 43,575,872 gallons, much of which was exported to Mexico, South America, the West Indies and Australia. Almost three million bushels of barley were consumed in its brewing. It is the first wooden-ware city in the United States, and so far first, that a single company produces more of this line of goods than all Chicago, Cincinnati and New York combined. It has also the largest wholesale and retail hardware concern in the country and its principal sugar refinery has the largest building used for manufacturing purposes in the West. It is the second railway center in the world, Chicago being the first. Its twenty-eight lines of railroads have an aggregate length of over thirty thousand miles and its ten regular lines of steamboats have access to sixteen thousand miles of water ways. By means of these, it handled in 1887, 14,359,059 tons of freight, shipping to foreign markets by way of the Mississippi alone, four million bushels of wheat and 7,365,000 bushels of corn.

Whether St. Louis will ever pass her great rival Chicago, and whether she would have passed her already but for the undeniable check of the Civil War are questions about which it is vain even to surmise, and they are of very little importance anyway. She has enough to be proud of, as it is most of all her sturdy, healthy growth, and the business conservatism that has obtained in a time and a region rife with wild-cat speculation. A great transportation city, central to a larger food producing area than Chicago, Cincinnati or New Orleans, and close by inexhaustible and as yet unworked supplies of coal and iron, she may certainly be pardoned her own stupendous faith in her future and her destiny.

BALTIMORE.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY! Druid Hill Park! canvas-back ducks! fair women! — this is Baltimore.

Upon the subject of the "Baltimore belles" — the only women who had the power to make that merry old bachelor Washington Irving regret he was no longer young — let N. P. Willis express an opinion. He is something of a connoisseur in this direction and can speak with authority: "I have seen the women of many lands," he says, — "the classic beauties of Greece, the dark-eyed girls of Naples, the sparkling dames of Paris, the brown-haired girls of England, and the soft, voluptuous women of the East — but for all those qualities of mind and body that make the lovely sex irresistible, I have seen no women that equal the fair daughters of the Monumental City." They were the Howards, the Calverts, the Pinkneys, and they lived and moved in an atmosphere of elegance, courtliness and refinement. They made Baltimore society the admiration, envy or despair of every sister city in America. Customs have changed in Baltimore since Willis's time, but the atmosphere continues one of courtesy and dignity and charm.

Then as to ducks; Oliver Wendell Holmes knew what he was talking about (as he generally does) when he called Baltimore "the gastronomic metropolis of the Union" and suggested

putting a canvas-back, that "divine bird," on the top of the Washington column. And so, when it is said, that the very sound of the word, Baltimore, calls up a "dream of fair women" and a vision of canvas-backs, though it sounds a little odd, perhaps, still just that is meant, let it not be doubted for an instant. Just that is meant, but more is meant than that. The words have a fuller meaning than the literal. "Fair women" typifies elegant society and "canvas-backs," magnificent hospitality. Assuredly, to be preëminent in both these important matters is no mean distinction.

Americans traveling abroad are almost invariably disappointed in the parks of the great cities of the old world. Hyde Park, London, and the famous "Bois" of Paris are quite lacking in the endless variety of picturesque effects that make our own parks so perpetually interesting; and of all these parks of ours, Druid Hill seems to be nearest perfection in this regard. It is a tract of about seven hundred acres in the north-western section of the city and was purchased in 1860 at a cost of half a million dollars. Its transformation into a park was no very difficult matter, owing to the fact that it had been for many generations the homestead of an old Maryland family whose various representatives inherited from the original owner a keen appreciation of its natural beauties and a considerable taste for landscape gardening. Huge forest trees, primeval giants of hickory, oak, chestnut and walnut lend it an air of aristocratic age in marked contrast to the fledgling beauties of its less favored rivals in other cities. Its miles of drives and zigzagging walks, its lakes and numerous streams, pleasant groves and impenetrable thickets of laurel and green-brier combine to form an idyllic recreation ground. Several high hills give splendid prospects — Maryland, the city, the river and the bay. It should be noted that the money necessary for keeping Druid Hill in order is raised in a curious way that may be copied to advantage elsewhere, perhaps. City passenger railways are obliged to pay a tax of one cent for every passenger carried to the park.

The opening of Johns Hopkins University on the thirteenth of September, 1876, marks an era in the development of higher education in America. Johns Hopkins was a Quaker, a shrewd merchant, and during the latter years of his life the king of Baltimore finance. He left seven millions of dollars for the establishment of a hospital and a University, stipulating that the money should be equally divided between the two. The share of the University, three and a half millions, was the largest single endowment ever made to an educational institution in this country. But the absence of hampering conditions in the will was even more unprecedented than its munificence. Broadly speaking, everything was left to the discretion of the trustees. The rare sagacity of allowing this freedom has been proven by the event. The trustees were picked men who were keenly alive to the fact that the time was ripe for an entirely new departure in American educational methods. They therefore proposed no less a thing than an American counterpart of the German University; not a servile copy, but an institution whose essential should be the German idea of combining research with training, leaving the details to adjust themselves to the peculiar needs of our American life. In pursuance of this plan, the University offers advanced instruction in ancient and modern languages, mathematics, physics, biology, chemistry, philosophy, history and political science together with opportunities for original investigation in all these departments, and the means of publishing the results in regularly established journals similar to the journals of the learned societies of Europe. About two hundred college graduates are at present matriculated there. The Philosophical Faculty will soon be supplemented by a medical faculty whose work will be done in connection with the Johns Hopkins Hospital. No faculties of law or theology are yet being planned for, nor are they likely to be.



BATTLE MONUMENT.

In the less than fifteen years it has existed, Johns Hopkins University has evolved itself into



EXCHANGE PLACE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.

the greatest intellectual force in this country and has honestly won wide and respectful recognition abroad. As far back as 1883, only six years after its opening, President Gilman's annual report evoked the following from the leading scientific journal in England: "We should much like to see such an account of original work done and to be done issuing each year from the laboratories of Oxford and Cambridge." High praise certainly, to come from such a source! But more important than anything that can be embodied in an annual report, has been its raising of the standard of education through the whole country. There is not an American college of any scholarly standing or pretensions whatever, that has not directly or indirectly felt its influence powerfully and yielded to it in a degree, finding inspiration thereby. In a very real sense Johns Hopkins University belongs to the nation as the Gracchi did to Rome. But the Gracchi were Cornelia's children and therefore she claimed the right to call them her "jewels." So Johns Hopkins is the child of Baltimore and she may hold it up proudly to the public view as her jewel — a jewel of the purest lustre.

Baltimore has a history whose spirit breathes in the answer of Colonel Howard to the suggestion of capitulation for property's sake when the British threatened her in 1814: "I have as much property at stake as most persons and I have four sons in the field, but sooner would I see my sons weltering in their blood, and my property reduced to ashes than so far disgrace the country." She has ship-yards, the finest steel-making plants in the world; general manufacturing industries with an annual product of one hundred and forty-five million dollars; commerce to the extent of two hundred and fifty-five million dollars. She has libraries and institutes, and art galleries and endowed lecture courses. She has all these and a score of other great and good and beautiful things. But after all, Baltimore can afford to stake her reputation on the four salient features first mentioned — her university, her park, her hospitality, her society.

BOSTON.



SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, few cities of the United States have had so historic a past or possess a more picturesque present than the famous town of Boston.

The New Yorker arriving here from the metropolis is at first rather disposed to sneer at the small size of this city of less than five hundred thousand inhabitants, for Boston proper is but half as large as Brooklyn and less than one quarter as large as New York, but, if he is a man who values quality as well as quantity, he soon re-casts his estimate. He sees the intense personal pride of the citizens, their anxiety for good government, for fine educational facilities, for the best preaching, the best teaching; and as he enters the State House and stands beneath the gilded dome that crowns Beacon Hill, if he is a man of any elevation of mind, in his heart he re-echoes the prayer of the chaplain, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

When in the center of the business part of the city he looks up to the Old State House and reads beneath the shelter of the gilded eagle the sturdy motto of Massachusetts, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*," he remembers, if he recalls her historic past, that the men of Boston (and the women too) were ever ready to fight for their liberty, and to strike for their altars and their fires. It is this intense individuality that gives Boston her charm; she is distinctively American and in this lies one of her greatest glories. Boston indeed is not London or Paris, but the Bostonian has yet much to be proud of, more perhaps, all things considered, than the citizen of any other American city.

He has reason to be proud of her history; and if the world doesn't know this by heart why so much the worse for the world. Boston has always stood for freedom and led for freedom. "Boston has opened and kept open more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought, and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men — I don't care how broad their streets are, nor how high their steeples," Oliver Wendell Holmes makes Little Boston say in his "Professor at the Breakfast Table."

Boston has reason to be proud of her educational institutions. She has, without any question, the most perfect public schools of any city in the United States. To-day, hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended upon the city schools which sixty thousand pupils attend regularly. It is true that the educational development of Boston is but a type of the development that has been going on in all the cities of the country, but it is the proto-type. Boston has been the teacher of teaching to the whole country, and Boston educational methods have taken hold in every section that is to any appreciable degree alive to the best interests of her children.

If the sight-seer who wishes to "do" Boston will take an electric car at Bowdoin or Park Squares, half an hour's rapid ride will bring him to the most historic college in the whole country, fifty years older than William and Mary's, and nearly one hundred years older than Yale — Harvard college with its 2079 students (not including the two hundred and twenty of the



KING'S CHAPEL.

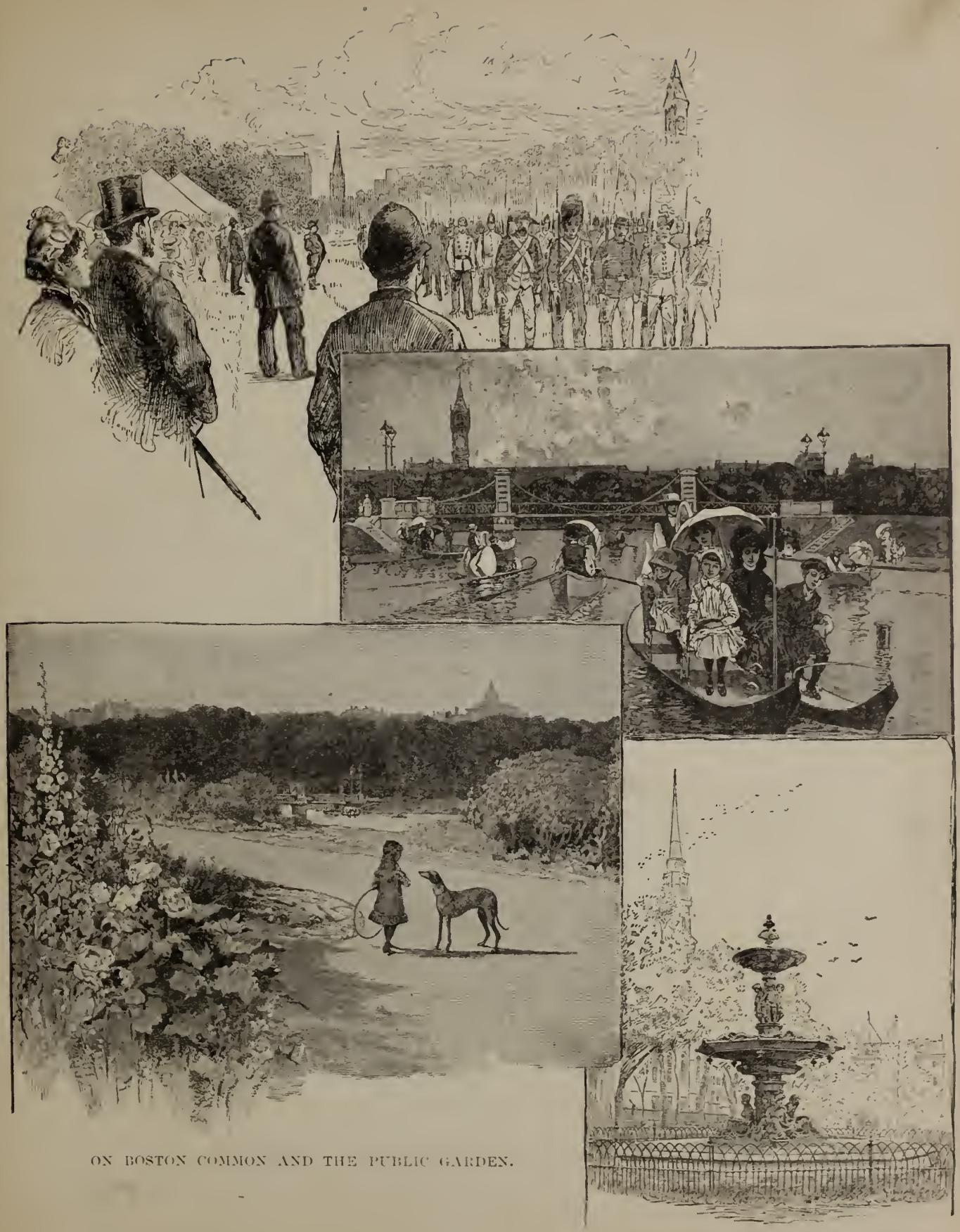


STATE HOUSE.

Summer Schools or the one hundred and forty of the "Harvard Annex"). With its elm-shaded College Yard and its old buildings it is well worth a visit. With its forty-four buildings directly connected with college life, Harvard offers a rich opportunity not only to the student but the scientist. The noble bulk of the Agassiz Museum, a fitting monument to its founder, the Peabody Museum with its addition of this year, the Observatory set on a hill which furnishes the time to Boston and all the adjacent suburbs, the Botanical Gardens where plants from every clime flourish under the shade of the noble pines, the Harvard College Library where over five hundred and thirty thousand books and pamphlets, many of them extremely rare, are gathered together, the ample Gymnasium — all these belong almost as much to Boston as to Cambridge.

Besides its Cambridge buildings, Harvard College has a number of buildings in Boston and the suburbs. The beautiful Arnold Arboretum containing the Bussey Institution is at Forest Hills, a few miles out. In Boston proper is the Veterinary School, the Dental School and the handsome new building of the Medical School on Boylston and Exeter Streets. Not far distant is the "Institute of Technology," the great technical school of the country, the "New England Conservatory of Music," the largest musical school in the world, Boston University (Methodist), open to both sexes, Tufts College (Universalist), Boston College (Roman Catholic), the Normal Art School; and for young ladies only the "Harvard Annex" and "Wellesley," the latter the largest of the young ladies' colleges, situate in a quiet town a few miles from the city. These all are practically a part of the city. Then there is the Lowell Institute, which, from an endowment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has given free instruction in drawing to mechanics and artisans, and free lectures to the general public every year since 1839.

Libraries are educational institutions just as truly as schools and colleges, and at this point no city in the United States would dare to challenge Boston to a comparison. Chicago and New York both promise great and immediate development along this line, and Washington has almost unrivalled possibilities, but up to the present, Boston offers opportunities for original research unequalled on this side the Atlantic, and for the study of American history unequalled in the world. Not to mention any of the numerous private and society collections, any one of her three great libraries, "The Public," "The Athenæum" and "Harvard College," would suffice to make many another city proud. The largest of the three, the Boston Public Library, which has just passed its first half million of bound volumes, deserves more than a passing notice. It is the largest free lending library in the world and was the first to allow the people to take books to their homes. The legend "Free to All" on each side its central door is no lie. There is no other library on the planet so free of access to the people. If it ever had a rival in this respect it has none now that it has been thrown open Sundays and evenings. On November 28, 1888, there was laid in Copley Square the corner-stone of a new building which promises to be a beautiful monument as well as a home for books. If the Boston Public Library shall continue its present attitude toward the citizens of Boston, what it has already done for them is but the dimmest prophecy of what it shall do.



ON BOSTON COMMON AND THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

Boston has other educational institutions of the kind which all cities possess to a greater or less degree, but her choice Art Museum, Natural History Museum, and educational, literary and art clubs deserve special mention. These last are so numerous that it is no wonder a stranger should draw the conclusion that "A man no sooner begins to enjoy himself in Boston than he thinks it necessary to form himself into a club."

Among the prominent clubs devoted to literature and art may be mentioned the St. Botolph with its handsome building a stone's throw from the Public Gardens and the Papyrus with its crowd of "literary fellers," many of whom have stood sponsors for the best things in the "Atlantic Monthly," that ethereal quintessence of Boston "culture" and thought. Then too, the purely artistic clubs, the Art Club with its new home on Dartmouth Street where yearly exhibitions are given; the Paint and Clay Club must not be forgotten, nor the "Press Club," composed of the brilliant newspaper men of the "Hub." The most picturesque club building in Boston in the midst of stately Commonwealth Avenue (that now runs out to the new park and Chestnut Hill Reservoir) that rears its gray front in English style is the Algonquin, a social club, resembling somewhat the Union Club of New York. Possibly, however, some of the "young bloods" of Boston who swear by brawn and physical prowess may declare that the new building of the Athletic Club surpasses even the Algonquin.

Boston has reason to be proud of her churches and her theologians. She has been a teacher of preaching as well as of teaching to the rest of the country — the theological seminary for the United States. Indeed, if a homely, a very homely simile may be allowed, Boston has been the kettle in which the theological molasses has been seething and boiling for the last two or three generations at least, and all other places have been the plates on which it has been poured at the proper minute and set away to cool. As Brooklyn has earned the right to be denominated the "City of Churches," Boston deserves to be called the "Paradise of Ministers."

The red-tiled towers of Trinity Church form a land-mark for many miles. With its campanile-like tower piercing the sky the New Old South soars loftily near by; seen from the West Boston bridge with the picturesque Back Bay in the foreground and the piers of the new Harvard Bridge stretching away in curved lines, with a forest of spires rising in the distance relieved against the sunset sky, and the lights of early evening beginning to twinkle and glimmer on the reflecting wave, Boston with her churches towering upward has a suggestion of Venice and needs only a Turner to make her as justly famous in picture as she has ever been in song and story.



COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

Down-town the churches if less picturesque are more historic. Quaint old King's Chapel with its bramble-tangled graveyard in the heart of the busy city, and the Old South where Franklin was baptized and where Whitefield preached, where the "tea-party" was organized and where in 1775 the "blasted Britishers" stabled their horses are landmarks that Boston will never willingly part with. Nor must the Old North Church where Paul Revere's lantern glimmered be forgotten.

Boston may well be proud of her suburbs; what would she be without them? — the rolling Newtons, the rocky Middlesex Fells, cliff-girded Winthrop, and rock-girdled Nahant and Nantasket, rural Milton and Hyde Park with the silvery-winding Neponset watched over by the picturesque heights of the Blue Hills, not to mention Chestnut Hill and Jamaica Plain, Longwood and Brookline, the homes of her merchant princes. The suburbs of Boston are filled with historic spots, where beauty and the Muse of History stand hand in hand. On the heights of Charlestown stands the shaft where our forefathers bravely fell; on Prospect Hill in Somerville was the first patriot camp and there was first flung to the breeze the American flag; on the road between Cambridge and Arlington, watched over by the picturesque Arlington Heights, stand granite blocks of great stone marking the spots where the "men of Menotomy" on the day of the battle of Lexington resisted their oppressors; in Cambridge itself stands the historic Elm under which Washington took command of the American army — scarcely a stone's throw further rises on a terrace the old colonial mansion once Washington's headquarters, later, the home of Longfellow. A little farther, near the road to Mt. Auburn, where sleep so many of the "storied dead," fly the Herons of Elmwood over the home of James Russell Lowell. Or, if we seek for earlier history still, on the banks of the Charles where the rapid Stony Brook rushes in, stands the round stone tower of Norumbega to mark the spot where, so it is said, the Norsemen first landed, nine hundred years ago.

Boston's manufacturing interests are also important. Her boot and shoe, rubber and elastic, clothing, furniture and machine shops, her iron and steel foundries, sugar refineries and printing and publishing houses all do an annual business of over two millions, two of them going as high as sixteen million dollars. She falls behind that which is her due place as a manufacturing center, in comparison with other cities, because her capital is invested more largely in suburban towns than that of any other city.

The Puritan of 1630, the Bostonian of 1850, should they return in the flesh, would be dazed indeed. Within the last quarter of a century Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, West Roxbury and Brighton have been annexed, the business district has been much changed by the new and magnificent merchant palaces that take the place of the blocks swept away by the dreadful fire of 1871. Westerly from the Common are streets where the water of the bay grew molten in the sunsets of Boston's earlier days. This is New Boston: a New Boston of brown-stone and Japanese ivy fronts, of wide avenues statued and gardened.

The "Back Bay" section is a miracle of change. Commonwealth Avenue is fast becoming one of the most beautiful boulevards in the country, and Copley Square, when the new Library building shall be complete, will have few rivals. Besides, the contemplated system of parks will work a complete transformation. For two miles and three quarters of its length the Charles River embankment is to be converted into a park. This will connect with the Back Bay Park (now partially laid out), from which in turn the Muddy River Basin improvement will extend to Jamaica Pond and the Arnold Arboretum. A park road eight miles long will run through the whole series. When it is remembered that Boston has already the beautiful and historic Common and the Public Garden, that Franklin Park is growing more picturesque every season, that Brighton and East Boston and South Boston will soon have attractive pleasure grounds a slight exertion of the imagination will serve to picture New Boston as a wonderfully beautiful city. Boston's natural advantages are superb — a land-locked harbor unequalled in picturesqueness, a rolling country of downs and fells, of rocky heights and fertile meadows, a picturesque country on every hand readily accessible by swift trains and electric cars, so that Boston really is a "hub."

If the Boston of the future like the Boston of the past tips her lance with truth and burnishes her shield with independence, little in stature though she be, she will be a power in the community, for the spirit which informs the body will give her beauty and strength.

BUENOS AYRES.

THE Chicago of South America! Such is the appellation given to Buenos Ayres. "When one," says Mr. Ford, the latest of American observers about the gateways of the Plate, "goes to the Boca and sees the shipping jammed and wedged into the Riachuelo, he is reminded of the Chicago River. When he returns by train along the water's edge and goes out to Belgrano, passing two riverside parks, he recalls again the metropolis of the West, with its railways, pleasure-grounds and palatial residences along the lake shore. The sun rises over a river so broad that it is like Lake Michigan. From that river base the city has shot out north, south and west over a broad and level plain, doubling its population within a decade, and developing an immense volume of business. It is the most important railway center of South America. It is the outlet for the agricultural produce of continental reaches of wheat belt. It is the chief saladero, or slaughter-house, for the stock-raising pampas. It commands a fluvial system exceeding in volume the watershed of the Mississippi. Its commerce has expanded into enormous compass. The city is fairly pulsating with vitality, enterprise and ambition. It has absolute faith in its manifest destiny as one of the chief commercial centers of the world. Not to put too fine a point on it, Buenos Ayres is not particularly modest. In all these respects, as well as in intensity of local pride, it strongly resembles the Chicago of the North."

The progress of Buenos Ayres is without precedent or parallel in the history of South America. The population was 78,500 in 1857; 177,800 in 1869; 295,000 in 1882, and in 1890, it is at least 530,000. Rio de Janeiro has been distanced in the race for supremacy, and at the end of another ten or twenty years Buenos Ayres may be close behind Philadelphia and Chicago. The development of the commerce of the city has been as remarkable as its growth in population. In 1850 the import and export trade of the country, which mainly centers in this port, amounted to $21,770,000; in 1876 the aggregate was $81,450,000; in 1890 it is now $228,524,013. The house valuations increased from $37,000,000 in 1857 to $300,000,000 in 1890; and in wealth and resources the city has rapidly risen from an inferior position to the foremost place in South America. The Rio de la Plata (or Plate River) is more a bay than a river, being one hundred miles wide at its month, and Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic is one hundred and eighty miles from the sea.

Buenos Ayres is busy, bustling, growing and wide-awake. But it is neither picturesque nor imposing. "The city," says Mr. Ford, "is neither as well-built, nor as favorably situated, nor as attractive to the eye as Montevideo, although it is more than twice as large. The picturesque attractions of Bahia and the majestic mountain scenery of Rio are utterly lacking here. There are fourteen thousand acres — the Buenos Ayres boomers say twenty thousand — of regularly lined streets on a low-lying plain fronting on a wide river. The streets are uniform in width and the shops or houses on one are like the shops and houses on the others. There are a dozen miniature plazas or squares which fail to break the monotonous effect of the unending vistas of shop-roofs and street pavements. The suburbs are inferior in natural loveliness to the Paso Molino of Montevideo. There is a suburban park at Palermo embracing eight hundred and forty acres, but it is too remote to be used as a place of popular recreation. The Jardin de Florida is frequented in the evenings, but it is a dull place in comparison with the Passeio Publico or the Praca in Rio. The new gardens at the Recoleta are not without attractions, and there are fine river vistas from Belgrano and other handsome residence quarters; but the city as a whole is disappointing to any one who comes from Rio or Montevideo. As a center of business activity it is unrivalled in South America, but bustle is not beauty, and trade statistics have no power to refresh the eye."

With the exception of its churches, Buenos Ayres has few imposing buildings. The center of the town, according to Mr. Ford, "is the Plaza de Mayo, where stand the Government House, the Custom House, the Halls of Congress, the Cabildo, the Police Headquarters, the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace and the new National Bank building. The square covers eight acres, is expensively paved, is fringed with a coarse species of palms and has two patriotic monuments. With one exception, the Cathedral, the buildings fronting on this square are not imposing. The Con-

gress Hall, or Capitol, is a commonplace building, unworthy of the pretensions of the Argentine Republic. The Government House occupies the site of the fort erected by the Spanish pioneers, and commands a direct view of the river. The Exchange and the banks are pretentious structures. Some of the banks are really magnificent buildings, and here and there are to be seen ornate business blocks; but for a city containing a population of over five hundred thousand, Buenos Ayres makes a very poor display of architecture."

The Argentine Republic has been well called the South American Yankee-land. The result of the supreme energy and vitality as displayed in and about Buenos Ayres is proof of this. The new harbor — built where one scarce existed before, is a magnificent work of engineering, boldly planned and laboriously executed. The cost is fully twenty millions of dollars but it has given what no other South American city has — wharfage.

BRUSSELS.

BRIGHT, lively, sparkling, a Paris in miniature, with few of the drawbacks which come from residence in that crowded city, the Capital of Belgium and the residence of the royal family, is one of the pleasantest cities that the European tourist is likely to encounter. Other people beside tourists appreciate this fact, for the population has greatly increased within the last decade. In 1878 it was only 167,000 souls, or including its nine suburbs, 396,700. To-day, including these suburbs it is estimated at 458,939.

Brussels, as has been said, resembles a miniature Paris. It lies on both sides of the Senne instead of the Seine, and is encircled by the Boulevards de Waterloo, d'Anvers, Barthélenut and other broad, beautifully paved and shaded avenues lined with quadruple rows of trees, whose foliage casts grateful shadows over the crowd of finely-dressed women and handsome men, stately carriages and equestrians who take their pleasure, like Frenchmen, gaily. On the fine summer evenings they crowd the parks and boulevards which lie on top of the old ramparts, which were leveled at the beginning of this century shortly after the battle of Waterloo.

Not only the boulevards themselves with their imposing public buildings with stately façades which flank the broad avenues, not only the *Palais du Roi* which lies opposite the beautiful park that Maria Theresa laid out, not only the countless hotels, theaters, bright shop-windows and general out-of-door life and gayety remind the tourist of the Paradise of good Americans, but even the language itself, particularly in the north and east parts of the city, is Parisian French, although the lower classes speak Flemish and Walloon.

In the magnificence of its rich public buildings with their delicate aspiring Gothic architecture, their countless arrowy spires, sculptured façades, and rich stained glass, Brussels resembles



CATHEDRAL OF STE. GUDULE.

quaint old Rouen rather than Paris. The splendid Gothic Cathedral of Ste. Gudule and St. Michel which rises on an abrupt slope overlooking the lower town rivals St. Ouen and St. Maclou. With its niched, sculptured façade, its stained glass windows, which tell almost the whole history of Brussels and the Church, its long-arched aisles, and wonderfully decorated chapels, in which sleep monarchs of France and Burgundy under stately cenotaphs surrounded by rich carvings of Flemish oak — this is the glory of Brussel's old town. It was begun in 1220, on the site of an old church which received Sainte Gudule's "reliques" in 1047.

Scarcely less imposing is the superb *Hotel de Ville* where, in 1555, the abdication of the world-renowned monarch, Charles V. took place. Towering high above the stately mansions formerly occupied by the "blue-blood" of Brabant, its splendid tower three hundred and seventy feet high pierces the brilliant sky like an arrow; poised in flight over its openwork spire the gilded glittering figure of the Archangel Michael sixteen feet high serves as protector; but, devout as were the good Roman Catholics of Brussels, both past and present, their militant saint could not ward off the lightning which damaged the Gothic spire slightly in 1863.

Scarcely less wonderful in its artistic spirit is the needle-architecture of Brussels; the delicate spires and points of Brussels lace with their exquisite design rival the towers of Ste. Gudule.

In the manufacture of this marvel of Flemish handiwork one hundred and thirty thousand women are employed in Belgium, and the value of their work is estimated at about fifty million francs annually. Formerly even the net which held the delicate flowers was made by hand; now they are sewed on tulle, but the flowers themselves are laboriously woven either with the needle or the bobbin. Brussels lace is the finest lace in the world; a piece of old Brussels point only an inch wide contains twenty-two thousand meshes in a yard, every one of which was laboriously made by hand.

This lace was the heritage of royalty. Counts of Hainault and Liége, Dukes and Duchesses of Brabant and Burgundy were proud to number it among their heirlooms. Vandyck, the pupil of Rubens and the Court-Painter of the crowned heads of Europe, was passionately fond of this lace and immortalized many a piece of rich Brussels point on his canvas. In the *Musée de Peinture*, the finest collection of art in Belgium, with its Rubens Room, its Van Eycks, its works by Quinten Matys (the blacksmith painter) and many other noted examples of the early Flemish school, there are some fine Vandycks and Rembrandts, although some finer examples are found in the Palace of the Duc d'Arenberg, formerly the palace of the unfortunate Count Egmont, the victim of Alva's hate.

Here in the old market-place of Brussels, in front of the *Hotel de Ville*, twenty-five of the noblest high-born heroes of the Netherlands were beheaded. The window is still pointed out from which the Duke of Alva laughingly leaned to see his victims' heads roll on the ground.

So, with all its gay present, Brussels has had a sad and gloomy past, with fierce and bloody struggles for liberty. Her strong Roman Catholic religious zeal, which fought the Reformation aided by the Spanish government materially contributed to the development of art. When the last religious census was taken, in 1878, out of a total Belgian population of 5,476,888 (in this densely peopled little kingdom, which is only one hundred and seventy-nine miles long and one hundred and ten wide), there were but fifteen thousand Protestants and three thousand Jews. She has fought hard for her faith and her freedom: she has known how to be gay in the midst of bloodshed and tumult. The house of the famous Duchess of Richmond's ball is still pointed out where

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered there
> Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
> A thousand hearts beat happily."

Only nine miles distant is the Field of Waterloo, from whence the "cannon's opening roar" broke on the gay life of the brilliant capital. To-day that field with its ghastly memories stands like a skeleton at the feast and is visited by thousands; while the gay life of Brussels relieved against this sombre background stands out more brilliantly.



TOURISTS ABROAD.

NAPLES.



A GIRL OF NAPLES.

"SEE Naples and die!" the Italian saying runs: but not all travelers agree to the Italian *credo*, though none may dissent from the city's claim to beauty of situation. Naples disputes with Constantinople the claim of occupying the most beautiful site in Europe. "To see Naples as we saw it in the early dawn from far up the side of Vesuvius," says Mark Twain, "is to see a picture of wonderful beauty. At that distance its dingy balconies looked white — and so, rank on rank of balconies, windows and roofs, they piled themselves up from the blue ocean till the colossal castle of St. Elmo topped the grand white pyramid and gave the picture symmetry, emphasis and completeness."

Naples is, for its size, the most densely-peopled city in Europe. Within a circumference of barely eighteen miles, six hundred thousand people dwell. The result is an over-crowded city, with narrow streets and high houses — and people everywhere. "Naples," says Mr. Stockton, "is one of the noisiest, liveliest cities in the world. The people are very fond of the open air and they are in the streets all day and nearly all night. The shoemaker brings his bench out on the sidewalk and sits there merrily mending his shoes. Women come out in front of their houses and sew, take care of their babies and often make their bread and cook their dinners in the open street. In the streets all sorts and conditions of men, women and children work, play, buy, sell, walk, talk, sing or cry; here the carriages are driven furiously up and down, the drivers cracking their whips and shouting; here move about the little donkeys, with piles of vegetables or freshly cut grass upon their backs, so that nothing but their heads and feet are seen; and here are to be found noise enough and dirt enough to make some people very soon satisfied with their walk through the streets of Naples."

These streets of Naples, paved with volcanic basalt, are very narrow, very noisy and very slippery. "They are generally about wide enough for one wagon," says Mark Twain, "and how they do swarm with people! It is Broadway repeated in every street, in every court, in every alley! There are seldom any sidewalks, and when there are, they are not wide enough to pass a person on without caroming on him. So everybody walks in the streets — and where the street is wide enough carriages are forever dashing along." Not all the streets, however, are narrow. The *Via di Roma*, or the Toledo, as it is more frequently called, is broad, straight, and well-paved, and lined with fine buildings: the *Riviere di Chiaja* is a fine, broad street in the city's fashionable quarter; and along the Public Gardens of the Villa Nazionale runs the chief promenade of the city.

The houses of Naples are large, towering and solidly constructed. "I honestly believe," says Mark Twain, "a good majority of them are a hundred feet high! and the solid brick walls are seven feet through. You go up nine flights of stairs before you get to the first floor; — no, not nine, but there or thereabouts!" In reality they are five or six story houses, covered with stucco and adorned with large balconies; while in many cases the roof is a broad flower garden.

The Castle of St. Elmo, which commands the city from the hill above, is a fortress of massive construction, and is four centuries old. The churches of the city are remarkable rather for richness

of internal decoration than for architectural beauty, and the foremost building of Naples in interest is, undoubtedly, its famous Museum — the *Museo Borbonico* — which contains valuable sculptures, works of art and rare and curious things — chief among which are the famous Farnese collection and the ancient "finds" of Pompeii and Herculanæum.

Naples is the second port of Italy. Its principal manufactures are coral goods, kid gloves and macaroni. Its chief attraction to visitors is its remarkable and historic suburbs — Pompeii and Herculanæum, Vesuvius, Sorrento, Capri with its Blue Grotto, Baiæ, Puteoli, the Lucrine Lake and the marvellously beautiful Bay of Naples, where, as Dr. Wight says, "beautiful land and lovely sea meet in sweet, passionate embrace."

In no other city of the world, it is asserted, do opulence and poverty, magnificence and misery so jostle one another: "Naked boys of nine years and the fancy dressed children of luxury: shreds and tatters and brilliant uniforms; jackass-carts and state-carriages; beggars, princes and bishops jostle each other on every street." So Mark Twain tells us, and further he reports: "At six o'clock every evening all Naples turns out to drive on the *Riviere di Chiaja* (whatever that may be) and for two hours one may stand there and see the motliest and worst mixed procession go by that ever eyes beheld. Princes (there are more princes than policemen in Naples) who live up seven flights of stairs and don't own any principalities will keep a carriage and go hungry: and clerks, mechanics and milliners will go without their dinners and squander the money on a hack-ride in the Chiaja; the rag-tag and rubbish of the city stack themselves up, to the number of twenty or thirty, on a rickety little go-cart hauled by a donkey not bigger than a cat, and they drive in the Chiaja; dukes and bankers in sumptuous carriages and with gorgeous drivers and footmen turn out, also, and so the furious procession goes. For two hours rank and wealth, and obscurity and poverty clatter along side by side in the wild procession and then go home, serene, happy and covered with glory!"

To-day progress and the steam-engine — Kossuth's "democrat" — are making even Naples more manly if less picturesque. "The Southern Italians," says Dr. Wight, "are beginning to learn how to toil and consequently the *dolce far niente* is losing its charms. Even the lazzaroni are rubbing their eyes and looking out upon a new dawn. Beggars still swarm the streets and highways but they are growing less importunate, and signs are not wanting that the race may in time become extinct. As I entered the Bay of Naples I met one of the great ironclads with its 100-ton guns coming out. This omen was good and significant of many things. At Reggio and Messina the screaming of the locomotive whistles announced the transition from a dead and barbarous past to the living present and the enlightened future."

BUDAPEST.

PERCHED on its porphyry rock high above the "beautiful blue Danube" the fortress of old Buda looks down upon the great city — its twin and larger half, that stretches away from its rocky acropolis, and lining both sides of the noble river makes into a joint municipality — the double city of Budapest.

It is the New York-Brooklyn of Europe. Buda on the right bank of the Danube and Pesth on the left, connected by a beautiful suspension bridge and filled with all the life and labor of a great city, were united as one municipality in 1873 and officially styled Budapest. This double city is now the capital of Hungary. It is the second residence of the Emperor of Austria and is the seat of the Hungarian ministry, diet, supreme court and Hungarian military forces.

"As Paris is sometimes said to be France, so may Pesth," says Prof. Muirhead, "with almost greater truth be said to be Hungary. Its composite population is a faithful reflection of the heterogeneous elements in the empire of the Hapsburgs, and the trade and industry of Hungary are centralized at Pesth in a way that can scarcely be affirmed of any other European capital."

Budapest stands second only to Vienna in the Austrian-Hungary land in commercial importance. It has an extensive trade and growing manufactures and is a large handler and consumer of the grain and wine of the surrounding country.

It is one of the most notable of European cities in picturesqueness of situation. Modern Pesth with its multitude of low-roofed buildings fills and overruns the sandy plain while beyond the bridge ancient Buda, fortress-crowned and backed by vine-clad mountains, is the counterpart of a picture that long remains an agreeable memory with tourist and visitor, and a perennial boast to the loyal inhabitants of the double city. Three bridges now span the Danube; the city is divided into ten municipal districts — three belonging to Buda and seven to Pesth — and the joint population exceeds four hundred thousand.

The principal streets are broad boulevards, tree-shaded and asphalt paved; the houses for the most part are low and unpretentious, although some are notable exceptions — one especially, the "New Building," in the Leopold Stadt covering as much ground as a city square — while on the Danube frontage there stretches for two and a half miles from the Margarethenbrücke to the custom house an unbroken line of imposing white buildings.

While loyally Austrian Budapest is even more Magyar — loyally Hungarian. Its people are good-natured, hospitable and fond of luxury and display. Its Academy of Sciences and the National Museum are handsome modern buildings with large libraries and valuable collections. The University of Pesth has over two thousand students and a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. The public baths of Budapest are famous throughout Europe, and its parks, promenades and public gardens are beautiful, picturesque and delightful resorts.

MELBOURNE.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

"THE city of Melbourne," says the Australian writer, Mr. Sutherland, "is without exception the most striking instance of the aptitude of the Anglo-Saxon race for colonization." The story of its settlement and growth would certainly seem to bear out his statement. Our American Chicago is its only rival in the world in rapidity of growth. It was not till the opening year of the present century, so we are assured, that the first European sailed through the narrow entrance to Port Phillip, and it was only in 1835 that the first white man made his habitation there.

To-day, where in 1835, John Pascoe Fawkner, sailing up the Yarra in his little "Enterprise" laden with materials for a settlement, was stopped by a slight waterfall in a valley, where dense groves of wattle-trees all in bloom loaded the air with perfume, where flocks of white cockatoos whirled aloft at the first stroke of the axe, there stretches for ten miles in one direction and six in another, the streets and public buildings, the shops and homes of fully four hundred thousand people; and the city of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria — the smallest but wealthiest colony in



"THE BLOCK" IN COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

Australia — is proving in the Southern Hemisphere as has already been proven in the Northern, the ability of the Anglo-Saxon to build strongly, solidly, swiftly.

Situated at the head of the large bay of Port Phillip in the extreme south-eastern corner of the mighty island of Australia, it lines the shores of the bay for a distance of over ten miles, though the part known as the "city" proper is on the north branch of the Yarra River some three miles inland. Its three principal streets, running parallel to the river, are Bourke, Collins and Flinders, and are devoted respectively to mercantile houses, the popular "shops" and the maritime offices and warehouses.

Melbourne, though not of imposing appearance from the sea, improves vastly on acquaintance. Its public buildings are located on elevated positions where they are seen to best advantage, its streets are wide and clean, and beneath its usually clear blue sky its universal appearance is that of prosperity, activity and comfort.

"Melbourne," says Dr. Wight, returning from a visit to it in 1887, "is quite equal to San Francisco in wealth, in solidity and splendor of buildings and in business activity. Collins Street is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, quite equal to any two miles of Broadway. Melbourne's Public Library of one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, its University, its Exposition Building, its new Houses of Parliament, its Inns of Court, its Observatory, its unrivalled botanical gardens and other institutions are, considering the age of the city, actually phenomenal."

Among the "other institutions" in Melbourne referred to by Dr. Wight may be mentioned the handsome and ingenious markets, the Hospital, the Cathedral of St. Patrick, the Scotch Church in Collins Street, the thirty large school-buildings and many of the business houses. The parks of the city are both extensive and handsome. Public instruction is free and Melbourne University has a staff of ten professors and twelve lecturers with more than four hundred students.

The commerce and manufactures of Melbourne are considerable and constantly increasing. The imports and exports for 1889 aggregated fully two hundred millions of dollars; the intellectual life of the city is flourishing; it has three morning and three evening dailies, while the climate and the cost of living make the city a most promising home for the enterprising business man, mechanic or laborer.

In this latter respect all visitors agree. "In no land," says Dr. Wight, "have I seen the toilers, the real wealth-creators so well clothed, so well fed, so well housed, or their general condition in life so good. Comfort being generally diffused there is nothing on which the destructive and criminal forms of socialism can feed and grow. The philanthropist can feast his eyes on the pleasing spectacle of requited toil. It is worth a journey to the other side of the globe to behold the blessed sight." And Mr. Sutherland asserts that "there is no city where more has been done for the working classes or where they have made so good a use of their advantages. It is one of the peculiar features of Melbourne that about three out of every four mechanics who have reached middle life own the neat cottages they occupy."

LYONS.

LYONS is a city with a past, a present and a future. It dates back as one of the most ancient and most important of the Roman cities of Gaul; its industries have made it one of the leading manufacturing cities of France; its position and its trade will make it one of the most flourishing and progressive cities of the republic.

It is the second city in France in size and importance and its position at the confluence of the rivers Rhone and Saône gives it at once picturesqueness of situation and excellent manufacturing facilities. It is a fortified town defended and dominated by "the scarped heights" of Fourvières, St. Irénée and Ste. Foy, and contains to-day a population of over four hundred thousand — busy, industrious and well-trained workmen.



BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

It is the birth-place of three Roman emperors and, what is more important, of the great silk industry of France, the mean annual value of this important product of the looms of Modern Lyons aggregating fully two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Founded sixty years before Christ by Greek refugees it was given its earliest importance by Agrippa and Augustus. It was burned by that royal "fire-bug," Nero; but, as was customary with him in adjusting insurance claims in his burned districts, he rebuilt the city in a style of much magnificence, and from that day, though suffering many of the changes and chances of so important a military post it has advanced in size, wealth and condition.

In common with many of the European cities Lyons has an old and a new town — the former crowded, narrow and confined; the latter roomy, well-built and architecturally adorned. Thirteen bridges span the busy Saône to the faubourg of Vaise; ten cross the Rhone and afford communication with the well-built section of Brotteaux.

Lyons is provided with many fine and famous buildings — its Bourse, its City Hall, its Art Museum, its Academy, or "Great Seminary," its hospital, dating back thirteen hundred years, its Library and its store of ancient ruins and remains make it one of the most interesting as it is one of the most attractive of French cities.

Besides the great silk interest — which employs more than seventy thousand looms and over one hundred and forty thousand weavers — Lyons has many important industries. Its dye and chemical works, breweries, pork factories, engineering and printing establishments and hat factories are among the most important; and by no means the least is its trade in chestnuts which are known in the markets of the world as Maroons de Lyon. Both the Saône and the Rhone are navigable, and the barge and steamboat traffic are large in the seasons when the rivers are at their highest.

WARSAW.

WARSAW! the unfortunate capital of unfortunate Poland. What memories does not its name call up. Memories of that fervid novel of our youth — the tearful story of the tearfnl though princely Thaddeus; recollections of the fire and force which our school-boy voices knew when rolling out in declamation the burning apostrophe of Campbell:

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arm nor mercy in her woe.
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career.
Hope for a season bade the earth farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!"

And yet to-day, in spite of its dismal fortunes of a century ago, Warsaw, with its population of four hundred and fifty thousand, its beautiful river, its ample communications and its commerce, its university and its scientific societies, its palaces and numerous places of amusement,

Warsaw, according to Mr. Kropatkine, is one of the most pleasant as well as one of the most animated cities of Eastern Europe. In Russia, he asserts, it is excelled in importance by the two Russian capitals only; and doubtless it would have attained even a larger population and a yet higher place in the world of commerce and intellect, were it not for its sad and checkered history and the foreign domination of which the traveler is reminded at every step.

Although by the acts of this "foreign domination" Warsaw is to-day only the chief town of the Government of Warsaw, a division of the Russian empire, its beautiful situation, its central location, its direct connection with the great cities of Northern and Eastern Europe, its facilities for trade and manufacture, the superiority of its engineers and the skill of its artisans, still keep it a flourishing and progressive city in spite of Russian tyranny and persecution.

Warsaw stands upon a terrace, one hundred feet in height, that stretches away to the westward and descends by steep slopes to the Vistula flowing below it. It is inclosed by a rampart and a fosse, is entered by ten gates and defended by a vast citadel. The city is semicircular in plan, with a diameter, along the Vistula, of nearly five miles. Its streets are full of life and action and are lined with many fine buildings. There are in Warsaw one hundred and sixty palaces, more than two hundred cathedrals, churches and monasteries, and many schools, hospitals, scientific societies, gymnasia and museums. One of its pleasure grounds — the Saski Ogrod or Saxon Garden — is one of the most beautiful public gardens in Europe. Its theaters are famous, and the open-air theater, made from an artificial ruin in a great garden laid out in an old bed of the Vistula, is the pride of Warsaw.

The chief life of the city is in and about the castle on Sigismund Square, from which four main avenues diverge. The Krakowskie Przedmiescie is Warsaw's finest street, and boasts many beautiful buildings. The old town to the north of Sigismund Square is almost mediæval in its old buildings and narrow streets, but the modern city is ample, cleanly and beautiful.

The trade of Warsaw is large, and its industries are flourishing. Its suburbs are historic, and are full of palaces, villas and noted battle-fields. It is one of the most interesting of the cities of Europe.

BIRMINGHAM.

THE American Indian provides himself with food or defends himself in war by the unerring use of a Birmingham rifle, the swift horsemen who scour the plains of South America urge on their steeds with Birmingham spurs and deck their gaudy jackets with Birmingham buttons; the negro laborer hacks down the sugar cane with Birmingham hatchets and presses the luscious juice into Birmingham vats and coolers; the dreamy German strikes a light for his everlasting pipe with a Birmingham steel and tinder carried in a Birmingham box; the emigrant cooks his frugal dinner in a Birmingham saucepan over a Birmingham stove, and carries his little luxuries in tins stamped with the name of a Birmingham maker." This is the vivid fashion in which Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," describes the chief center of the metallic manufacturing world; after Manchester, the most important industrial town in all England, is Birmingham.

Only sixteen miles from Warwick and Kenilworth, scarcely twenty from drowsy Stratford-upon-Avon, what a contrast is there between this busy manufacturing town on the river Rea with its mass of red brick houses crowning the undulating hills that rise from the river, and in turn dominated over by the tall, smoked factory chimneys that belch forth clouds of smoke by night and by day, and the quiet rural beauty that encircles Warwick Castle and the stately towers of Kenilworth!

Yet Birmingham is not so black as she is painted. With her four hundred and forty-seven thousand inhabitants busy day and night, more than one-fourth of them work-people and artisans, making guns and rifles, moulding buttons (of which seven hundred and fifty millions are made in



A MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN WARSAW.

one year), with her iron-rolling, her electro-plating, her lamp-making, her manufactures of steam-engines, bolts, screws, glass and crystal, her bronze statues and her art metal-works, her implements of warfare, her bayonets and swords, and her Gillott's steel pens, mightier than the sword — with all this multifarious industry, Birmingham still has the reputation of being one of the healthiest towns in the United Kingdom.

Broad, too, as her new and handsome streets, are her views. Freedom of thought is welcomed with freedom of speech. The Reform Bill of 1832 was cradled in Birmingham; the red-hot Chartists found their head-quarters there. Now the Radicals hold many meetings and fervently discuss the wrongs of the laboring man. For more than four hundred and fifty years the laboring men have lived here: as early as 1538 Birmingham was described as a good market town containing many smiths, "that use to make knives and all mannour of cutting tooles." About this time the De Berminghams, the original lords of the manor, ceased their connection with the hamlet; but their good bones rest in state in the Church of St. Martin, the only building (dating from the thirteenth century) that has any claim to antiquity.

If this be the Age of Machinery, Birmingham is, indeed, the epitome of the age. The fact cannot be denied that the commercial and artistic spirits are at variance. The true artist habitually outrages the commercial spirit; how a thing *looks* to him is far more important than what it costs or what it will bring, while the industrial spirit asks only how to make a thing in the cheapest possible manner, and then how to go on producing that thing at the lowest possible rate in the greatest possible quantities that the market will bear. The tired artist must stop; his work, pushed beyond the imaginative point, is valueless; the tired artisan may, nay, he must go on, his work is mechanical.

It is to the credit of Birmingham that in spite of this tendency she has not allowed her industries to dull her brain or crush her spirit — she is wide awake and progressive. For her workingmen she has provided her Birmingham and Midland Institute. Here, in the metal-manufacturing center of the world, a fine collection of minerals is open to the study of the artificer and mechanic; here, too, for a penny the hard-working man can listen to lectures that bear directly upon his labor by some of the most celebrated scientific men of the United Kingdom. The Free Library, the Art Gallery and Museum with its wonderful water-colors by David Cox, a native of Birmingham (as is also Burne-Jones), the new School of Art built in 1885, the first municipal school of art in England, are all educators and uplifters of the masses. Birmingham believes that in knowledge is strength.

A morning may profitably be spent in Mason College with its six hundred students interested in its splendid laboratories and library of eighteen thousand volumes. Three hundred thousand dollars scarcely cover the cost of the handsome brick edifice while its endowment of seven hundred thousand dollars more gives it excellent opportunities.

Another morning may be pleasantly spent among the "ancient and honorables," visiting the statues of the great men of Birmingham who have left the memory of their good deeds and discoveries behind them. In front of the Council House is the statue of Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen. The Post Office is adorned with a statue of Sir Rowland Hill, who spent much of his boyhood here; in the square at the back of the imposing Madeleine-like Town Hall are the statues of Geo. Dawson the essayist and lecturer and also of the founder of Mason College. James Watt, to whom Birmingham owes more perhaps than any one man, has a fine statue in Ratcliff Place; his house with many interesting relics is still standing at Heathfield in the suburbs and can readily be reached by cable "tram-cars"; under a stately monument, designed by Chantrey, the great inventor sleeps calmly in the parish church of Handsworth, a manufacturing suburb in which his works formerly stood.

To-day Birmingham, with her splendid grammar school endowed by Edward VI., her college, her art schools, museums and libraries, her improved dwellings for the poor and her studied sanitary improvements, steps proudly to the forefront of the English manufacturing towns. She claims to be "the most open and hospitable to ideas, the most fully developed example of the English city of the future — in a word, the city wherein the spirit of the new time is most widely, variously and energetically assuming visible form and shape." If her actions are co-ordinate with her ambitions Birmingham has a great industrial future before her.



THE FISH MARKET AT AMSTERDAM. (*After a painting by H. Herrmann.*)

AMSTERDAM.

THE Venice of the North. Amsterdam, Holland's commercial capital, lies on the Y or Ij, an arm of the Zuyder Zee at its confluence with the Amstel. Ninety islands, instead of the one hundred and seventeen of Venice, make up the city which is protected against the inroads of the Zuyder Zee by the great dam first constructed in 1204. Three hundred bridges, (*ophaalbruyyen*) drawbridges, and (*draaibruyyen*) swingbridges span the canals large and small, while a giant canal, the Buitensingel, six and one half miles long, encircles the wall of the semi-circular town.

Picture to yourself a low-lying level city, whose tall, narrow, bright-red brick houses with their brilliant white mortar look as if they had been freshly polished, whose narrow gables with their "pigeon-steps" face the street and are frequently ornamented with projecting beams which are used to hoist goods up into the lofts, and whose top is decorated with a curious forked chimney-stack. Let these houses with their shining flights of white marble steps and their broad, polished windows look at their shining faces reflected in the broad canals at their feet; let these canals be bordered, as are the Purizen, Keizers and Heeren Gracht, with splendid avenues shaded by fine elms; on the site of the ramparts and the eight and twenty bastions which formerly defended the city, plant a row of giant windmills with picturesque outstretched arms, over it all arch a soft sky of fleecy clouds mingled with heaven's own blue reflecting in the canals, a sky such as Cuyp loved and immortalized in his landscapes in the Trippenhuis, a sky such as the great Flemish marine painter of to-day, Clays, places upon his canvas, and you have a picture of the cheery Dutch town of Amsterdam at its best.

Thrift, frugality, neatness sometimes almost degenerating into formality, a steady clinging to the old — the characteristic Dutch virtues — are all exemplified in this typical Dutch town. Vessels unloading at the brick-paved quays and passing up and down the canals, the cheerful creak of the drawbridges, and the general bustle and stir of business almost make the traveler forget that he is treading on what was once a vast quagmire, whose mud had to be laboriously filled with piles to a depth of fifty feet until a bed of firm sand was reached. This pile foundation

gave rise to the joking remark of Erasmus that he knew a city whose inhabitants all lived in the tops of the trees like rooks.

It is natural that the center of business should be at the Dam, a large square in the city's center near the ancient dam to which the city owes its origin. Looking out over this square, which is embellished with a lofty monument to the Goddess of Peace, stands the stately, massive and sober palace which cost over eight million florins, and was formerly used as a Town Hall. Here the wealthy Stadtholders used to assemble; from the high tower crowned by a gilded ship emblematic of Amsterdam's flourishing commerce, they could look down, as does the tourist of to-day, over the crowded city with its narrow streets, tree-bordered canals, the countless houses with their quaint-forked chimneys, the forests of masts, the shimmering Zuyder Zee, the filled-in Haarlemmer Meer and the silvery ribbon of a canal which runs side by side with the high-road that leads from Amsterdam to Haarlem.

Hard by the Palace rises the picturesque cruciform Nieuwe Kerk, whose beginning dates from 1408. Here are countless monuments erected to the naval heroes of Holland, conspicuous among which is the monument to the gallant Van Speyk who "maintained the honor of his country's flag at the cost of his life." Caught in a fearful storm, the wind had driven his gunboat on the Belgian coast; a crowd of greedy Belgians called him to haul down his flag and surrender. Preferring death to dishonor and betrayal of his country's trust, the devoted young admiral replied by instantly firing his pistol into his powder magazine. A flash, a deafening peal instantly followed; his ship blew into fragments and friends and foes alike followed the gallant sailor into the other world.

The heroes of Holland's history are immortalized on canvas as well. The Trippenhuis, the finest picture gallery in Holland contains some splendid Rembrandts; his Night-Watch, eleven by fourteen feet, being his largest and most celebrated work. Here, too, are priceless Jan Steens, Gerard Dows, Van der Helsts, Cuyps, Ruysdaels, Teniers, Van Dycks and other celebrated canvases. Private collections too abound to which art-lovers are freely made welcome; for a characteristic of the Dutch is their free-hearted hospitality.

The only portion of Amsterdam which is not Dutch and polished like "the handle of the big front door" is the Jewish quarter where Oriental faces and costumes abound and Oriental manners as well. Complete religious toleration in the seventeenth century drew the Jews to this great commercial city: one tenth of Amsterdam's inhabitants are Jews and the city has the proud distinction of being the birthplace of Spinoza. The art for which Amsterdam is famous, diamond polishing, was brought here by the Portuguese Jews, who to-day almost monopolize the trade. The wealthy Jews of to-day with their ten synagogues form an important factor in the city's life: in them the Stadtholders have always found firm friends.

In return the city has treated them, as it has all other religious orders with complete toleration; so that sects and churches of all kinds and conditions of men abound. The unsectarian Society for the Public Welfare which numbers nearly twenty thousand members is a sort of a giant Young Men's Christian Association, Humane Society and Sunday-school Publishing House combined.

One characteristic of the Holland Dutch is the tenacity with which old customs and costumes are adhered to; even on the busy quays of Amsterdam, where the ships are unloading their rich freights of camphor and indigo, sugar and spice and all the oriental products of the Dutch colonies of India and Africa, the tourists may encounter the ponderous figure of woman with her dozen stiffly starched skirts, with her horse-shoe band of gold across her forehead and great rosettes of metal at the side below the cap of rich lace with hanging lappets. Sometimes the lace cap is replaced by a metal skull-cap usually of gold.

As picturesque as the costumes are the carefully cultivated gardens and villas outside the city, the paradises of the Dutch gentry, where art has done all she can to make up for Nature's deficiencies. Here, descendants or relatives of Mynheer Diedrich Knickerbocker may be seen placidly smoking their long pipes under the shade of ancestral willows beside their houses which are often labeled "Lust en Rust" (pleasure in repose), "Vreugde bij Vrede" (joy with peace) and other bucolic sentiments. The busy American, possibly a "Cooky" who is doing Holland and has not time to half possess his soul before he dies, may well look with envy on these stolid, solid Dutch burghers of Amsterdam and the vicinity.



IN AMSTERDAM.

MADRID.



THE BOY-KING OF SPAIN.

WHEN Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Emperor of Germany and Lord of the Indies — "the mightiest monarch in Christendom" — found his royal system benefited by the health-giving airs that were wafted down from the Guadarrama Mountains and made the hunting lodge of Majrit, or Madrid, his royal residence, the future of the little hamlet was assured, and from a royal hunting seat it has grown to be the capital city of Spain, the home of fully four hundred thousand people and the largest and leading city of the kingdom.

Situated almost in the center of Spain, upon a small branch of the Tagus River it crowns a collection of sandhills at an elevation of some twenty-three hundred feet, giving it a salubrious situation and an extended view. The city is almost square in shape, and three of the ancient gateways that formerly pierced the wall that defended the city still exist. What was the east gate, or Gate of the Sun (Puerta del Sol), is now the center of the city — the favorite lounging and business quarter, from which diverge North, East, South and West, the principal streets of the city. The Puerta del Sol, says the Italian traveler De Amicis, "is a stupendous sight. It is an immense semi-circular square (surrounded by high buildings) into which open, like ten torrents, ten great streets, and from every street comes a continuous, noisy wave of people and carriages, and everything seen there is in proportion with the vastness of the locality. The sidewalks are as wide as streets, the cafés large as squares and on every side there is a dense and mobile crowd, a deafening racket, an indescribable gayety and brightness in the features, gestures and colors, which make you feel that neither the populace nor the city is strange to you."

Madrid has few fine or even notable buildings. "No great places nor ancient monuments of art," says De Amicis, "meet the eye; but there are wide, clean, gay streets, flanked by houses painted in vivid colors, broken here and there by squares of a thousand different forms, laid out almost at random and every square contains a garden, a fountain and statuette. Every now and then there are cross-roads of five, six and even eight streets and here there is a continuous mingling of carriages and people: the walls are covered for some distance with playbills; in the shops there is an incessant coming and going; the cafés are crowded and on every side there is the bustle of a large city. The street Alcalá, which is so wide that it seems almost like a rectangular square, divides



THE PALACE OF CONGRESS.



IN THE BULL-CIRCUS, MADRID.

Madrid in half, from the Puerta del Sol toward the east, and ends in an immense plain that extends all along the side of the city and contains gardens, walks, squares, theaters, bull-circuses, triumphal arches, museums, small palaces and fountains."

The fashionable promenade of Madrid is the Prado. Although not the longest or the most beautiful of the avenues of Madrid, it is the most famous. It is, properly speaking, a very broad but not very long avenue flanked by minor ones, shut in at either end by enormous stone fountains, its most frequented part being hedged in on the sides by thousands of chairs and hundreds of benches belonging to water and orange venders who rent them to spectators.

"Much paper," says De Amicis, "could be covered in attempting to describe the great suburbs, gates, promenades outside the city, the squares and historical streets of Madrid: its superb cafés; its gorgeous shops; its spacious markets, barracks for an army, and its great royal palace, in which the Quirinal and Pitti could hide themselves without fear of discovery." The royal palace, "an immense pile on a hill" — is of white Colmenar granite, one hundred feet high and four hundred and seventy feet square, a pretentious and extensive edifice. The fine new Bank of Spain, the Naval Museum, the Madrid Armory, the edifice in which assembles the Cortes or Congress of the kingdom, the royal opera house, the "marvellous" picture-gallery and some of the palaces of the grandees or princes of Spain are among the most noticeable of the buildings in Madrid.

As regards promenades, theaters and spectacles Madrid is, according to a recent visitor, one of the first cities of the world. The Spaniard is fond of shows and the excitements of a spectacle. Hence, even more than to the opera and the theater is the citizen of Madrid, whatever his rank or station, wedded to the display and danger of the bull-fight. "The inauguration of the bull-fights at Madrid," says De Amicis, "is decidedly more important than a change in the ministry." The bull-circus, or Plaza de Toros is a large building to the east of the town and accommodates twelve thousand spectators. The finest displays are during the summer, the regular season being inaugurated about the first of April. Madrid is the seat of the art. Here are the great artists, the superb spectacles, the spectators who are experts and the judges who bestow the glory upon the victorious *toreros*.

The entrance of the performers into the great ring of the Madrid circus is picturesque, the fight with the infuriated bulls is dramatic, the *dénoument* is sometimes terrible and tragic. The sport is brutal but exciting and the spectator is carried away by the enthusiasm and rush of the spectacle.

But Madrid is not all show and spectacle. It has schools and colleges, learned societies; statesmen, poets, philosophers, charitable institutions, libraries and asylums, and its trade and manufactures, though inconsiderable, are such as support and develop the growing capital of a great though not a progressive kingdom.

MARSEILLES.

PHŒNICIAN, Grecian, Roman, Provençal and French — the old, old city of Massalia, Massilia and Marseilles has seen and suffered much but, surviving all changes of time, of state, of war and politics, it has grown steadily until it is to-day the third largest city of France and the chief commercial port of the Mediterranean with a population of nearly four hundred thousand and a trade that interests and touches every part of the civilized world.

Its leading industry is soap-making, sixty factories being engaged in this cleansing trade; but its sugar, sulphur and petroleum refineries employ a large number of its inhabitants, while its smelting works, its machinery and ship-building establishments, its flour mills, paste factories, brass foundries, glass-works, match, candle and wax-light manufactories and its other minor industries make it a busy, populous and prosperous city.



THE RUE LA CANNEBIÈRE.

The port of Marseilles, fronting on the Gulf of Lyons, just east of the mouth of the Rhone, has an area of four hundred and twenty-two acres and accommodates sea-going and coasting traffic that aggregates fully four millions of tons. It is about the old harbor, covering seventy acres, that the main part of the city clusters and this section, known as La Cannebière (the rope-walk), is the busiest and liveliest portion of the town. Here are found the principal cafés, shops, hotels, naval and commercial agencies and the Bourse. Despite its antiquity, Marseilles has no ancient monuments. The cathedral is a modern building of gray Florentine stone, built in the form of a Latin cross, four hundred and sixty feet long; it stands upon the site of an old cathedral which superseded a temple to Diana, itself preceded, according to tradition, by a Phœnician altar to Baal. High above the town rises the spire of a more famous church, the celebrated Notre Dame de la Garde, its steeple surmounted by a gilded statue of the Virgin, thirty feet in height. From its spire can be seen the blue Mediterranean, dotted with all sorts of craft from the modern ocean steamers bound for London, Rio Janeiro or New York, to the old-fashioned and queerly-rigged Mediterranean traders with their low quarters and lateen sails; yonder is the famous Chateau d'If, that the "Count of Monto Cristo" has made immortal; to the west are the Chateau d'Eau, the Palace of Art, the picture gallery, the Zoölogical Gardens and Astronomical Observatory.

Marseilles has been notably helped by the opening of the Suez Canal and the consequent growth of the Mediterranean trade. Its temperature is delightful; frost is rare, snow almost unknown and the summer heat is tempered by a cool sea-breeze while even the two unpleasant breezes known as the mistral and the siroeco — a cold north-west and hot south-east wind respectively — do much to clarify the air and regulate the temperature.

CAIRO.

"ALEXANDRIA was too much like a European city to be novel," says Mark Twain, writing from Cairo. "We soon tired of it, so we took the cars and came up here to ancient Cairo, which is an oriental city and of the completest pattern. There is little about it to disabuse one's mind of the error if he should take it into his head that he was in the heart of Arabia. Stately camels and dromedaries, swarthy Egyptians, and likewise Turks and black Ethiopians, turbaned, sashed and blazing in a rich variety of oriental costumes of all sorts of flashy colors, are what one sees on every hand crowding the narrow streets and the honey-combed bazaars."

Cairo, the capital of modern Egypt and next to Constantinople the second city of the Muslim world, is situated on the east bank of the Nile, about twenty miles from the Delta. It has a population of fully three hundred and seventy-five thousand and is to-day, as attractive and fascinating as the great American humorist found it twenty years ago. Less oriental than Damascus and far less European than Alexandria it is still, as has been said of it, "a city of Arabian Nights, and all who are well up in those veracious chronicles will find themselves perpetually localizing the scenes and individualizing the characters of which Scheherazade chattered so well and to such good purpose."

Built partly on a plain and partly on the lower slope of the Mokattem Hills the city as seen from the citadel perched on the higher ground "lies like the thousand little turrets of a Gothic edifice at the foot of a steep white mountain." The view from the ramparts of this citadel is superb. Below lies the city with its strongly-built walls and lofty towers, its gardens and squares, its palaces and its mosques, in all the beauty of their delicately-carved domes and minarets covered with fantastic tracery, the port of Bulak, the gardens and palace of Shubra, the broad river studded with islands, the valley of the Nile dotted with groups of trees, with the pyramids on the north horizon, the fields, gardens and villas on the west, and on the east the barren cliffs backed by an ocean of sand.

Here or hereabouts a city has existed from the time of Joseph and the Pharaohs. The present town was commenced in the tenth century, was built under the guidance of the stars and placed under the protection of the planet Kahir or Mars. Hence its name El-Káhireh, the victorious. Cairo is still a walled town, pierced with the seventy-one gates given it by the Sultan Saladin, but since 1830 the new city has swallowed up the old and it has now a circuit of at least eight or nine miles. New streets have been cut through the crowded districts: the Esbekuyah or principal square of the city is the center of its European life and the site of its public buildings; gas and water have been introduced and though, in spite of all these modern innovations, the city still retains its oriental character, the change has been sufficient to give a more progressive air to its belongings and its life.



A STREET IN CAIRO.

The town is walled off into quarters which take their names from their occupants, and a canal intersects the city, distributing water to its different sections. The houses of the wealthier citizens are spacious and often elaborate; those of the poorer classes are but miserable mud hovels, with filthy courts, dilapidated windows and tattered awnings.

The most notable of the buildings of Cairo are the Citadel, overlooking the town, and from the ramparts of which Emin Bey, the last of the Mamelukes, took his famous leap for life, the palace of the Khedive, the mosque of Mehemet Ali, the mosques of Tulun, of Sultan El Hakim, of Al Azhar ("the splendid"), and of



VIEW FROM THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

Sultan Kalaoon; the Opera House, the French Theater and the Hippodrome owe their existence to European influence. The most interesting place in Cairo is undoubtedly the Bulak Museum in which is kept the remarkable collection of Egyptian antiquities commenced by the French savant, M. Mariette, and since added to by other Egyptologists. The Pyramids and the Sphinx are but an hour and a half distant from Cairo.

The trade and commerce of this capital of Egypt are of no little extent and value. They are confined largely, however, to the transit of goods from upper Egypt, from Asia and from Europe. Some manufactories are in operation, but the interest and chief life of the city lie in its oriental character. As a place of residence it is hot and subject to frequent epidemics — an evil which only progressive European sanitation can remove.

MADRAS.

MADRAS is to-day the center of English power in southeastern India and has an historic existence of but little more than two centuries. It is the capital of the Madras presidency — a province of the English Empire of India and has a population of a little more than four hundred thousand. The city is noticeable neither for architectural adornment, nor increasing trade, and although third in commercial importance among the ports of India, is being rapidly outstripped both in trade and in population by its rival on the western coast — Bombay.

Madras does not possess a single handsome street and has but few imposing buildings. "Seen from the roadstead," says Dr. Hunter, "the fort, a row of merchants' offices, a few spires and public buildings are all that meet the eye." The city is divided into (1) the Black Town, an ill-built, densely populated section of about a mile square — the business part of the town; (2) the government departments, fronting the sea; (3) the native quarters with strange, unpronounceable names; (4) the Eurasian quarter, just west of the Black Town, and the suburbs adorned with handsome European mansions; and (5), south of the Black Town, the European quarters and the home of the "aristocracy."



IN THE BLACK TOWN, MADRAS.

The strength of the city lies in its wealth accumulated in the past and in the fact that it is the governmental headquarters for the vast presidency of Madras — a province covering one hundred and forty thousand square miles and containing a population of over thirty millions. Its trade is slight, its industries decaying, its enterprises unprosperous. The city of Madras is to-day rather a military than a commercial capital, and has neither the rank nor the importance of so European a capital as Calcutta, nor so pushing a commercial city as Bombay.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE capital of what is now the Republic of Brazil is one of the most beautifully located of all the great cities of the world. "Nature," says a recent writer, "has been too lavish in her bounty of beauty for the welfare of Rio." The city enjoys almost unequalled advantages in situation and climate. Its harbor shares with that of Sydney the honor of being the finest in the world. Though it extends inland for seventeen miles, has an extreme breadth of twelve miles, and is so vast in extent that it is said to be capable of accommodating all the navies of the world, it is completely landlocked, the entrance being only a mile wide. To the left of this entrance stands the Sugarloaf Mountain, rising abruptly twelve hundred feet from the sea.

The first glimpse of Rio, according to a recent observer, is disappointing, but there is an afterglow of enthusiasm. The old town lies on a level plain between two ranges of high hills. Castle Antonio and Santa Thereza on one side, and Bento and Livramento on the other. The streets are narrow, even the Ouvidor, the Broadway of Rio, being hardly more than a paved lane, and the façades of shops and the more ambitious granite and marble churches and public buildings are not impressive. It is not until the traveler has gone about among the suburbs that his enthusiasm is excited. Then Rio takes complete possession of the imagination and remains a joy forever in memory.

The city itself stands on the west shore of the harbor, about four miles from its mouth. It consists of two portions — the Old Town, which is laid out in squares, the streets being narrow and



RIO HARBOR AND SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN.

ill-paved, and the houses (built of granite for the most part) generally two stories high; and the New, which is much better built, and is well-lit with gas. These two portions of the city are separated from one another by an immense square or park, the Campo de Santa Anna, in which stand many of the principal buildings. The Cathedral of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, which is a conspicuous object in the panorama below, stands on a lofty hill on the south side of the city, but, like the other churches of the city, possesses no particular architectural merit. Among the other noticeable buildings are the Hospital of Miserieordia, the Public Library, the Academy of Medicine, and the College of Dom Pedro the Second.

Mr. I. N. Ford, one of the latest observers in Brazil's capital assures us that "of the architecture of Rio, it may be said that it reproduces the general effects of other Brazilian coast towns, with more ambitious lines of ornamentation and quieter tones of color. Most of the buildings are old-fashioned, with rough stone walls, plastered on the outside or decorated with Portuguese tiles. Some modern buildings are seen, the new Custom House being the most pretentious among them. The churches are numerous and plain. The Senate and Deputies' Chambers are small, and not impressive. The Mint is something better, and the Market is fairly good: but the public buildings, on the whole, are disappointing. The best streets are well



RIO DE JANEIRO.

paved; broken cobble-stones abound in the poor quarter. Rio is well-lighted with street lamps. It is a city of great commercial importance, rivalled only by Buenos Ayres."

The Botanical Garden, seven miles out, is one of the chief attractions of the city. The Passeio Publico is a beautiful and well-kept garden and is one of the most popular of the city's breathing-places. One side fronts upon the bay and commands extensive views from an elevated terrace, especially of Sugarloaf and the harbor entrance. It is thronged with promenaders early in the evening and is one of the most charming spots in Rio. The National Library, one of the finest institutions in the country, fronts upon this public garden, and the Casino is close by.

"Rio," says Mr. Ford, "is a city of numerous attractions where one can live in comfort and even luxury for nine months in the year, and the remaining three are not nearly so bad as they are represented. When there is pestilence epidemic in the town Petropolis and suburbs that are healthful at all times are accessible places of refuge."



A JAPANESE CARRIAGE. — THE JINRIKISHA.

OSAKA.

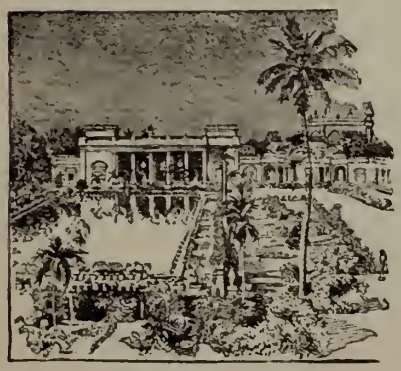
OSAKA, or Ozaka, is one of the three imperial cities of Japan. It was made a capital by Hide-Yoshi, "eldest son of the God of War," in 1583 and was opened to foreign trade in 1868. It has grown rapidly in trade and importance in recent years and is outstripping the older city of Kioto — with which it is now connected by railway. Osaka is the Japanese Venice. It is situated in the southern part of the great island of Niphon and on both sides of the River Agi and is cut into sections by river branches and canals. The streets are not broad but are regular and well kept.

There are nearly two thousand Buddhist and Shinto temples in Osaka, the largest of them being the Buddhist Tennoj which covers an immense area in the south-east portion of the city and from whose fine pagoda a fine outlook is obtained. The castle, the mint and the arsenal are

the chief secular buildings of the city. The castle is a vast building, protected by high and massive walls and surrounded by a broad and deep moat.

Osaka is the center of much industrial activity. It has iron and copper foundries, rolling mills, antimony works, glass works, paper mills, sugar refineries, cotton and rice mills, match and soap factories, breweries, oil factories, acid works and ship-yards. In fact this old seat of the conquering "eldest son of the god of war," is fast growing into one of the most practical, busy and progressive cities of this wonderfully progressive "Island Empire" of the Pacific.

HYDERABAD.



THE NIZAM'S PALACE.

IN the very heart of India lies an extensive realm subject to the English power, but known as Hyderabad or Haidarábád —"the territory of the Nizam." It is as large as New England, has a population of fifty-five millions, a standing army of three hundred thousand, is ruled over by a native prince known as the Nizam, and pays an annual tribute of three and a half millions of dollars to the British crown.

The capital city has the same name as the province — Hyderabad. It has with its outlying suburbs a population of three hundred and fifty-five thousand. It is a walled town, pierced with thirteen gates; it is strikingly located in the midst of a wild and picturesque region and stands seventeen hundred feet above the sea. Of all places in India it is the most turbulent and unsafe.

The general architecture of the city is not inspiring. The palace of the Nizam, the mosques and the British residency are the principal buildings. The palace is vast but not splendid. "With the exception of a few public buildings, such as the mosques and the palaces of the nobles," says Dr. Hurst, "there is little of real architectural merit. Nearly all the edifices were erected in troublous days. Hence the substantial character of all the massive teak-wood gates and wickets, over which are quarters for a guard or small garrison. Every now and then we pass a spacious bazaar. The best of these are the Cloth Bazaar, a handsome row of buildings facing an ornamental garden containing fountains and great tanks, and the Arms Bazaar, where one can see old and new armor of every kind, and form some conception of the bloody work these people have been doing these two centuries. The people whom we pass in the street present the most warlike appearance of any civilians whom I ever saw."

The mixed nature of the population, too, is very striking. Dr. Hurst tells us that "all the ruder nations and tribes which have drifted into India or have been produced on the soil seem to be represented. Here is a semi-military Arab with a perfect arsenal of weapons in his *kamarband* (waistband). An Arab chief in his *pulki* is escorted by a surging and tumultuous crowd of his retainers, firing off muskets and shouting out the wonderful titles of their august master as they pass along. Next comes the Seedee, with his broad black negro face, who is more fearful to behold than an Arab villain. The Rohilla, with slow and dignified step, may next be seen: his huge bell-mouthed blunderbuss, without which in Hyderabad he is never seen, is as distinguishable as himself. The Pathan, the Afghan, the Persian, the Bokharian, the Georgian, the Parsee, the Dekhanese, the Sikh, and the Turk, with many others, may be seen passing along, and making way for our magisterial elephants. We now reach the college or Char Minar (the House of Four Minarets). It is the heart of Hyderabad. Four streets diverge from it. Each of the four minarets is one hundred and eighty feet high. Above the arches are a couple of rooms, used as a *madrissa* and *masjid* (school and church). No one is allowed to ascend either of the minarets,



APPROACH TO THE CHAR MINAR.

for they look down on the Nizam's palace. The Char Minar was erected A. D. 1591, by Mohammed Kuli Kutub Shah. He built it in honor of God's favorable answer to the prayers of some holy men in a day of a fierce pestilential scourge. It is the 'scandal point' of the idle loiterers of Hyderabad. Writers of petitions and letters are squatted around on the steps, plying their trade, just as one used to see in great abundance in the Neapolitan market-places. Near by is the Mecca Musjid. This mosque is a quadrangle of three hundred and sixty feet square. Its roof is supported by fifteen arches. During the festivals from eight to ten thousand worshipers meet under the two huge domes. Abdoola Kutub Shah began it, and the conqueror Aurungzib, the great Mogul Emperor, finished it. Within the mosque many of the princes lie buried."

Four miles beyond the city are the celebrated fort and tombs of Golconda — palace and treasure house of the ancient kings of India when "their very names were symbols of heroism and treasure throughout India."

MEXICO.

"No one," says Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, "at all familiar with the history of Mexico can wander about the streets and suburbs of its principal city without seeing at every turn some evidence of the vast changes which have marked its past, and which have made its story so thrilling. If Prescott's pleasing fiction be true, and I prefer to believe it rather than break the gods of my childhood, true also is the great plaza of the cathedral and the noble edifice itself with splendid façades and majestic twin towers, the hundreds of churches about which cluster the remains of convent, monastery and hospital; the wide pesos, the tropical gardens, the moss-bearded cypresses four centuries old, under which the disheartened Aztec monarch mourned the loss of his kingdom, the palaces of the viceroys, the alamedas and their fountains."

Important changes, however, so Mr. Smith declares, are taking place, making Mexico a civilizing influence and predicting a happier future. "The monastery of San Hipólito," he says, "once the palace of Bucarele, now contains a printing-press. The convent of Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion is a public school. The church of San Agustin is a public library, and through the silent arches of many cloisters and through many a secluded convent garden run broad avenues filled with the gay life of the metropolis. Moreover to-day, every man, be he pagan, Christian or Jew, may worship his particular God according to the dictates of his own conscience, in any form that pleases him."

The city of Mexico is now a well-built handsome town of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the center of the great valley of Mexico seventy-five hundred feet above the sea. It is the largest and finest city in the central division of the three Americas. It forms a square extending nearly three miles in each direction and is laid out with perfect regularity, all its six hundred streets and lanes running at right angles north to south and east to west, embracing within its walls an area of about ten square miles.

As the houses are low — not over one or two stories — and are built in the ample Spanish fashion the extent of ground covered over is larger than in cities of the same population crowded

into closer quarters. The streets are wide and extend beyond the limits of the city in broad driveways, with a promenade at the side shaded with fine trees and bordered with stone seats.

The city has numerous substantial public buildings chief among which is the cathedral — the largest and most sumptuous church in America. It faces the north side of Mexico's great central square, the Plaza Mayor, and stands upon the site of the vast Aztec temple of Huitzilopochtli.

On the other sides of the Grand Square are the National Palace, comprising the government offices, mint and prison, the National Museum, with an unrivaled Aztec collection and the Market-place.

All the main thoroughfares converge on this Plaza Mayor which covers fourteen acres and is beautifully laid out with trees, walks, garden plats and fountains.

The National picture gallery of San Carlos is the finest art collection in America, the national library of San Agustin contains over one hundred thousand volumes. San Francisco Street is the leading thoroughfare and is rivaled in splendor only by the new Cinco de Mayo Street running from the National Theater to the Cathedral. Near to the city gates are the hill of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey — names famous in the battle annals of the United States.

Mexico is awaking from her sleep of centuries and is progressing at a surprising rate. The population has grown more than eighty thousand in ten years. Electric lights, American conveniences and accommodations, "English dog-carts and French bonnets" are rapidly modernizing it and it is to have shortly the largest hotel in America. But even progress cannot entirely destroy its picturesqueness. "Stroll up the Paseo de la Reforma at sundown — the Champs Elysées of Mexico," says Mr. Smith, "and watch the endless procession of open carriages filled with beautiful women with filmy mantillas shading their dark eyes, the countless riders mounted on spirited horses, with saddle pommels hung with lasso and lariat; run your eye along the sidewalk thronged with people, and over the mounted soldiers in intermittent groups, policing the brilliant pageant, and tell me if anywhere in the world you have seen so rich and novel a sight."



IN THE COURT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

MANCHESTER.



IN THE SMITHY.

THIRTY-TWO miles east from Liverpool in the southeast corner of Lancashire, lies the greatest cotton-spinning city of England, in fact of the whole civilized world. Like its American namesake through the evolution of its manufacturing enterprise it has developed from an insignificant town into a wealthy and populous city. Like Puck, Manchester cottons have, indeed, put a girdle round the world. The Arab Sheik in his tent calls his attendant to his side whose burnoose is twisted of Manchester cotton; the coolie laboring in the "paddy" fields of India wears his one scanty garment of Manchester weaving; your dragoman on the Nile is clad in the same fabric, and the crowd of uncomplaining fellahin along its reed-bordered banks cover their bronzed bodies with the same light cotton cloth. Even the savages in mid-Africa whom Stanley at the peril of his life encounters are charmed by a bit of the gaudy fabric. Hardly less savage, though in the heart of England herself, the collier-girls of Lancashire, who ply their black art in the midst of coal dust and grime, when they go out for their rare Sunday afternoon's pleasuring with their "'Arry," proudly wear the Manchester cottons, in reality indirectly produced by them — for to the coal-fields of the environing Lancashire is Manchester's greatness due.

Standing for the most part on a level plain with a little rising ground to the north, surrounded by rivers which should be sources of purity and brightness, but which one of their countrymen pronounces to be "unspeakably filthy," the two busy sister-towns of Manchester and Salford are separated only by the meandering Irwell, which is on an average less than one hundred feet wide. Manchester herself on the left bank is drained by the Medlock and the Irk: their stagnant waters, black with mill-refuse, add but little to the beauty of the city, while the Tib, a smaller stream which flows through the town, is entirely overarched and covered by streets and warehouses.

Still, Manchester, although a manufacturing city, is not as unpicturesque as the sentimental tourist might imagine. If we emerge from the London Road station around which cluster most of the fine hotels, such as the "Queens," and the "Victoria," as we leisurely stroll up Piccadilly, one of the finest streets, which, at its upper end, opens into one of those parks for which Manchester is justly famous, we shall see one of the provisions made to aid the worthy poor. Here, in its beautiful grounds, rises the stately quadrangle of the Royal Infirmary — one wing of which is sacred to the memory of that sweetest of all singers, Jenny Lind, whose heart was as tender as her voice. In this smoky city she gave two concerts to help the poor and sick; from the proceeds one wing was erected, and the twenty thousand patients who are annually treated here have, indeed, good reason to rise up and call her blessed.

Beyond Piccadilly, continuing its line, lies the handsome Market Street, the Broadway of Manchester, full of brilliant shops, their plate-glass windows lined with finery. Here are displayed

not only beautiful cotton goods, but rich silks and worsted materials which Manchester also turns forth from her thousands of looms and spindles. Birley's Cotton Spinning Mills at Chorlton and Dewhurst's Mills in Salford with their great chimneys two hundred and fifty feet high display many of their goods here, and permission is courteously granted by the heads of the firms to inspect their factories. These vast hives swarm with busy workers: in the Atlas Machine Shops alone frequently two thousand men are employed.

The Assize Courts and the New Town Hall, although modern, are two noble Gothic piles. The latter with its splendid clock-tower two hundred and eighty-six feet high and its carillon of bells cost upward of five millions of dollars. About a mile and a quarter beyond the Town Hall, rises the handsome Gothic edifice of Owens College. This college with twelve hundred students and forty professors now forms an integral part of Victoria University, which, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1880, has its head in Manchester — its other two members being Liverpool University and Yorkshire College.

Cobden, Sir Robert Peel and other worthies connected with the city's history, are immortalized in statues in Peel Park in the borough of Salford, which contains also a Museum, Art Gallery and Free Library. The 5208 acres of Salford contain little more that is of public interest, the greater part of it consisting of monotonous streets of warehouses and dreary artisans' dwellings.

One little spot of brightness, one little bit of color and poetry amidst the hard, prosaic, black facts of every-day life is found in the little, wild bit of moorland, Kersal Moor, only twenty-one acres in extent, which the corporation of Salford guard tenderly as the apple of their eye. Not distant far from the smoke and grime of the great city, this little bit of moorland buds and blossoms in primroses, cowslips, daffodils, and rarer wild flowers of all kinds: within its limited area one-eighth of all the English flowering plants have been gathered

A city that in the midst of its busy life of five hundred and seventy thousand souls can turn aside from its work to protect the tender life of its fragile wild-flowers, must certainly give equal care to the young lives growing up among its bricks and mortar. In 1840 the death-rate of Manchester was 34.3, in 1881, 23.3 per thousand: less, with all its manufactures, than that of New York or Brooklyn. Although her air is still laden with the products of combustion of coal, and there is ample room for further improvement, these figures are full of suggestions of the better time coming when working men and working women shall receive their due, not only of increased wages but longer life.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO is the biggest and most precious nugget that has come out of the California mines. Almost literally it is their product. Before the discovery of gold in 1848, it was a mere village whose nucleus was the little Catholic mission, Dolores, founded by two Franciscan monks in the year of the declaration of our national independence. In less than two years after the cry "Gold!" had startled the world like a tocsin — and two years is hardly a moment in historical reckoning — it had been transformed by the alchemy of destiny into a city of twenty-five thousand people. Bret Harte in his stories of "Roaring Camp" and "Red Gulch" has familiarized and in a manner endeared to us the life of the mining camps of '49. The San Francisco of those days was the rendezvous of all the mining camps and so a little more of a mining camp than any one of them.

But San Francisco laid aside, long ago, everything savoring of the mining camp. It is a substantial, luxurious city. The City Hall, the Palace Hotel and the California Bank, would do honor to any city in the world. Still it continues picturesque beyond most other American cities,



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

for here Occident meets Orient, and Europe meets both. Mexicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Russians and Chinese are so numerous as to make all the more crowded thoroughfares appear like streets of some gigantic world's fair: and China-town — a section of about one-quarter square mile area containing from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand inhabitants — is a veritable bit of Asia. True, the houses there are all of American construction — for it was once the seat of fashion — but they are so discolored as to look very old, and so completely covered with wart-like side balconies and roof excrescences and so gloriously illuminated with red and gilt signs, lanterns and banners, and so thoroughly permeated with that indescribable Chinese smell, in which the expert smeller detects traces of opium, tobacco, cooking oil, cheese and spoiled fish, that they give no hint of their former occupancy. Loose coats, pig-tails, felt slippers and almond-eyes flit bewilderingly but noiselessly through the streets and alleyways; cobblers, tinkers, barbers, fruit-sellers, letter-writers, charm-readers, fortune-tellers and medicine-men ply their trades upon the sidewalks and street-corners; gossips, male and female, throng the restaurants, where they dexterously spear rice with chopsticks, sip *saki* (rice brandy) mincingly, and chatter, over tea served in cups of the "fillee often, payee often" variety, of the glories of the "Flowery Kingdom" they have left in quest of fortune.

In San Francisco, as elsewhere, wealth takes to the hills, and there is not a large city in the country, Cincinnati excepted, where it has an ampler opportunity to indulge its hill-climbing fancy. High up, away from the bustle of the business-quarter, and in full view of the shining bay and Mounts Diablo and Tamalpais, the railroad and bonanza kings have erected their great wooden palaces. Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Russian Hill and Lone Mountain, about whose base all the cemeteries are grouped are as much as three hundred feet high. The occupancy of these hills was the necessity that was the mother of the invention of the cable roads of which the Chinaman said, "Melican man's wagon no pushee, no pullee, all same go top-side hill like flashee."

Mining still plays an important part in San Francisco business life, but mining is no longer king. Manufacturing is assuming great importance. The total manufactured product for 1887 was $88,730,000. To this total, canneries, sugar refineries, woolen and flour mills, glass, wire, heavy machinery and iron ship works made the largest contributions.



THE CITY HALL.

Commerce may be proportionately

somewhat less profitable than it was when "corralling the market" was so easy that two voyages from the Atlantic States would more than pay for the ship that bore the ventures; but it is infinitely greater in bulk and range and rests on a much more rational basis. Already San Francisco stands third on the federal revenue list. China trade, it is true, has not developed as it was supposed it would. The Chinese are opposed by nature to every innovation. They prefer rice to flour, even when flour is cheaper. Still, fifty steamers run already on regular lines to China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands and South America. She cannot escape commercial greatness if she will. She is the metropolis of a State almost two and one half times as large as all New England, a State that can produce in limitless quantities the three W's that make wealth — wheat, wine and wool — and a score of commercially valuable temperate and semi-tropical fruits. Her harbor is the only one on the Pacific Coast from Astoria, seven hundred miles northward, to San Diego, six hundred miles southward, a distance as great as from Maine to Florida on the Atlantic coast where there are at least ten superior harbors.

A few years ago, William H. Seward said: "The Pacific Ocean will be the scene of man's greatest achievements." His prophecy may wait more than one generation for its fulfilment, but when that fulfilment shall come, as come it must, it will come by the way of the Golden Gate.

LEEDS.

WITH the exception of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, Leeds is the largest city in England. One hundred and eighty-five miles from London, two hundred and twenty-five from Edinburgh, in the center of the West Riding of England's largest county, in the pleasant valley watered by the Aire, surrounded by rich coal and iron districts, its commercial position both as regards railways and canals is central and commanding.

Small wonder is it that its manufacturing interests are various and important; the thousands of sheep that graze on the Yorkshire wolds in the rich agricultural country north of Leeds send their fleeces to her suburban villages to be spun into yarn and woven into cloth: then Leeds herself seizes the unfinished cloth and, with her millions of bur-headed teasels, or their wire substitutes of the present day, raises the nap and finishes or dresses the cloth.

Little enough, it seems, this final, finishing touch given to the rich English cloths manufactured in the little villages surrounding Leeds and brought here to be dressed; yet this seemingly insignificant industry has laid the foundations of the wealth of this city of 351,210 inhabitants.

Several times her merchants have tried to introduce the spinning and the weaving as well, and William Hirst, one of her foremost manufacturers, did succeed, but only for a short time; the busy factories on both banks of the Aire soon resumed their old work. Worsted yarn spinning and the manufacture of worsted goods as well has died out in Leeds; Bradford, a bustling city of about two hundred thousand inhabitants, nine miles west of Leeds, nearer the moors and hills, is now the headquarters of the worsted industry. It lies within a populous well-watered valley, rich with iron, coal and stone and, like its neighbor Leeds, has been a manufacturing city for centuries. In the time of the Plantagenets, woolen cloth was made in Bradford, and at the end of the seventeenth century the worsted trade was introduced and a Price Hall erected in 1773. In 1798 Bradford built her first mill; after the introduction of machinery her progress was rapid: in 1820 she had but twenty mills: to-day she has between two and three hundred. Here in the thirties Sir Titus Salt developed the alpaca manufacture and the mohair came a little later: twelve miles from Leeds, but only a short distance from Bradford, lies his model village of Saltaire.

Here the millionaire manufacturer has made a noble effort to place factory life on a higher footing and make life better worth living for his operatives: his separate homes for his working people are bright and clean and healthy, and halls are provided in which to give them music and other means of culture and enjoyment. Like Pullman, the experiment as a whole has been a success;

it has diminished the Socialistic tendency and the readiness to strike on slight provocation; although the stiff-necked independence of the English working-classes has put some difficulties in the way.

Outside of its manufactories, its great cloth halls, its immense linen factory owned by Marshall & Co., where in one vast room, four hundred by two hundred and twenty feet, the machinery whirs with its deafening buzz turned by two engines of three hundred and fifty horse power, or the Fowler Steam Plow factory, the machine works founded by Sir Peter Fairbairn, or the vast ready-made clothing establishment where John Barrows' Sons with their thousands of employees turn out one thousand and two hundred suits of ready-made clothing a day, there is in Leeds little to interest the tourist. Here he can, indeed, clothe him from head to foot if necessary; for the town is the chief center of the cap manufactory and her boot and shoe trade is also very large; her army shoes, in which she excels, are made in workshops which are the largest of their kind in the United Kingdom.

The Briggate is the only really handsome street in Leeds; it is a singularly uninteresting looking town of heavy old brick, although it has some fine public buildings. Queen Victoria opened the Town Hall in 1858; the handsome building cost eight hundred thousand dollars; the Royal Exchange in Perpendicular Gothic is also noteworthy.

Her thirty thousand school children are taken care of in forty-seven schools under Leeds School Board; besides these there are forty-eight other schools, many of them Wesleyan. In Yorkshire College, with its new building costing five hundred thousand dollars, five hundred students are annually instructed in the arts and sciences that pertain to manufactures. The New Public Library contains more than one hundred thousand volumes, and the Leeds Old Library, founded by the Unitarian minister and chemist, Priestley, contains nearly as many.

CINCINNATI.



IF "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid" then does Cincinnati clearly possess an immense advantage in the attainment of conspicuousness over most other great cities of the world.

Boston, the "Athens of America" (once yeleped Trimountaine) has but three hills; Old Athens had but four, though one of them was the world-famous Acropolis, and Rome when "Mistress of the World" had but seven. Cincinnati is all hills. And when Cincinnati says hills, she means hills. Her heights are no tame affairs. They are ragged, jagged, precipiced acropolises four and five hundred feet high (the Athenian was only one hundred and fifty feet), always cool and breezy and affording magnificent outlooks over Ohio — the State, the river and the Kentucky Heights. To be sure manufacturing and wholesaling and a large share of the retailing are done "in the valleys"; but even these are "valleys" only for the sake of convenience. They are in reality two plateaus of sixty and one hundred and twelve feet respectively; very considerable hills they would be in any other environment. To the most lofty of these wooded hills Cincinnati owes the picturesqueness which so completely distinguishes it from every other American city, by making it — if the paradox may be allowed — a city of suburbs. Once considered practically worthless, because almost inaccessible, their beauty has been linked with utility by inclined-plane steam railways and



THE TYLER-DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN, IN FOUNTAIN SQUARE.

novel elevators that transport horse-cars bodily from height to height, hoisting horses and all so easily they seem like ferry-boats of the air.

Charles Dickens, after his first visit to this country, was enthusiastic over Cincinnati, and everybody knows that, so far as things American were concerned, Dickens was not prone to flattery. In the nature of the case, there have been great changes since, but Cincinnati has never lost its prestige as *par excellence* the American city of private residences. Airy villas and castellated mansions wrought out of the beautiful blue limestone which its own hill-quarries furnish in inexhaustible supply, bird-haunted gardens and manorial parks in their fine setting of irregular hills would soon deceive one into believing that Cincinnati was not a city at all, but for the softened roar of distant traffic, an occasional public park or penal or charitable institution, tell-tales of the complexity of city civilization, and the numerous palatial hotels, turreted, pavilioned, esplanaded, with their revelations of the gayety and good living of urban as distinguished from rural communities.

Dickens found Cincinnati society intelligent. He would still find it so. It is a significant fact that in 1887, the proportion of fiction drawn from the Public Library was only fifty-one per cent. of the whole. To the cultivated stranger traveling through the West, there must indeed be something positively refreshing about a city such as Cincinnati, that is not a maelstrom of materialism and that prizes education for itself more than for its political and financial possibilities, whose refinement is congenital rather than accidental, whose culture came before wealth and has developed with wealth (the reverse of the usual American order), whose gentlemanly and scholarly instincts render unnecessary the poor and ineffectual disguise of a gentlemanly and scholarly gloss. While this intelligence has made creditable progress in all those branches to which intelligence commonly devotes itself, in two of the fine arts it has achieved a specially noteworthy success. These are music and ceramics. The Rookwood Pottery is thoroughly American in its subjects

and treatment. Originality and independence are its salient qualities; at the same time it is thoroughly artistic. Years of discouraging experimentation were necessary to this result, but the ware has come at last to be so dearly and so widely prized, that labors, which had no end in view but high art, seem likely to prove that in the long run high art pays. Limoges ware still retains its prestige in the world of ceramics, yet perhaps the day is not far distant when it will have an American rival. Cincinnati is justified in her local pride in Rookwood. It is a sufficient reason for national pride.

Perhaps the most palpable manifestation of Cincinnati's musical life is her Music Hall in which the famous annual festivals are held. It has a capacity of seven thousand and the best acoustic properties of any large hall in this country, the plain hardwood finish having become almost as sympathetically vibrant as the walls of a violin, and sure to improve with age. Its organ case, by the way, was carved by the ladies of Cincinnati, wood carving being another art in which Cincinnatians do superior work. The demand of the city for skilled musicians is supplied to a considerable degree by the Cincinnati College of Music, an institution that has had much to do with the guiding of her musical taste into correct channels. It was founded in 1878 by private citizens, is practically free to all who cannot afford to pay tuition and has an average attendance of six hundred. It is a worthy monument to the exceptional liberality and public spirit of Cincinnati's private citizens. The Public Museum is another, the Art School another, the famous Tyler-Davidson fountain, the gift of Henry Probasco, in Fountain Square still another.

In regard to this last it is related that when the King of Bavaria heard that Mr. Probasco, a private citizen, had erected in Cincinnati a one hundred and twenty thousand dollar fountain, and presented it to the city, he exclaimed: "Before such a citizen any king may doff his hat." Well, no wonder!

Cincinnati was settled near the close of 1788 by pioneers from Kentucky and New Jersey. Its history therefore covers little more than a man's life sometimes spans. Thus William Moody, the first white child born at the settlement (March 17, 1790), survived until 1879, and there are not a few Cincinnatians of to-day who remember the Indians. Since those Indian days, which were surely exciting enough, the city has never been in real jeopardy but once, and that very lately. Between 1825 and 1830, immigration from New England set in and a little later from Virginia, important because it meant an assimilation of some of the best blood of two very different sections. England caught the Cincinnati fever about 1835, and sent over a number of emigrants, among them Mrs. Trollope, mother of Anthony Trollope, the novelist. Then came a perfect flood of



THE OHIO RIVER, OPPOSITE MOUNT AUBURN.

German immigrants, so many of them that to-day about one fifth of the whole estimated population of two hundred and eighty thousand are native Germans, a larger proportion probably than is to be found in any other great city of the United States. "Looked at one way," says Charles Dudley Warner, "the real Cincinnati is a German city, and you can only study its true character 'over the Rhine,' and see it successfully through the bottom of an upturned beer glass." "Over the Rhine," it must be understood, is an almost exclusively German district, between the old Miami Canal and the hills, where the continental Sunday prevails, and where the theaters, concert halls, lady orchestras, shooting galleries and beer gardens fairly out-German Germany. It goes without saying that the German portion has more or less Germanized the whole city-organism. In some particulars this may be unfortunate, but largely considered the modification has probably been in the direction of more vigorous health. As some one has happily put it, "the German element is at once conservative as to improvements, and liberalizing in theology and life." To it Cincinnati is doubtless indebted for much of her stability and for nearly all of her musical growth and prestige.

In 1862, the city was menaced by the confederate forces, but was not attacked. Floods have been frequent of late years. In 1876, the river rose forty-eight feet in forty-eight hours; in 1882, it rose fifty feet; in 1883, sixty-eight feet, and in 1884, over seventy feet. Much property was destroyed by each of these overflows.

Her manufactures are many and increasing. The manufactured product of 1880 was $148,957,280, of 1886, $190,722,153. Clearings and banking capital have also increased.

Every western city has a specialty. Once Cincinnati's was pork, now it is soap. It is the first soap city and has the largest soap factory in the world, in which an interesting and so far highly successful experiment in profit-sharing is being carried on. It is also the first glycerine city in the world, and the first burial-case city in this country. Even Egypt and Turkey send to Cincinnati for hearses. It is almost equally famous for its carriages, white lead and paint works, leaf tobacco and malt and distilled liquors. For a long time, the first district of Ohio in which Cincinnati is situated paid more internal revenue to the United States government than any other in the country.

Judge Hoadley, in an eloquent speech delivered a few years ago, spoke of Cincinnati as destined to become "the Edinburgh of a new Scotland, the Boston of a new New England, the Paris of a new France." It seems that there must have been something very pat about the reference to Paris, inasmuch as it was taken up here and there and passed along until Cincinnati became pretty generally known as the "Paris of America." Though nicknamed "Porkopolis," Cincinnati really rates seventh in the American Hog "Statistics" — Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Omaha, St. Louis and Indianapolis all outranking her in the number of hogs marketed. But among all her names, there is none that she has worn so long and so gracefully, none that seems so appropriate as "Queen City."

Mere bigness does not constitute queenship. It is written of Queen Esther that she was "fair and beautiful," and "obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her." Such is Cincinnati. Such as hers is Cincinnati's claim to queenliness. *Vive la reine!*



HAMBURG.



A HAMBURG MARKET-WOMAN.

HAMBURG is one of the most remarkable cities of the German Empire and the first of all the seats of commerce on the continent; London, Liverpool and Glasgow excepted, it is the most important commercial town in Europe. And yet Hamburg is still somewhat disappointing to the tourist who seeks not only for life but picturesqueness.

Forced by the iron policy of Bismarck to give up its ancient privilege of being a free port, Hamburg within the last ten years has wonderfully improved its harbor facilities. Over forty million dollars have been spent in widening canals, building great docks and quays, and erecting fine warehouses in which to store the rich goods which come from all over the world. Of this expenditure the Imperial government paid one fourth.

With an actual population of three hundred and five thousand, with her suburbs of Altona, Wandsbeck and other adjoining points, Hamburg has a total population of nearly five hundred and fifty thousand. The chief point of interest is the harbor — busy and picturesque. Along the banks of the Elbe, the long quays so recently enlarged and extended stretch a distance of nearly four miles; several great *hafens*, or harbors, run almost into the heart of the town, and the life-blood, or rather water of the numerous *fleete*, or canals, which intersect the city, is poured into these basins. Flat-bottomed boats convey the goods from the magazines and warehouses through these canals to the Binnen and the Baakenhafen; while in the time of ice and storm the great sailing vessels lie in the Nieder-hafen along the north bank of the broad lower Elbe, which lies to the south of the city.

Though the quays to the south on the Elbe are picturesque with bustle and business, undoubtedly the great beauty of Hamburg lies around the Binnen-Alster, or Alster Bassin, and its environs. Here, almost in the heart of the city, this beautiful sheet of water, upwards of a mile in circumference, lies surrounded on three sides by broad quays planted with the oaks and lindens for which Germany is famous. The Alte and Neue Jungfern-stieg, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue of Hamburg, are flanked with palatial hotels and splendid private dwellings. The glass-covered bazaar in the Alte Jungfern-stieg is full of traffic; near by are the spacious Alster Arcades, whose shops

are the delight of the Hamburg ladies, while the beautiful promenade of the Lombard's bridge separates this inner basin from its larger but less comely brother, the Aussen Alster.

The sights of Hamburg, besides the harbor, are the Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregate between 1 and 3 P. M., and the church of St. Nicholas, with its four hundred and seventy-three feet of tower, rivalled only by the cathedrals of Cologne, five hundred and eleven feet, and St. Ouen, four hundred and ninety-two feet. St. Michael's Church has a tower rising four hundred and twenty-eight feet, ranking the tenth highest on the continent. Most of the old ecclesiastical landmarks, however, were unfortunately swept away by the blaze of 1842, and there are few interesting secular buildings, although the Museum, the college of Surgeons and the Johanneum, with its schools and splendid library of three hundred thousand volumes, are worthy of note.

BRESLAU.

THE tourist in Breslau to-day sees a city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants. It has had a stirring and historic past and is now the third largest city in Prussia, lying on both sides of the Oder. To reach it the visitor has probably taken the railway, which runs between Berlin and Vienna, Breslau lying one hundred and ninety miles southwest of Berlin. On the site of the ancient fortifications, he can enjoy a beautiful promenade on the broad, shaded



ON THE PROMENADE.

boulevards. Breslau's new town lies on the left bank of the Oder, but the old town across the stream and the five suburbs which are connected by numerous bridges, contain some interesting landmarks.

Perhaps the most interesting building among the number of educational institutions for which Breslau is noted is her university. It is a rather interesting and significant fact to note that there, in the midst of this bustling commercial city, with its manufactures of linen, woolen, cotton and silk, carpets, tools, machinery, with its four great annual linen fairs which last eight days and bring buyers from all over the continent — in this city which is the greatest woolen mart in Germany, or indeed on the continent, the students yet have time to cultivate the liberal arts.

A busy, bustling town, active with commerce and life, with little remembrance of the past, Breslau is typical of nineteenth century progress. The traveler who goes there expecting to find a quaint, picturesque town like Nuremberg or Prague, will leave disappointed, but the American who goes abroad to compare German progress with the growth of his own wonderful western world, will find much of interest in this city, whose progress has kept pace with Prussia's wonderful advance and whose population since 1850 has tripled.

MILAN.

IT seems impossible to imagine a gayer, more laughing, more attractive city than is Milan — this city on the plains of Lombardy, with the exception of Naples and Rome, the largest city of Italy. The Corso Vittorio Emanuel is the fashionable street of Milan. It is attractive and picturesque, thronged with a bustling crowd of handsome black-eyed gentlemen, and the soft-eyed brunette Italian women, with graceful Spanish lace mantillas or veils draped over their jet hair. Great shop windows, brilliant with plate glass, and filled with diamonds and the rich jewelry, other windows still more resplendent, filled with rich silks and velvets of gorgeous colors, for whose manufacture Milan is famous, over two hundred firms being engaged in their manufacture, still other shops radiant with the most enticing sweets and *confiserie*, for which Milan confectioners have a real genius — all these add to the brightness of this Italian Paris.

From the delicate spiral tower of the famous cathedral — regarded by the pious Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world — the view is wonderful. The vast plains of Lombardy stretch out illimitably, the silver Italian lakes glitter in middle distance, in the background rise the snowy crests of Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc; left of Monte Rosa rises the sharp peak of the Matterhorn, nearer are the mountains that border on the beautiful Engadine Valley, the garden of Switzerland. What are the wonderful altar pieces, the statues, the stained glass, the life-sized silver statue of the good cardinal and patron saint of Milan, S. Carlo Borromeo, what is even the body of the good saint himself, who is embalmed and lies in state in the subterranean *Capella*, to this wonderful pageant of the Alps, those miracles of Nature seen from the lofty summit of this miracle of Art?

Beautiful chestnut-shaded boulevards encircle Milan, covering the site of the old ramparts. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon the Giardini Pubblici, which lie between the Porta Venezia and the Porta Nuova, are something to see, crowded as they are with handsomely dressed ladies and elegant men. All is bustle and life, all is smiling and laughter — the bloody past of Milan, whose history dates from the time of the Romans, whose heroic struggles against the German emperors almost blotted her out of existence in the time of Frederic Barbarossa, whose later struggles with the Spaniards was followed by her unwilling allegiance to Austria and the bloody insurrection of the seventeenth of May, 1848 — all this historic past seems forgotten in the glow and prosperity of the smiling present.



THE KONGENS NYTORV.

COPENHAGEN.

THE capital of the little kingdom of Denmark and the kingly residence is one of the finest and most interesting towns of Northern Europe.

Viewed from the harbor of the tideless Baltic, Copenhagen possesses little picturesqueness, covering as it does an extensive flat, protected from the encroachments of the sea by embankments. Great and repeated fires, too, have swept away the old and gabled houses of the ancient island town; but, in the place of these wooden structures with their jutting rafters and quaint northern architecture have sprung up lofty and spacious edifices, both public and private, bordering the broad, handsome streets, or the fine squares with which the city is adorned.

Chief among these squares, the center of the city and the focus of business, lies the Kongens Nytorv (King's New Market). From it as a center radiate important streets with equally unpronounceable names. In this square rises the palace of Charlottenborg, with its academy of art; close beside it is the fine National Theater, flanked by numerous hotels.

The Oster-Gade, with its handsome shops, leads from this square to the "old and new market square," its continuation passing near the beautiful Fruekirche, whose interior is adorned by a most exquisite marble group of the risen Christ and the twelve apostles, most of which was executed by Thorwaldsen's own hand.

On an island hard by, a little town in itself, rises the imposing Christiansborg palace with a sculptured façade by Thorwaldsen and splendid caryatides which bear up the throne, by the same master. Rembrandts, Rubens, Vandycks and the works of modern Danish masters adorn the Royal Picture Gallery.

On the northwest side of the palace rises the center of attraction in Copenhagen: the Thorwaldsen Museum. Every work that the great sculptor executed is found here, either in the original or casts; for Copenhagen was the home of Denmark's greatest artist.

Next in interest comes the museum of Northern antiquities, the "finest of its kind in existence," and invaluable to the historian of early Scandinavia. Here are weapons, tools, urns and jewels without number; the implements of the stone, bronze and iron age well classified, together with the finest collection of gold ornaments in Europe.

Copenhagen is noted for its delicate filigree work in gold and silver, as well as its exquisite pottery and porcelain made in the Royal porcelain factory. For the traveler who is satiated with art, there are other diversions — the jolly little Tivoli, outside the Vester-Port, with its concerts, theater, panorama, fireworks, frequently filled with Danish peasants in their picturesque garb is well worth seeing. Through the Rosenborg Gardens, along the Grönengen esplanade, between the citadel and the town and the Lange Linie, with its beautiful sea view, are delightful walks.

The environs of Copenhagen are attractive and picturesque. Numerous *châteaux* and country-houses border on the blue-green waters of the smiling sound: rich cornfields vie with emerald-green pastures bordered by the fine beech forests which are the pride of Denmark. Charlottenlund, the summer residence of the crown-prince, lies but two miles north of Copenhagen: while the spacious Dyrehave, or deer-park, a beautiful forest of oaks and beeches, lies near by.



THE BAILEY GUARD GATE.

LUCKNOW.

FOURTH in size of the cities of India and capital of the province of Oudh. Lucknow has to-day a population of over two hundred and eighty-five thousand, and a certain manufacturing and commercial importance as the chief depot for the products of the rich agricultural province of Oudh. The city is built on both sides of the river Gumti, spanned by four bridges. Its chief buildings of note are the immense mausoleum of Asaf-na-daala, the huge Chattar Manzil palace with its gilt umbrella spires, the lofty mosque of Jamá Masjíd, and the English residency crowning a picturesque eminence and commanding the city. The city, like so

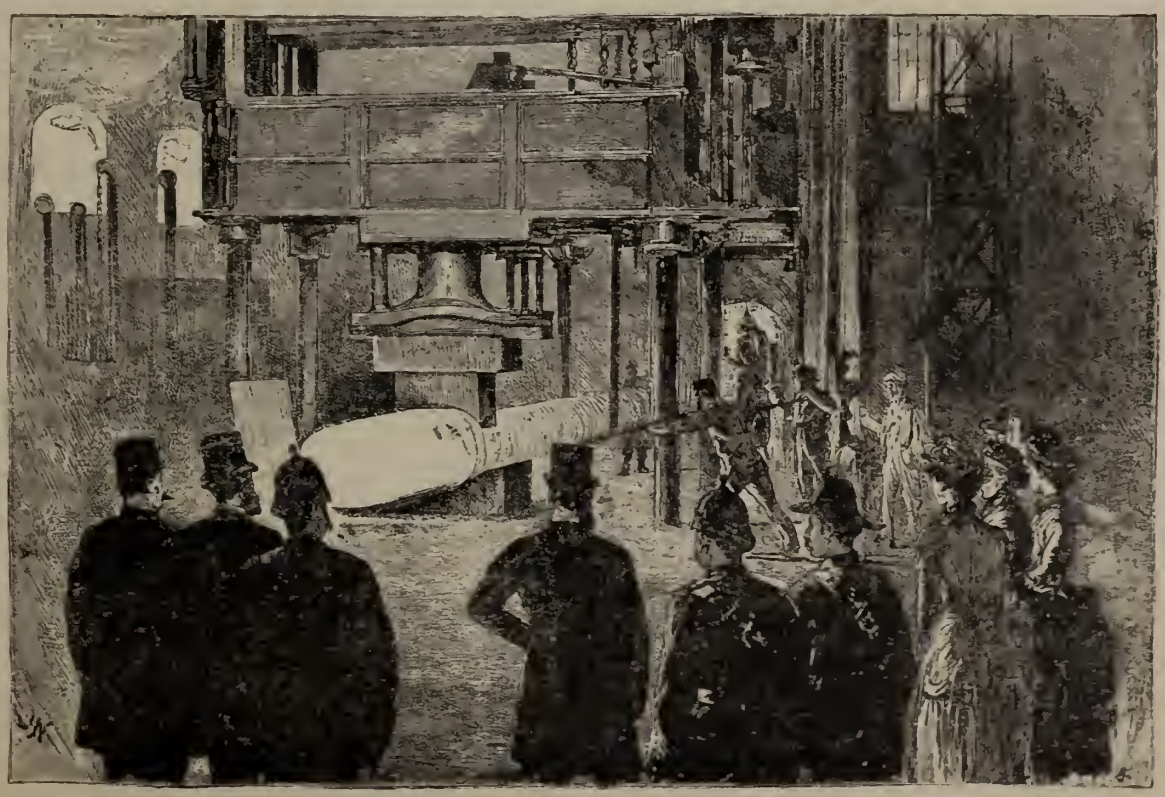
many oriental towns, has from a distance an appearance of great splendor and a most ordinary dress when viewed within its walls. Some of the chief streets are, however, broader and finer than those of most European towns, and its occupation as a military center has made it cleaner and healthier than most crowded eastern cities.

Lucknow's chief interest lies in its dramatic history during the Sepoy revolt of 1857 and its celebrated relief by Sir Colin Campbell, so often sung in verse and told in story. The memorial cross that towers to-day above the ruined walls of the old residency, tells the story of that bloody struggle, while behind an artificial mound, gay with flowers and feathery with the foliage of gigantic bamboos, lie the remains of the two thousand Europeans who perished in that awful time of revolt and murder.

SHEFFIELD.

IN the West Riding of Yorkshire, largest of all England's counties, with its six thousand square miles and its four million acres, with its moors and mountains that border upon the picturesque banks of the Don and Sheaf, with its seashore and hill lands, with its rivers and moorlands, where Nature has done even more than Art, lies the busy, nineteenth century town of Sheffield.

With its 321,711 inhabitants, Sheffield is busily at work making cutlery, files, silver and plated ware, armor plates, steel guns and other implements both of war and peace. The heart of the town is given up to manufactures, while its suburbs, in which the wealthier manufacturers and merchants live, spread up the slopes of the amphitheater of hills that circle around it on all sides except the northeast · that picturesque range of hills which forms the backbone of Old England, that separates Derbyshire and Lancashire from Yorkshire, and sends down the mountain springs that



FORGING A STEEL INGOT AT THE ATLAS STEEL AND IRON WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

form the head waters of the Don and the Sheaf, between whose junction lies Sheffield, "one of the foulest towns of England in the most charming situation."

This, however, must be taken to-day with some grains of allowance — Horace Walpole's description gives Sheffield as it was some ninety years since. The Sheffield of to-day, like the other manufacturing towns of England, has shared in the advances wrought by sanitary science. To be sure, the streets in the old part of the town are irregularly built, often steep and narrow. But the greater part of the business is carried on in the more modern part; here the streets are wide and straight, well lighted and paved, and the shops, although dingied by clouds of smoke, are elegant — at least what can be seen of them.

In the way of antiquities Sheffield has not much to be proud of. Her St. Peter's Church in the middle of the town, a rather fine example of Decorated Gothic, was begun in the fourteenth century, and the Shrewsbury Chapel attached contains a monument to that sixth earl under whose custody the fair but unhappy Queen of Scots spent twelve years of her captivity. In the Civil Wars the old castle, built by Henry the Eighth, was razed to the ground, but the Manor House of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which Cardinal Wolsey first languished and where Mary Stuart later spent many of her mournful years, still stands about a mile and a half southeast of St. Peter's.

The men of Sheffield are still keeping up their fight with a dragon as fierce as that famous one of Wantley, whose lair was scarce eight miles away — the dragon of want and poverty; their weapons are as keenly forged to-day as the Sheffield armor in King James' time; their "whittle" or knife is as sharp as it was in Dan Chaucer's time; their Cutlers' Hall stands in proud dignity and the office of Master Cutler is the highest dignity the city can bestow to-day. As a rule, their work-people are well paid and own little homes of their own. Their brass foundries, their electro-plating and manufacture of Britannia-ware, their stoves, grates and fenders, and their optical instruments vie with the steel rolling mills: and a visit to Sheffield will well repay the traveler interested in the industrial development of the nineteenth century.

CLEVELAND.



THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

CLEVELAND was not born great, nor with an irresistible capacity for greatness. Neither has she had greatness thrust upon her, as have many of the great cities of the West. She has fairly earned it by dint of hard labor. She is great because she has had great citizens. To the Pioneer Period of Cleveland's history that closed in 1827 succeeded the Canal Period which meant an access of new life to the Forest City. Then in the fifties came another change when, by 1857, coal met iron at Cleveland, and when coal and iron meet there is sure to be trade and there needs only a little flame and a modicum of skill for the achieving great industrial results. These small essentials came quickly to hand, and at once Cleveland was, in consequence, fairly launched upon the latest and greatest of all the periods of her history, the Industrial Period, or, if you will, the Coal and Iron Period. Her annual product of manufactured iron is about nine hundred thousand tons: Bessemer and open hearth ingots, pig, merchant bar and finished iron,

rods, steel rails, forgings, and wire rods, finished wire, sheets and plates, nuts and bolts, and shapes for wagon hardware; two hundred thousand car wheels and two hundred and forty thousand kegs of wire nails, not to mention miscellanies. In 1887 the value of this product was $33,150,000 to which the "Cleveland Rolling Mill" contributed over one third. This rolling mill by the way is one of the largest in the world. Henry Chisholm, its owner and one of Cleveland's most liberal citizens, is a Scotchman who came to this country at twenty with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. So much for iron manufacturing. Now as to iron trade. In 1887 Cleveland handled and forwarded one million, one hundred and fifty thousand tons of Lake Superior iron ore, and there was sold in her iron market two million, three hundred and fifty thousand tons additional consigned to other ports, making a total of four million tons involved in her iron transactions. In 1889 her total receipts of iron ore were one million, three hundred and ninety thousand tons, a gain of two hundred and forty thousand tons over 1887 and of four hundred and eighteen thousand or forty-three per cent. over 1888. A good showing certainly.

But if iron was the salvation of Cleveland, and is still her staple, it is not by any means her sole support. Ohio and Pennsylvania vie with each other in furnishing her crude petroleum, of which she refined in 1887 five million barrels, worth nearly fifteen million dollars. The Standard Oil Company, whose works cover several acres at the corner of Kingsbury Run, has branches in several other States, dictates rates to the railroads and has bought or driven away every rival. It controls the crude oil market of Pennsylvania and the refined oil market of the world. Whatever may be one's views of monopolies, the enterprise of this immense corporation compels his admiration. Ship-building is many times greater at Cleveland than any other port on the chain of lakes, the lumber trade amounts to fifteen million dollars annually, cloak-making five million dollars and woolen manufactures three million, five hundred thousand.

Industrial Cleveland is a winding, narrow valley bordered by high bluffs on either hand, and covered with a maze of ship and lumber yards, planing and flour mills, woolen factories, slaughter and packing houses and oil and chemical works. This valley follows the course of the Cuyahoga River whose available harborage of sixteen miles is always as completely lined with lake shipping as is the ten mile frontage of the lake itself. The Eastern and Western bluffs are united by a magnificent stone causeway, 3211 feet long, 64 feet high and 46 feet wide, containing 2,012,500 cubic feet of masonry and completed in 1878 at a cost of $2,250,000, a sum larger in proportion to the population of the city than the cost of the Brooklyn Bridge. Two other immense viaducts have been recently completed. One over Kingsbury Run, an eastern branch of the Cuyahoga, is 1063 feet long, 80 feet high and 48 feet wide. The other, the Central Viaduct, over another branch of the Cuyahoga, connects the east and south sections. It is 2839 feet long, 48 feet wide, and 101 feet high, with a draw span of 239 feet and a branch to the west side which makes its entire length over a mile. Both these later viaducts are mostly iron.

Business Cleveland is grouped about Monumental Park, a large open space which takes its name from a monument to Commodore Perry. Superior Street, one of several that radiates from this park, is the principal business thoroughfare. It is a street of magnificent business palaces, and its exceptional width, one hundred and thirty-two feet, may be accounted for by the fact that it was laid out when land was only one dollar an acre.

Cleveland has often been called the Forest City from the shade trees (over eighty thousand of them), mostly maples, that adorn her residence quarters. Euclid Avenue, which begins in the southwestern corner of Monumental Park and extends many miles beyond the city limits, is generally admitted to be the most beautiful street in the country. It is level, broad and shady, its residences stand well back from the drive and exhibit varied and pleasing architectural effects, its lawns are velvety and its private grounds ample and tasteful. A beautiful private park, which will soon be made over to the city, extends along a part of its course, and opposite the park is Lakeview Cemetery where James A. Garfield is buried, whose monument will some day be one of our great national shrines. The outlook over the broad expanse of the lake from this point is inexpressibly beautiful. It is a fitting spot for the last resting-place of the Nation's latest hero. Indeed of all the claims that Cleveland can advance to national recognition, none is greater than this, that she holds the ashes of a martyred president.

SHANGHAI.

A EUROPEAN city in the Orient: such is Shanghai. Situated between two great bends in the Woo-sung, or Hwang-p'u River, some eight miles from its confluence with the Yang-tsze-Kiang estuary, the city has been adopted by the treaty powers — England, France and America — as the best settlement for a port of trade, because of its easy access to the ocean and its favorable location as the natural outlet of the products of what is known as "the garden of China." The native city is crowded, dirty, ill-smelling and only picturesquely attractive to a limited extent. The mixed inhabitants of the foreign settlement exceed one hundred and fifty thousand and the native city with its suburbs and the boat population increase the figures to fully three hundred and twenty-five thousand souls. The foreign quarter, entirely distinct though adjoining the Chinese town, is substantially built, conveniently arranged and excellently governed by a representative of the Christian powers. The manifold attractions of the place have brought many merchants to the new city and as a result, says Professor Douglas, "from the banks of the Hwang-p'u arose lines of hongs and handsome dwelling houses which have converted a reed-covered swamp into one of the finest cities of the East."

ROME.



THE slow train from Pisa brings one, wearied from a nine hours' ride, into Rome at last, after dark. The traveler disembarks in a long, glass-roofed station and takes an omnibus to his hotel. Modern Rome is prosaic enough.

"The idea," says Mr. Stockton, "which most of us have formed of the city of Romulus and Remus has no association with such a thing as a hotel omnibus; and as we roll away through street after street lighted by occasional lamps, we see nothing through the omnibus windows which reminds us at all of Julius Cæsar or Cicero."

Daylight will show these reminders in plenty, but modern Rome and ancient Rome are really distinct sections. Modern Rome occupies what was in olden times the valley of the Campus Martius and the hills that press upon it. All this section was outside the walls of the ancient city.

Taken as a whole, Rome — ancient and modern — commences at a northerly point, the Piazza del Popolo, and spreads out southwards like a fan. The "Yellow Tiber" cuts its winding way through the city of to-day, dividing it into two unequal parts, and the greatest breadth of the city is from the Vatican and St. Peter's on the western limit to the palace of the Lateran on the eastern limit. The space thus covered is filled with memorials of more than twenty-five centuries of historic life. "There are indeed," says Mr. Stockton, "three cities to be seen in Rome: the Rome of to-day, the Rome of the Middle Ages and ancient Rome; each very distinct from the others and yet all, in a measure, mingled together. I lived," he says, "for months in a portion of the city where the street was broad and well paved, with wide sidewalks; where the houses were tall and new, with handsome shops in many of them;



ON THE CORSO.

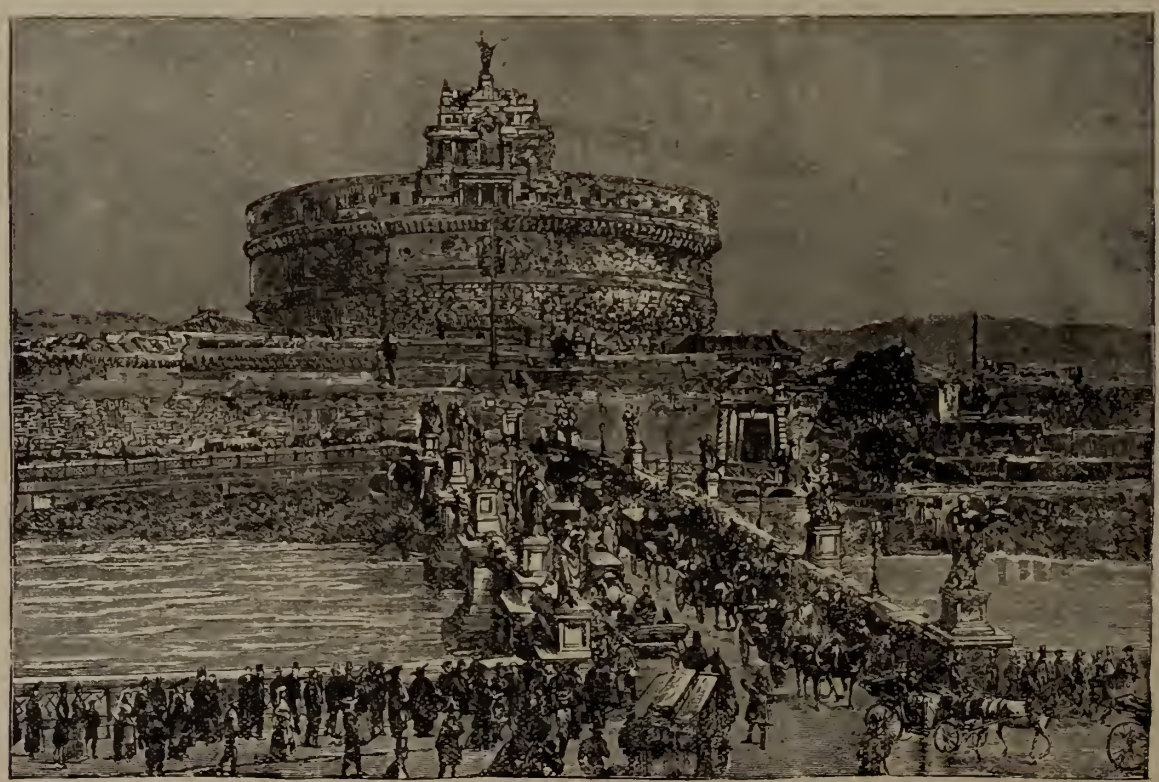
where passers-by wore hats, coats and dresses just like the people to whom I had always been accustomed — and this street continually reminded me of some of the new avenues in the upper part of New York. But if I went around a corner and down a broad flight of steps I saw before me a lofty marble column, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, around which winds a long, spiral procession of more than two thousand sculptured warriors with their chariots and engines of war and beneath which lies buried the great Emperor Trajan. There is nothing about that to remind any one of New York."

Rome still covers four of its original seven hills — the Capitoline, Quirinal, Viminal and Esquiline, though the valleys between are filled in with forty feet of rubbish. But the three famous hills of old — the Aventine, Coelian and Palatine are left "to ruins, gardens and monks."

The great wall constructed by the Emperor Aurelian, sixteen hundred years ago, still surrounds the city on Tiber's eastern bank. It is fourteen miles in extent, is fifty-five feet high and is pierced by twelve gates. About two thirds of the space thus enclosed is covered by gardens, vineyards and the ruins of a dead Rome. Seven bridges span the Tiber. One of the best views of the city is from the top of the Pincian Hill.

The great "show" places of Rome are St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, the Vatican, or palace of the Pope, the Coliseum, the Castle of San Angelo, formerly the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, the old Forum or meeting-place of the people, the column of Marcus Aurelius, the arches of Titus, of Septimius Severus and of Constantine, the Farnese Palace, the Pantheon, the buildings and statues of the Capitoline Hill, the Fountain of Trevi, the church of St. John of Lateran with its sacred staircase, said to be formed from the stairs of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, the church of St. Maria Maggiore, with the tombs, monuments and ruins in the suburbs of the city. These represent the work and the history of ages — to-day jostles against yesterday at every turn, and the sights and scenes in this greatest city of the world are such as to set even the most trivial of visitors to thinking and to keep the cultivated tourist in a maze of absorbing interest.

Rome to-day is a city of nearly three hundred thousand people — a cleanly, well-lighted, well-paved and in some parts modern, progressive city. New Italy casting off the reign of pope and Bourbon has made the old town its capital. Here on the Quirinal Hill is the Quirinal Palace where lives the progressive king, and in the town is a life and action that the days of priest and



THE CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO.



ST. PETER'S AND THE COLONNADE.

tyrant never knew giving promise of a great and helpful future. The excavations that are being carried on are daily giving scholars and students of to-day a better understanding of the history of the grand old city that was in its day of glory the mistress of the world.

Rome as the most famous is also the most wonderful of cities for the sight-seer and the tourist. Every visitor within its walls yields to the fascination of the place and few indeed but, on the eve of leaving, visit the fountain of Trevi and throw into its sparkling pool the small coin, by this sign bearing their faith in the legend that he who casts a coin into Trevi will visit Rome again.

BUFFALO.

THE Buffalo of to-day is probably under greater obligations to the railways than any other city in the country except Chicago. Five trunk lines connect it with the West and six with New York City. These and the numerous local roads aggregate a length of over twelve thousand miles. They own more than four square miles of real city property and have more miles of tracks within the municipal limits than are to be found in any other city in the world — four hundred and thirty-six miles of standard gauge, a length as great as the whole distance to New York City. Even the suburbs are "held fast in a network of railway tracks." The Lehigh Valley Road has recently improved its terminal facilities at an outlay of four million dollars by guiding the water of the "City Ship Canal" into an open tract of four hundred and twenty-five acres, ditched in parallelograms so as to give eight miles of docks, an amount equal to the old water-front. These docks are likely to prove of greater value to Buffalo than any work that has been attempted since the digging of "Clinton's Big Ditch," the Erie Canal, to which as the eastern outlet of the chain of lakes she owes, if not her existence, at least her first real growth in trade. This canal still does a considerable business, but it like others has had its day so that it really finds its prime function to be the regulating of the rates of rail transportation.

Next to Chicago, Buffalo is the most important shipping point for grain on the lakes. Indeed, so far as the grain business is concerned, Buffalo has a sort of right to a feeling of proprietorship over much that is not strictly its own, inasmuch as it was a Buffalo citizen who first successfully developed the idea of elevating grain by steam, setting up the first steam transfer and storage elevator (capacity fifty-five thousand bushels) in 1842. What the cotton-gin was to cotton, that the grain elevator has proven to grain. It is almost needless to add that these elephantine structures are a striking element in almost any view of Buffalo that can be had, but especially in one from an incoming ship on the lake.

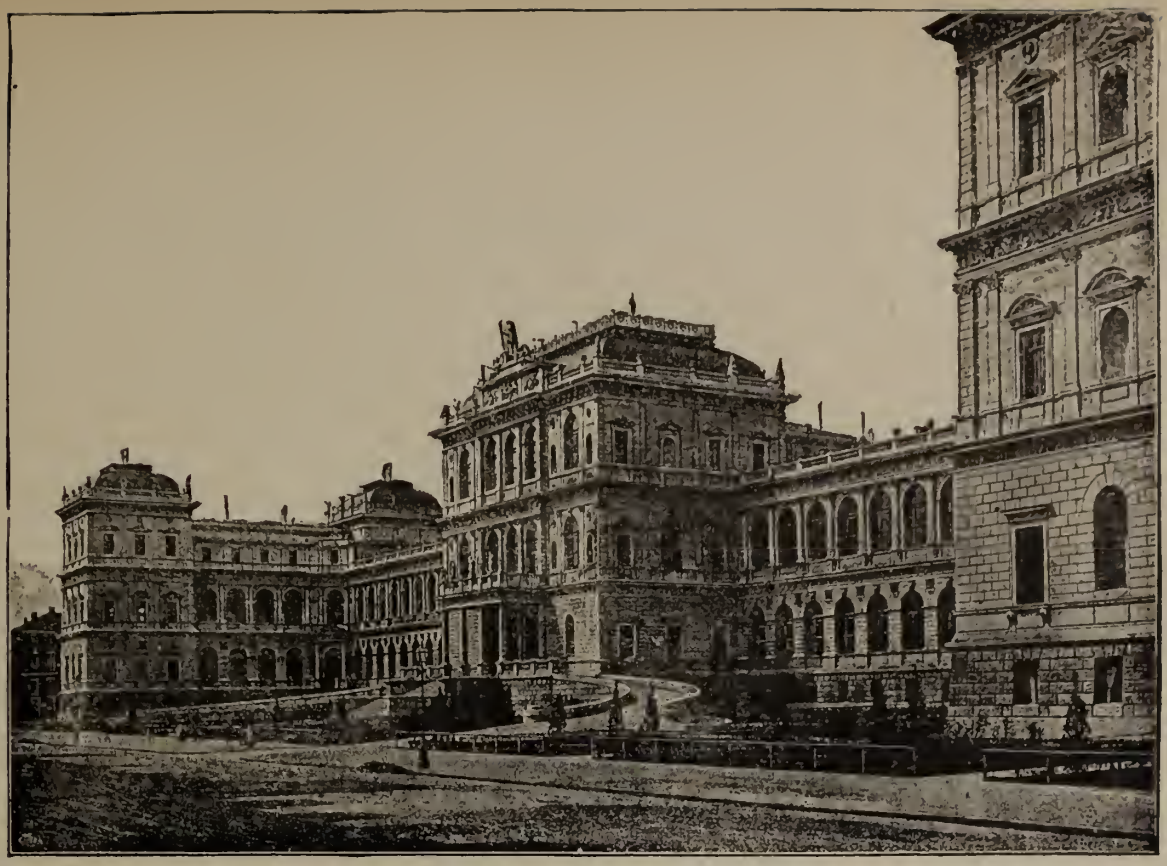
Iron is second only to grain as an article of trade and the tables of its receipts show an even greater increase. In 1889 there were received two hundred and ninety-eight thousand tons, an increase in a single item of more than the total receipts of every kind of raw and worked iron in the early eighties. In 1886 it received 279,493,000 feet of lumber, and of live stock it averages fully two hundred cars a day the year round, Sundays included. The growth of the coal trade has been almost as remarkable as that of iron. In 1874, there were received of bituminous coal 327,467 tons and of anthracite, 472,262, a total of 799,729 tons. In 1884, the lapse of just a decade, the receipts of bituminous were 1,921,354 tons and of anthracite, 2,451,410, making a total of 4,372,764 tons — more than a five-fold increase.

The growth of the coal traffic has been largely due to the expansion of the Buffalo industries, which here, as in most other large cities, patiently bided their time till commerce had become securely established, but which are now ready to act and to be favorably re-acted upon by this same commerce. Iron manufactures are of the first importance. Brewing and distilling are carried on to a large extent. Leather and tanning works turn out an annual product of six million dollars. Buffalo originated and still controls the grape-sugar industry, and, as if to still farther show that they are thoroughly in earnest in this matter of manufactures, the citizens of Buffalo have recently offered a prize of one hundred thousand dollars to the man whose inventive genius shall make it possible to utilize the Niagara water-power. Surely if this end shall ever be accomplished, an impetus will be thereby given to her industrial life that will hurry Buffalo into the very front rank of the manufacturing cities of the Union.

The "Queen City of the Lakes" lies in the final curve of the southern shore of Lake Erie in a comparatively flat section, bounded by the lake itself, the Niagara River — to which the Erie Canal runs parallel — and the hills of Chautauqua, Evans and Wales, and divided into two unequal parts by the Buffalo Creek. The grouping of its streets is so strongly reminiscent of Washington that one is not at all surprised to learn that the National Capital was indeed its model, Joseph Ellicott who surveyed and laid it out for the "Holland Land Company" being own brother to the Surveyor General of the United States. The architecture of its business blocks is not especially attractive, but the lack is at least partly compensated for by its public buildings and private residences. The quiet massiveness of the stone of the City Hall and the contrasting elegance of the richly decorative brick and terra cotta of the Public Library bespeak the excellence of the former as does the environment of Delaware Avenue the charm of the latter. This avenue, notwithstanding the remark of the wag, that it "takes its rise in a jail and ends in a tomb," is a very cheerful and beautiful street, overarched through its entire length of over three miles by double rows of elms and maples in which Buffalonians take a great deal of just pride.

In 1804 Timothy Dwight wrote of Buffalo: "The inhabitants are a casual collection of adventurers and have the usual characteristics of such adventurers thus collected when remote from regular society." And it is only seventy-seven years since the British burned all the houses of the village except two. But for all its lack of a past, it has quite outgrown the rawness incident to youth, so that, while just as keenly alive to business as any of the cities of the West, it yet gives much the same impression of stability that an Eastern city does. It is this fact, fully as much as the careful preservation of its shade trees that has caused Buffalo to be compared so often to New Haven.

Art (except music) and literature can hardly be said to have become objects of wide-spread interest with her people yet, but that she has about her a congenial and cultivated social atmosphere is alike the testimony of residents and of visiting strangers.



THE NEW ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS IN MUNICH.

MUNICH.

MUNICH, München, or Monaco, as the capital of Bavaria is variously called, has the reputation of being one of the jolliest and cheapest little capitals of Europe. The only trouble is an embarrassment of riches; there is so much to see, so much to admire, and generally so little time with which to do it all. The American, who usually before going to Munich has a rather contemptuous idea of this city and comes to scoff, frequently remains to stay — he can find no place where he can get so much for so little.

If he is an art student, he soon feels he is living in one of the richest art cities in Germany where the instruction is almost nominal; he haunts the spacious Vatican-like galleries of the old Pinakothek with their fourteen hundred pictures chronologically arranged. If he wishes to study the history of Painting, in the spacious Loggia on the south side the frescos of Cornelius, twenty-five in number which adorn the arcade, give the whole history of the art of the Middle Ages.

If the art-lover tire of these works of the old masters, in the adjoining square in the New Pinakothek he can see the works of the best modern painters, particularly of the Munich school.

Tired of the glory and the glare of these brilliant paintings, it is like moonlight unto sunlight to step into the cool, silent, spacious Glyptothek, with its silvery, gleaming statues and come face to face with the choicest productions of Greek art.

But High Art alone is somewhat wearisome. The traveler who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of Munich before proceeding further in art study is wise if he strolls out to the beautiful Theresien-wiese, a spacious, verdant, high-lying meadow on the eastern outskirts of the town. If he is fortunate enough to stroll out there on a bright Sunday, the first in October, at the time of the October Fest, or annual fair and festival, he will see a brilliant sight that is truly national.

Over a multitudinous crowd, brilliant as a spring parterre, watches the giant Statue of Bavaria, in front of the Hall of Fame, sixty-nine feet in height, rivalled only by the Bartholdi Statue; this great bronze figure was made at Munich out of Turkish cannon won at the sea-fight of Navarino.

Max-Josephs Platz, the center of the traffic of the city, dividing the new from the old adjoins the Royal Palace; from it leads the splendid Maximilian Street, three quarters of a mile long, bordered by the Mint, the National Museum and adorned by many statues. The progress of civilization and art from the earliest times is illustrated in this Museum of King Max the Second, filled to overflowing with paintings, frescos, carvings, tapestries, stained-glass, lace and rich work in silver, ivory, gold and jewels. At the end of the street, rising forty-two feet in height from the ground stands the magnificent monument of King Maximilian the Second, the statue of the king shining resplendant in gilded bronze. Across Maximilian's Bridge spanning the Isar, rises the lofty Maximilaneum on the terraced height, surrounded by beautiful drives. Its façades and halls are adorned by statues and busts.

Time would fail the traveler to visit all Munich's sights; the Royal Library, with its twenty-five thousand manuscripts and eight hundred thousand volumes, the Aller-Heiligen Hofkirche, "a perfect gem of taste and magnificence," the Basilica, the Schwanthaler Museum, the Nibelungen frescos, the picture gallery of Count Shack and the magnificent gateways and triumphal arches of the Propylæa and the Liegesthor.

NEW ORLEANS.



WITHIN a hundred miles of the mouth of the Mississippi, amid a chaos of ooze-flats, wild prairies, sedgy savannas, sunken morasses, cypress and cedar swamps, lagoons and palmetto thickets,

> "Where 'tis neither sea nor strand,
> Ocean nor good, dry land,"

stands — or sits, or lies, or floats — the Crescent City of New Orleans. "I never could find out exactly where New Orleans is," says Charles Dudley Warner with his customary felicity. "I have looked for it on the map without much enlightenment. It is dropped down there somewhere in the marshes of the Mississippi and the bayous and lakes. It is below the one and tangled up among the others, or it might some day float out to the Gulf and disappear. How the Mississippi gets out I never could discover." The river is certainly very freakish just here. It makes three abrupt turns, southward, eastward, northward, and by so doing hems in three sides of a rectangle of land, the fourth boundary of which is the southern edge of Lake Pontchartrain five or six miles to the northward. The mighty river clasps and fondles the city as lovingly as though it were her own child, as in very truth it is and still a nursling.

To the tourist who gets his first view of New Orleans from the deck of an incoming steamer, it appears a veritable thing of beauty. As it rests on mire and water held in place by some invisible anchor he likens it in all but color to the magnificent water-lily of the Amazon, the Victoria Regia. But as he takes note of its many hues — the tender green of its orangeries, parks and skirting plantations, the red of its tiled roofs and chimneys, the pink, yellow, brown and gray

of its stuccoed and wooden houses and of the kaleidoscopic effects of its thousands upon thousands of festooned, pointed, pinnacled, pagoda-like cisterns of cypress wood, he does not find it hard to transform it into a richly-mottled orchid, that has attained a luxuriant parasitic growth on some root or sunken log of these encompassing morasses, or even into a gorgeous tropic butterfly that, having thoughtlessly strayed too far to the northward, has alighted for an instant just to take its bearings and will straight flutter away.

Landing, and entering and strolling about, this same tourist finds New Orleans one fascinating jumble of picturesque details; levees fringed for miles with every variety of river-craft and swarming with bulky merchandise, wagons and laborers who shout and swear in a dozen different tongues; newly erected business blocks and tumble-down old markets; churches, clubhouses, public buildings, theaters, gilded saloons and gambling palaces; broad avenues of over-arching, gray-bearded live oaks, chcery with mocking-birds; narrow, dirty alleys and hummocky sidewalks; modern American mansions surrounded by velvety lawns, old French houses embellished with porches, galleries, dormer windows, jalousies and balconies of iron traceries most delicately wrought; courts for ornament with flower-beds, vines, vases, fountains, and courts for use, full of old furniture and rubbish; front gardens of southern flowering shrubs and fruit trees shut off from the street by elaborately latticed palings; the rich perfume of red roses, ever and anon overborne by the stench of green or iridescent surface sewers; quaint nooks and corners inhabited by still quainter people, black skins, red skins, yellow skins, white skins and every possible shade of skin between. He may be a little dazed with it all, but he cannot fail to like New Orleans, at once "the most cosmopolitan of provincial cities" and "the least American of American cities."

With a history as romantic as changeful, New Orleans in its relations to the great world of business is at present in a transition state. For many years the levee was the platform of all its activities. New Orleans was literally the City of the Mississippi, as much a product commercially of the ships she floated down, as its site was the product of the alluvium she deposited. It was looked upon in all quarters as the future emporium of the whole gigantic Mississippi basin. This was a rational expectation based on an almost overwhelming probability. But it is with cities as it is with men. It is the unexpected that happens.

The Erie Canal, the application of steam to ocean traffic, the yellow fever scourge of 1853–5 and finally the Civil War produced a shock that was well-nigh fatal. How great this shock was is evidenced by the fact that not till 1883 did its commerce become equal to the commerce of 1860. Almost a quarter of a century just catching its breath after its rude tumble! while Chicago and Cincinnati and New York were racing ahead without any handicap! And after all, the wonder is not so much that New Orleans was a quarter of a century getting its breath, as that it succeeded in getting it at all. The tact and the perseverance requisite to a complete adjustment to an entirely new condition of society on a city's part can hardly be exaggerated. That this adjustment is not yet complete, need hardly be said, but there can no longer be the slightest doubt as to the result. The Creole element which has so long been dominant is gradually succumbing to American influence. This change is on many accounts to be regretted, but it is unequivocably favorable to commercial and industrial advancement. Note a few of the changes already effected. Foreign commerce is no longer impeded by sand bars; the famous Eads jetties erected in 1879 have entirely obviated that. A stricter quarantine and improved drainage have rendered the recurrence of yellow fever epidemics much less likely. Six trunk lines of railroad connect with all portions of the country, the trade with New York alone more than making up for the old coastwise traffic. How far it has accepted the inevitable new in this one particular of railroads, is clear from the fact that in a short period of eight years the relations of river and railway have been exactly reversed. In 1880 the river trade was twice that of the railways; in 1884 the railways and river were practically tied; and in 1888 the railways did double the business of the river.

When the great Southwest shall have been more fully developed, and when the United States shall have become, as it must, the commercial partner of the South American Republics, New Orleans may hope for a period of commercial growth quite on a par with any she has ever known. Her command of the Gulf of Mexico, her proximity to the Indies, her prestige as the metropolis of the Gulf States are other favoring influences and the Mississippi is likely to long remain a real source of strength.

KIOTO.

A TOWN of temples — Kioto, the "holy city" of Japan — covers a level plain, at the base of surrounding ranges of mountains, with a sea of brown roofs above which rise the white walls and towers of the ten thousand temples that give the city its "holy" character. Kioto is in the southern part of the island of Niphon, not far from the city of Osaka with which it is connected by railway, and some three hundred miles from Tokio to the northeast with which it is connected by the splendid national road known as the Tokaido. The population is variously estimated as from two hundred and fifty thousand to half a million. The river Kano cuts through the city, supplying it with the purest of water: its streets are clean, its temples beautiful and its silk factories widely celebrated.

It is for its temples however that Kioto is mainly celebrated. There are within the city limits 10,014 Buddhist and Shinto temples and the religious buildings and the grounds around them are the most interesting features of Kioto to strangers.

Of these temples the largest and most venerable is the Buddhist temple of Ki-yo-midzu, built eleven hundred years ago. It is built on a steep mountain side and possesses a curious wooden image called Biusurusaw which has the healing property to so great an extent that the afflicted believes by rubbing his sore spot against the corresponding spot on the image he can experience an immediate cure. Here also is the Dai-Butsu — the "great Buddha," a wooden image of the god seventy feet high, but not to be compared in size or celebrity to the real Dai-Butsu erected at ancient Nara, midway between Kioto and Osaka.

For more than a thousand years Kioto was the religious capital of Japan, the residence of the Mikado, the sacred ruler, and the oldest dynasty on earth. It is to-day "the most be-templed city" in the world and has a stirring history of war, rebellion, sieges, fire, earthquake and flood. Of its appearance to-day Miss Bird says: "With its schools, hospitals, lunatic asylum, prisons, dispensaries, alms-houses, fountains, public parks and gardens, exquisitely beautiful cemeteries and streets of almost painful cleanliness, Kioto is the best arranged and best managed city in Japan." The old palace of the Mikado is now a public museum of arts and manufactures and the spirit of progress that is emancipating Japan will soon revolutionize even this center of pagan life and worship.

PITTSBURG.

THE "City of Smoke" is a smoky city no longer, nor has it been since the year 1884. All descriptions of it prior to that date are quite obsolete. Natural Gas, itself the issue of darkness, has been the means of dispelling darkness. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that have hitherto attended Pittsburg on her onward industrial march have departed, but she advances none the less surely on that account.

At last Pittsburg has become the beautiful city Nature intended it to be, when she furnished it with bluffs and valleys and girded it with streams as mirrors for its countenance. The meeting and blending of the two rivers (Alleghany and Monongahela) into a single larger river (the Ohio) and of their valleys into a larger valley, makes for one whose point of view is lofty enough a huge letter Y, in the crotch of which like a bird's nest in a tree-crotch rests the city itself. The first three quarters of a mile or so back from the vertex of the angle thus formed is an industrial plain terminated somewhat abruptly by high bluffs that in turn terminate on each side, so as to leave however, strips of low land a few hundred yards wide between themselves and the river margins, over which such of the huge machine shops and foundries as can find no room in the plain, sprawl for a distance of six or seven miles.

Pittsburg is to-day a great railway center, and yet there probably never has been a time since it was enough of a place to deserve any recognition whatever, that manufacturing has not dominated its life. It is as truly a product of the iron mines as San Francisco of the gold mines, as distinctively the Iron City of America as Birmingham of England.

By the census of 1880 Pennsylvania manufactured about fifty per cent. of all the iron in the country, and Alleghany County, one fourth of the iron in Pennsylvania. So that Pittsburg may be said to have practically manufactured twelve and one half per cent. or one eighth of all the iron manufactured in the United States. It had, in 1887, nineteen blast furnaces and fifty-six iron and steel mills whose product was three hundred and twenty thousand tons of iron pipes, three hundred and sixty thousand tons of Bessemer steel, forty-two thousand tons of crucible steel, one hundred and thirty-two thousand tons of railway supplies, three hundred and sixty thousand tons of rails — one thousand for almost every day in the year — and two hundred locomotives — one for every other day in the year and some to spare. Steam engines, fire-proof safes, chains, nuts, bolts and nails are the other most important iron manufactures.

Second in significance only to the iron and steel industry, both in extent and age is the glass industry. The first window-glass works were opened in 1796, four years after the setting up of the first iron furnace. To-day there are over seventy-five glass factories in the city, the plate glass product alone averaging over two hundred and fifty thousand square feet per month, to say nothing of window glass, bottles and lamp chimneys. Oil refining is also very important, but by no means what it ought to be considering that Pittsburg is the natural metropolis and business center of the oil district. The iron, steel, glass and oil industries are so gigantic that every other dwindles unduly in comparison. But Pittsburg certainly ought to be accorded the credit of having the largest cork factory in the world, and some aluminum works, a new venture upon the success or failure of which mighty destinies are hanging.



VIEW OF PITTSBURG FROM COAL HILL.



A RAINY DAY IN DUBLIN STREETS.

DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, the town of the "Black Pool," the capital of Ireland, is a city of curious contrasts, full of lights and shadows, like the Irish nation itself. A city of splendid houses and of rude shanties, where squalor jostles magnificence, and a stately mansion stands almost side by side with poor tumble-down residences, inhabited by people whom scarcely a vivid imagination dare call the "deserving poor."

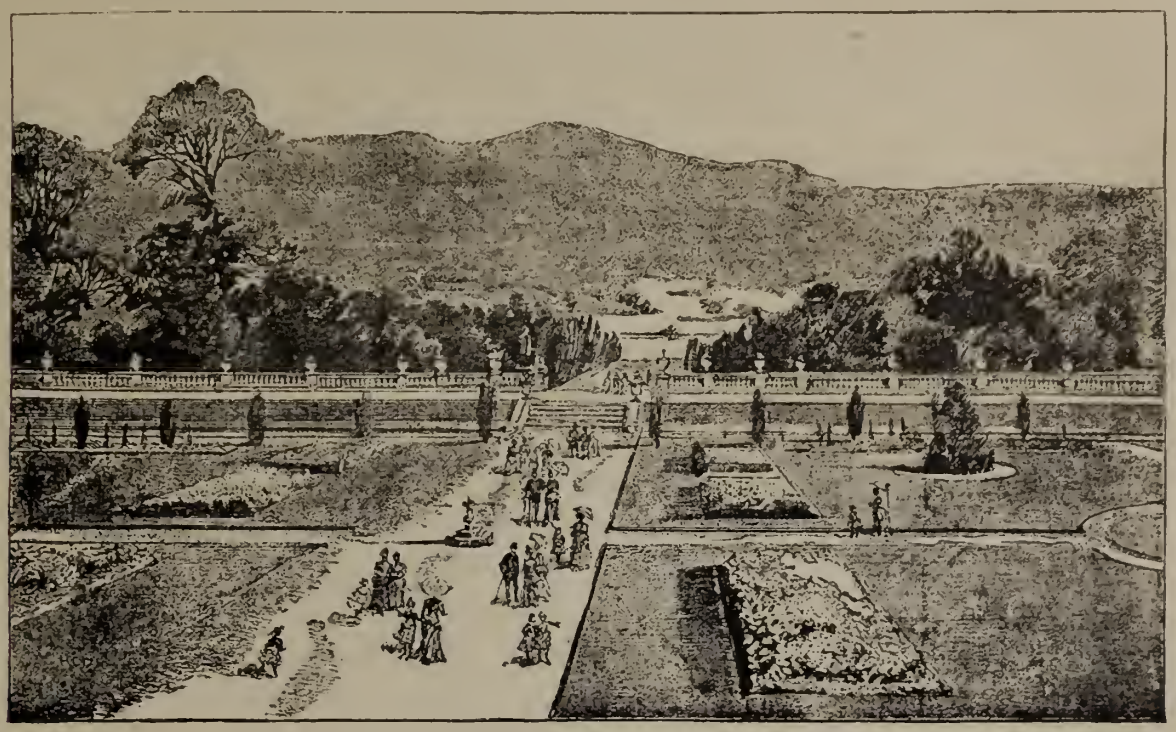
The city's plan is simple enough. From east to west the River Liffey flows through the center, and bridges connect the long lines of streets running in parallel lines north and south. The most imposing avenue is Sackville Street, "one of the finest thoroughfares in Europe," although its long vista is somewhat broken by the Nelson Pillar, a beautiful fluted Doric column, soaring to a height of one hundred and thirty-four feet. Westmoreland Street, too, with its Bank of England, is a fine, broad street. Still, there is no uniformity in the buildings of Dublin; owing to the want of a building act, high jostles low and splendor elbows shabby gentility; within the last twenty years many of the wealthy Dublin merchants have built spacious country-seats in large gardens outside the town, so that the population has apparently decreased, although it numbers two hundred and fifty thousand souls; or with its suburbs nearly three hundred and fifty thousand.

The site of the ancient city in the southwest corner had for years a rather unsavory reputation for irregularity and filth; although somewhat improved, still, the drainage of the city, which pours into the River Liffey, does not add to its salubrity, the high death-rate being twenty-seven in every thousand. In this part of the city lie Christ's Church and the old and interesting Cathedral of St. Patrick with its foundation dating back to 1190.

Above the southern half of the city, on an eminence tower the grim brick walls of Dublin Castle, which an Irish patriot has forcibly termed a "stronghold of hell."

Within the past few years the hot Irish blood, goaded by recent acts of England, has run high in Dublin, and temperate men of both parties have denounced some of its manifestation. Just outside the city lies the beautiful Phœnix Park with its 1759 acres of woodland and meadow, its solitude broken only by the Vice-Regal and Chief-Secretary's Lodges. Here, in the beautiful season when these lodges are inhabited, was committed the audacious political murder of Cavendish and Burke which startled the whole civilized world.

For years to come it is to be feared Dublin will be memorable rather for that hasty deed, than for her beautiful Trinity College founded by "good Queen Bess," her picturesque environs, or her many charitable or scientific institutions, which are of a size and character of which any city may be justly proud.



PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

SEOUL.

IN the Hermit Kingdom — Corea, the "Land of Morning Calm," that vast peninsula jutting out from Northern China, between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan — is Seoul, its capital city. It is the chief town of the province of Kieng-Kee and is the residence of the imperial court of Corea. It is not an imposing city and scarce even picturesque. It is situated on the Kiang River not far from the Yellow Sea, and is surrounded with high, thick walls of masonry, nearly a thousand paces in circuit. "The only buildings in Seoul," says Mr. Lanman, "honored with tiled roofs, excepting the king's residence, are a single temple and one government department." The castle of the king, built of cut stone, has a certain air of strength and importance. The houses of the city are all thatched and built on one pattern. They are as miserable as are the inhabitants of this great, overgrown, ignorant, proud, suspicious and inhospitable oriental city of over a quarter of a million. But even here the wall of exclusiveness is being slowly levelled. Civilization is knocking at the gates of Seoul and the "Land of Morning Calm" will know in time the morning dawn.



VIEW OF DRESDEN.

DRESDEN.

NEAR the mountains of "Saxon Switzerland," in a fertile and picturesque valley of the Saxon wine-district, on both sides of the Elbe, here crossed by two beautiful stone bridges, lies the capital of Saxony, the art-center of Germany, Dresden.

Divided by the curving stream of the Elbe, the Altstadt on the south, with its picturesque promenades overlying the site of the old fortifications which the French raised, is very picturesque — the houses are lofty, and, though the streets in this old part are somewhat narrow and dingy, an air of German thrift and cleanliness pervades the whole. In the Neustadt the streets are wider, the open squares more frequent, the modern houses lower and broader, and a general sense of air and space replaces the crowded picturesqueness of the older part.

Close by the old stone bridge lies the beautiful Brühl terrace, originally a garden designed by the minister of Augustus III., and a favorite promenade until its approaches were somewhat spoilt by the erection of new buildings on the Elbe's banks. Also in the Altstadt, in the spacious open square to which the bridge leads, lies the extensive Palace, four hundred and fifty years old, to which the magnificence-loving Augustus the Strong, the Lorenzo de Medici of Dresden, made many additions in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Opposite the palace lies the museum which constitutes the northeast wing of the Zwinger begun by Augustus II. in 1711. In these two buildings are housed the most famous of all Dresden's far-famed works of art; and here, from all over the world, especially from America, lovers of art congregate in this Florence of Germany. Here the mild-eyed Sistine Madonna, with the inspired face, looks down from the walls of the "finest picture-gallery in Europe."



BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE.

In the Museum Johanneum, another sort of art, rococo in style, but exquisite in finish, the glory of Dresden is displayed. Over fifteen thousand specimens of delicate porcelain, much of it of the finest Dresden ware, chronologically arranged from the discovery of the art, are here displayed. The Royal Porcelain manufactory, where these exquisite works were designed, lies at Meissen, fifteen miles out of Dresden; over the crossed swords which form the menacing plate-mark of the Dresden china, the secret of its manufacture was jealously guarded until the Prussians occupied the picturesque old town during the Seven Years' War, when Dresden as well as Meissen suffered so severely.

Time would fail to tell of the various attractions, artistic and natural, of Dresden; formerly one of the cheapest capitals in Europe in which to reside, it is now, on account of its beautiful situation and numerous advantages, one of the dearest. Still, in its environs, along the mountain-bordered banks of the Elbe, lie many castle-crowned heights and picturesque villages, where, in the little mountain inns, "plain living and high thinking" may be cultivated. From these, as a *point d'appui*, the art-treasures of Dresden may be reverently approached and carefully studied by the student who is forced to combine economy with love of art. A residence of many months in Dresden's neighborhood will not suffice to exhaust her numerous attractions, or render commonplace her infinite variety.

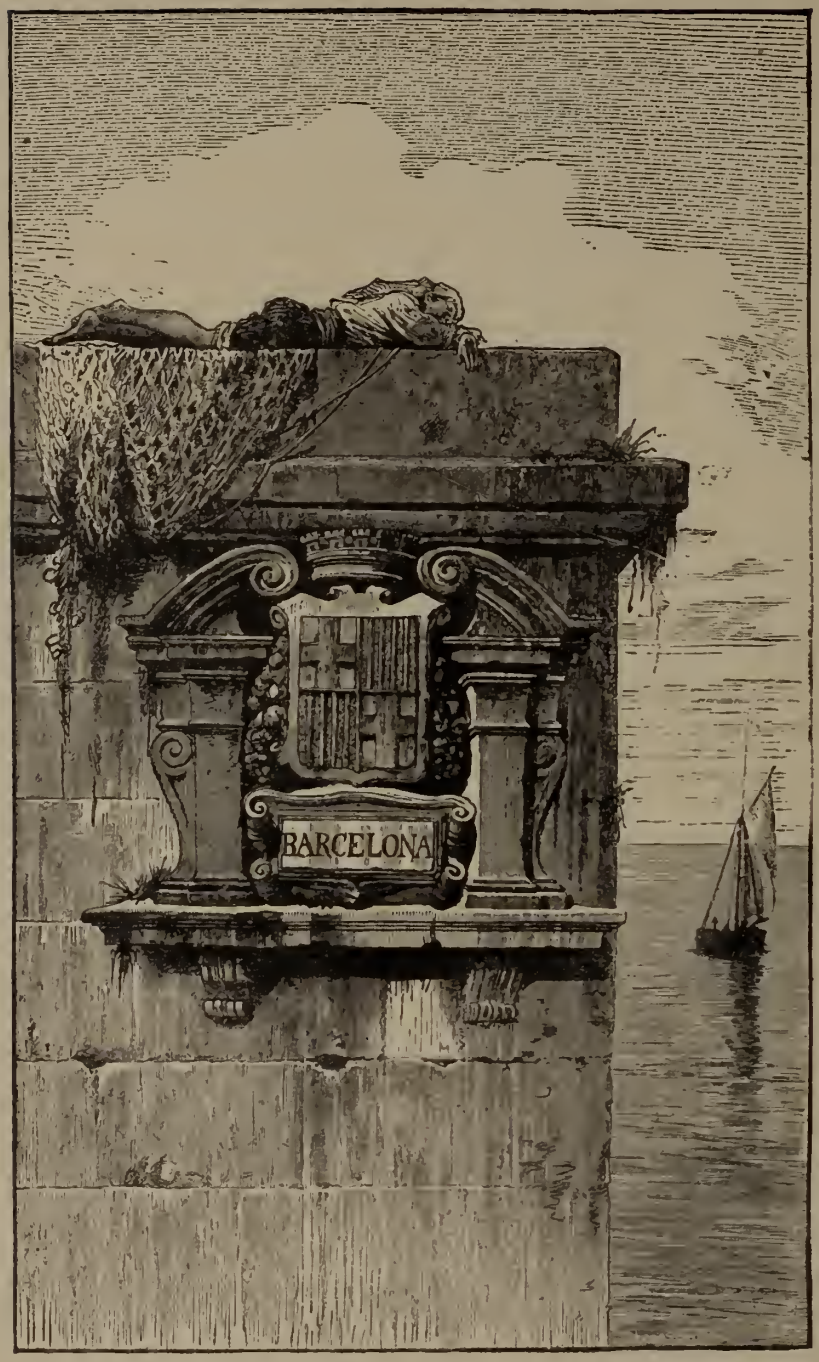
LISBON.

STRETCHING nearly five miles along the banks of the Tagus and extending northward over the hills to a width of nearly three miles, the capital of the Kingdom of Portugal, Lisbon, with its fields and its gardens, its handsome squares, straight streets and lofty houses, its arches, statues, palaces, parliament buildings, theaters and public places, is a city of much interest, of a certain historical importance, and a fair commercial standing. Its most active commerce is with Brazil and Great Britain. It is the largest port in the little Kingdom of Portugal and boasts of being the birth-place of two famous men — St. Anthony of Padua and Camoëns, Portugal's greatest poet.

The palace of the King is in the handsome suburb of Belem. It was intended to be one of the largest palaces in Europe, but has never been finished. Her churches, though numerous, are neither great nor grand — that of the Estrella, suggesting St. Paul's in London, being the most striking. Ancient Lisbon clusters about the rocky hill on which stands the citadel of St. George. The old town is cut by narrow and tortuous streets, suggesting the Moors and still retains its old Moorish name, Alfama. The new town is in that section of the city which was rebuilt after the great earthquake of 1755. Its streets are straight, its buildings lofty, and of its four squares the handsomest is the Praça do Commercio fronting the river and surrounded by handsome public buildings.

The city is quaint, interesting and attractive, and affords study alike for the antiquarian who traces its many centuries of existence, and for the lover of progress who sees how surely the new and convenient is crowding the old and traditional.

BARCELONA.



LARGE brick buildings, long boundary walls, piles of building materials, smoking towers, factories and workmen — a dull, diffused, increasing sound like the labored breath of a great city that is moving and working — and all about it, the port, the sea, a wreath of hills — Barcelona!"

Such is the Italian traveler, De Amicis', first impression of the pleasant city that is the industrial and commercial center of Eastern Spain — a city which in its prime was the rival of Genoa and Venice, and which to-day is the home of an intelligent, industrious, gay and pleasure-loving population of some two hundred and seventy thousand souls.

The main street of the city is the Rambla, broad and straight, shaded by two rows of trees and crossing nearly the entire city. The seashore is flanked by a spacious promenade and to the north lies the new city, an addition since 1860, elaborately laid out and almost English in architecture.

"On all the surrounding heights," says De Amicis, "rise villas; little palaces and factories which dispute the ground jostle each other, appearing one behind the other until they form a great wreath around the city. On every side there is manufacturing, transforming and renovating. Her people work and prosper and Barcelona flourishes."

The industries of this busy Spanish city are many — the spinning and weaving of wool, cotton and silk being the most important. Barcelona's shipping trade is extensive; its exports and imports are considerable: its harbor is now fairly good and its railway communications and facilities are ample.

Prominent among the city's buildings are the Cathedral, six hundred years in building and not yet finished, the University in the new town, the Liceo, one of the largest and most beautiful theaters in Europe, while in the Street of Paradise, "lost in the midst of modern houses," are several enormous Roman columns, relics of the old day when the world's conquerors wrested the city from its Carthaginian founders.

SANTIAGO.

THE capital of Chili is framed about with some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. It is in the center of a lovely valley, encompassed by shapely mountains of magnificent proportions. With so grand and inspiring a pageant always to be seen from its Alameda and its Santa Lucia, Santiago, according to Mr. Ford, has not neglected its opportunities. "It is," he says, "a handsome and impressive city, with beautiful parks, striking architectural effects in its public buildings and churches, and orderly, well-kept lines of streets. The sole source of disfigurement is the river flowing through the town, which at certain seasons of the year labors under the disadvantage of not having any water in it, but this is shielded from view by walls and embankments and rendered as sightly as possible."

The population of the city is very nearly two hundred and fifty thousand. The main plaza has the Post-Office and Government buildings on one side, the ambitious *façade* of the Grand Hotel on another, and the Cathedral, with a cross, high in air, to demonstrate a sacred character which its general architectural lines do not reveal. The Capitol is a block away, a massive structure, with two high stories and a flat roof and lines of shapely columns at the entrances on each side. It is the handsomest and most imposing hall of deputies to be seen in South America, and is surrounded by well-kept, if narrow, grounds, with one graceful and finely proportioned statue near the main entrance. The National Library is close by, with the palaces of justice adjoining. The University of Santiago is a stately structure, and it has well-equipped faculties and appliances for higher education. Probably no university in South America has a better academic reputation or is doing a larger work. The astronomical observatory has lovely surroundings in a well-shaded, semi-tropical garden. The Parque Cousino and the Quinta Diaz Gana also have charming sites and are most picturesque structures. The Quinta Normal is a horticultural garden and museum of natural history, with fine grounds tastefully laid out. Santiago abounds in good architecture of a classic type and in public gardens and promenades of genuine natural attractions. With excellent hotels, good theaters, fine drives, and objects of interest which cannot be exhausted in a fortnight of industrious sight-seeing, it has everything to attract and charm a traveler. With the exception of Rio, there is scarcely a South American city as interesting as is Santiago.

The Alameda is a broad avenue over two miles long, with double lines of trees and a series of monuments and statues commemorative of the public services and heroic deeds of various patriots.

Santa Lucia, once a neglected and barren rock in the heart of the city, it is now the best pleasure-ground of the capital. It is approached by winding carriage roads and shaded walks, is ornamented with terraces, parterres of flowers, artistic balustrades, rustic arbors, a chapel, a statue, and a series of high lookouts commanding magnificent prospects of the Andes, the Maritime Range and the capital itself. There is a theater here on the highest ground in the city, and also an excellent restaurant. The flowers and vines on this lofty rock, overhanging the Alameda, are kept fresh and beautiful by constant watering, and Santa Lucia is the most picturesque and artistic feature of the capital.

BORDEAUX.

THE old city of the Gauls, the commercial and educational center of the Roman provinces of Aquitania — the walls and towers, the schools and palaces of Burdigala had an ancient fame and state that the modern Bordeaux still possesses. The Bordeaux of to-day is one of the finest and wealthiest of French cities, with a well-wharfed harbor, a fertile environment, wide, well-paved streets (in the new section), handsome housing and imposing public buildings. Few European cities have so striking a water-front, few can boast of a more notable collection of



VIEW OF BORDEAUX.

educational institutions. Its library, dating from 1566, contains two hundred thousand volumes; its chief hospital, that of St. André, was founded in 1390. It has a magnificent asylum for the deaf and dumb, fine theaters, schools of theology, law, science, literature, medicine and navigation, and its principal square is adorned not with effigies of bloody warriors and tyrant kings, but of Montaigne, the essayist, and Montesquieu, the philosopher.

It has an extensive trade, that in wines being the most prominent, and the days of railway and steamship have given the ancient city a wonderful impetus. The streets and buildings of the old town are narrow and picturesque and the Palais Gallienus is really an old Roman amphitheater of the third century. Ship-building is a leading industry, and the broad basin into which the river Garonne widens affords splendid harborage and is crossed by a magnificent stone bridge built on seventeen arches.

EDINBURGH.

AFTER all is said, there is no place like Edinburgh. London and Paris themselves do not compare in charm with this wind-swept capital of the Scottish Highlands: despite her bleak climate, there is an Italian-like charm about the juxtaposition of New and Old that year after year brings the tourist back to gaze from her crags upon the castle-crowned heights.

Sit in your big window in the splendid Royal Hotel facing Prince's Street, "perhaps the finest street in all Europe," with its broad pavements, its equestrian statues, its splendid stores, their windows glistening with cairngorms, Scotch plaids and tartans in brilliant reds and greens and blues, and watch the crowds of tall, handsome men and finely-dressed women sweep by.

From the kaleidoscopic gayety of the New Edinburgh you look across to the grim, smoky "Auld Reekie." Between the past and the present, the Cowgate with its twelve-story-high gabled houses crowding each other in narrow "wynds," and the Broadway of Prince's Street lined with hotels and clubhouses, a great gulf is fixed: but its depths are filled by the smiling Prince's Gardens clad in living green, and the Old and New are connected by the Mound and the Waverley Bridge, under which whiz the frequent trains. Between you and the Castle Heights, limned against the sky, soars the magnificent cathedral-like monument to the "Wizard of the North." It is fitting that between the Old and the New town the eye should rest on this link between the past and the present, and that the statue of Sir Walter Scott enthroned in its delicately carved Gothic arch should be the tie that binds the sunny foreground to the dark but picturesque past.

Across the ravine in the Old Town, even despite the revolutionary improvements of Mr. Chambers, though a few curious corners have been swept away by the broom of progress, there is still much of picturesqueness untouched. The well-smoked Old Town with its "cliff of buildings



THE GREAT BRIDGE OVER THE FRITH OF FORTH.

(One mile, one thousand and five yards in length. Opened March 4, 1890.)



STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

which hangs imminent over Waverley Bridge," would still put many natural precipices to shame. Out of dusty windows ten stories above the ground, the poor man may gaze across the green gulf of Prince's Gardens into the homes of the wealthy with their squares and parks or look off towards the shimmering sea.

The best view point is the Castle. It is the embodied essence of Edinburgh's history from the time when Edwin, king of Northumbria, founded a fortress on the Castle Rock in 617 to the occupation of the city by Prince Charles Edward in 1745; more than a thousand years of stirring Scottish history when the pibroch played and the clans marched out to fight for the Prince and the Right lie buried in its grim old walls that now hold the precious crown jewels. It is a breathless climb to the craggy height where only the wild shrubs can cling; as we enter by the draw-bridge, cross the old moat, pass under the portcullis and face the big cannon "Mons Meg," the pride of Scotland, the magnificent view of the city with the Firth of Forth and the Highland Hills in the background chains us to the spot. Far below lies the spire of St. Giles. Close to it between the Cowgate and High Street lies the Parliament House, built on a slope and rising one story to the north and half a dozen to the south; here history was made, here the legal lights of the Scottish bar still plead before the judges in the self-same spot where Scott sat and wrote many a page of Waverley to the "drone of judicial proceeding." Beyond St. Giles rises the high steeple of the Tron Church; following the south, back of Cowgate in the same direction the eye rests upon the quadrangle of Holyrood in the grassy Queen's Park which nestles at the foot of Salisbury Crags and the rugged Arthur's Seat, eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea. The charming Queen's Drive encircles the crags; but it is a stiff though short climb to Arthur's Seat. Here, instead of being in the center, as on the Castle Heights, you are at the end of the town; its mass of gables and spires, its green gardens, its Waverley Station in the heart of the town buried between the Old and the New, all rise before you. Across the narrowing triangle of the Old Town lies Calton Hill, another of the three heights upon which Edinburgh, like Boston, prides herself; but even the hardy Scotchman would scarcely build his cot where the "angry airt" and the "cauld blast" reigns supreme and no plaidie would avail for shelter.

In the Old Town, about one third of the way between the Meadows and the West Prince's Street Garden, which skirt the base of the Castle cliff, rise the massive walls of Edinburgh University, founded by James the Sixth in 1582. In 1887 three thousand, six hundred students, taught, quizzed, lectured and examined by one hundred and sixteen teachers made Bristo Street and Meadow Walk lively with their pranks. The two thousand students of the Medical School are housed in a handsome new Renaissance building costing nearly one and a quarter million dollars. The University library of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes is rivalled only by the Advocates' Library of three hundred thousand, the largest in Scotland.



THE CASTLE HILL.

DETROIT.

DETROIT is the oldest of all the Western cities — so much the oldest that it can be truly said to be a whole century in advance of the natural progress of emigration westward. Like New Orleans it has given in allegiance to three different powers, having been by turns a French village, an English town and an American city, and like New Orleans again, it has had a large portion of romance.

To-day Detroit is a beautiful city. It has shaded streets, broad avenues, creditable public buildings, attractive residences, superb warehouses and a financial center, Griswold Street, whose architecture is, according to the authority quoted above, "as far in advance of State Street in Boston and Wall Street in New York, as our time is of the last century."

The "City of the Straits," as Detroit has long been called, is the natural portal to "the vast seas of sweet water." Its harbor has a greater capacity than any other on the whole chain of lakes. Indeed more vessels can ride at anchor there than in the harbors of Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Milwaukee and Chicago combined. Its shipping interests are therefore enormous. More vessels pass through the Detroit River every year during the navigable period than come and go from New York Harbor during the same time, and in 1884 the city's tonnage was greater than that of London, in spite of the fact that the river was frost-bound for four months. Grain, lumber, copper and iron ore are the most important articles of transportation, two hundred and fifty million feet of lumber, for instance, being handled in 1886.

The iron, steel and related industries employ more hands than any others — stoves, marine boilers, safes and architectural iron-work being their principal products, but as an iron city Detroit ranks below some other cities on and in the vicinity of the lakes. It is first in the following particulars: car-wheels, stoves, fine cut tobacco, drugs and chemicals, and capsules, one firm alone producing of these last two thirds of the entire product of the United States. It has the largest freight car factory in this country, the largest varnish works in the world and one of its seed firms handles more seeds than any other in existence.

STOCKHOLM.

THE last half of June when the days are long and the twilights singularly beautiful, when the evening and the morning lights shining through the young and springing verdure produce fairy-like effects reflected from the water, is the season of all others in which to visit Stockholm, the capital of Sweden — the Venice of the North.

The area of the present city is nearly thirteen square miles: of which about one twenty-fifth is water. Nearly four miles in length from north to south, its circumference measures fourteen and one quarter miles. In Staden, the narrow and winding streets, with some few houses (preserved from fire) with very narrow frontage and pointed gables turned towards the street as in Belgium and North Germany, all indicate the ancient origin, and show that this portion is the old city.

Here is the Royal Palace, restored and enlarged after the fire of 1697, and rich with art treasures. Near it stands the ancient church of St. Nicholas. Staden is also the business center of the city: here are the Exchange, the Banks, the Custom-house and the handsome offices of many well-to-do Stockholm magnates. On its east an immense quay called the Skeppsbro, serves as a landing-place for the steamers which ply to foreign ports or the northern ports of Sweden.

Riddarsholm, an island portion of the city, lying in Lake Mälar, midway between the north and south portions of the capital, contains the famous old Franciscan church, which, since the time of Gustavus Adolphus has been used for the burial-place of the royal family. Near by stand the

houses where the Storthing, or parliament, is held and the statue of the founder of Stockholm looks down upon the men who govern Sweden and Norway to-day.

Another island, called the Island of the Holy Ghost, is somewhat irreverently filled to-day with the royal stables.

The "northern suburb" of Stockholm rejoices in the large market of Gustavus Adolphus, where his statue stands ward between the Palace of the Crown Prince and the Theater Royal.

In another portion of the city, which was formerly the Royal farmyard, more than forty thousand people reside and it is now one of the finest parts of the city. A fine park, the Royal Library and the statue of Linnæus, the father of modern botany, are sights well worth seeing here. The introduction of the new water-supply into Stockholm has greatly built up this portion.

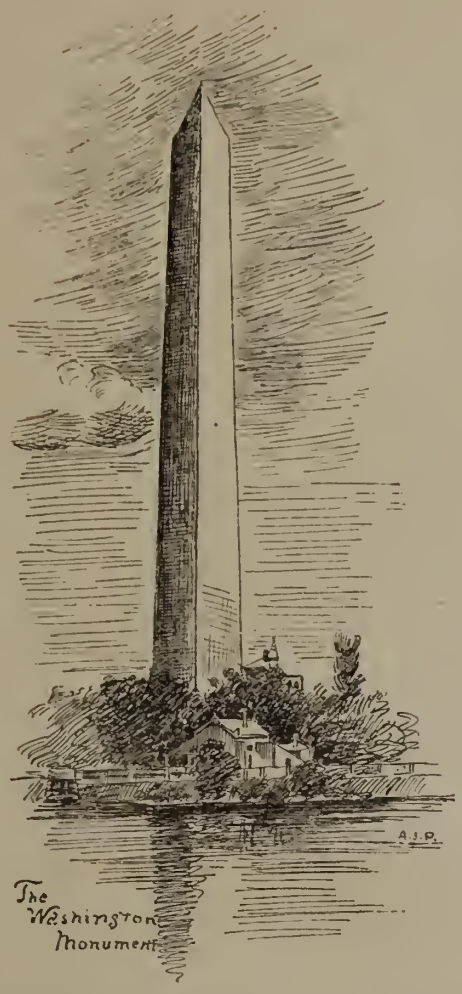
In fact, water, salt as well as fresh, has played a very important part in Stockholm's development. Into all parts of the city, from all sides permeates the water — separating and yet uniting. In the summer the city is almost deserted: as the water stretches enticingly away between beautiful islands, some open and cultivated, some bold and rock-clad covered with pines and beech, it seems to beckon the inhabitants away and carries them on its bosom into the picturesque environs. The water, too, renders the climate comparatively mild and salubrious — although winter lasts seven months in the year.

Only an hour's distance is Upsala, with its great university sacred to Linnæus and its splendid library — all around are the beautiful suburbs bordering on the Mälar Lake. Down into the heart of the city sometimes come the quaint-clad peasant girls of Dalcarlia, with their bright-colored dresses, glittering bodices and high-conical caps characteristic of the Swedish peasantry. They lend the charm and animation and life to the scene, which is bright and animated enough at times to suggest some Italian town, rather than a city of the cold and frozen North, especially down by the quays at Staden, where fly the flags of every nation, the blue, yellow and white of Sweden and the red, white and blue of Norway predominating; while Majesty, in the shape of King Oscar, can look out from his study in the Royal Palace on the picturesque groups of sailors from all climes, jesting or brawling below his study windows.



VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

WASHINGTON.



WASHINGTON owes its existence to a dinner party, or, to be more exact, to a political bargain struck at a dinner party, the boon bargainers being none other than the great leaders of the Federalists and Anti-Federalists, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. Each pledged himself and his State delegation to the support of the darling project of his rival. And so Hamilton's financial policy culminated gloriously in the assumption of the State debts by the Federal Government, and the site of the national capital was fixed on the borders of Jefferson's own State of Virginia.

When Washington was laid out the checker-board system of Philadelphia was followed with the streets, but the avenues were made to radiate transversely from two foci a mile apart, on which the Capitol and the White House were to stand. In respect to nomenclature also, the Philadelphia system was considerably modified. The avenues were named after the States, care being taken to avoid offense by assigning to the most influential States the most important avenues; east and west running streets were designated by the letters of the alphabet, and north and south streets by numerals. Everything was on a truly colossal scale; streets were from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet wide, avenues from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty. These, plus the open squares and triangles at their intersections, equalled one half the entire municipal area as against an average of one fourth in other cities. A "city of magnificent distances" it certainly was, and for the first half-century — it may as well be admitted — that was about all it was. There were streets, but no houses: avenues, but no people.

But the great war which changed so many other things changed Washington as well. In those days Nation got to mean more than it had, and the national capital ceased to be a figure-head. Out of it came the issues of life and death and liberty for millions. People began to live in its great empty spaces; so many of them that in the ten years between 1860 and '70, the population doubled. At the close of the decade its municipal government was exchanged for a territorial one, and this was the signal for the inauguration of a series of improvements quite on a par for magnitude with the scale on which it was originally laid out. Twenty million dollars having been spent in less than four years, Congress not unnaturally became alarmed at what it deemed reckless extravagance, abolished the territorial government and appointed a commissioner in the hope of immediate retrenchment. But the commission was obliged to finish the work. The result was a debt of twenty-three million dollars on a total valuation of eighty million dollars; heavier than that of any other city in the world. In 1878, an act was passed imposing on the United States Government one half the interest on the debt and one half the current expenses, and providing for a permanent government to consist of three commissioners appointed by the President. This last experiment has proved eminently successful. Washington is by far the best-governed city in the country, though in theory it is something of an anomaly that the citizens of the capital of a democracy should have absolutely no voice in city affairs.

Now, all is changed. It is indeed hard for any one not on the spot to realize the transformation wrought by a score of years, the last twelve of which have been mainly devoted to supple-



THE CAPITOL AND PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

menting and polishing off in details the wholesale repairs of the first eight. Blank distances have become entrancing vistas, and every intersection is a point of view. Seventy thousand shade trees in the streets alone, not to mention those in the squares, add comfort and beauty, miles upon miles of asphalt pavement assure pleasant walks and drives at all seasons, broad strips of close-cropped greensward line both sides of the avenues, and red brick residences of varied and elegant architecture give proof sufficient that Washington has felt as much as other cities the influence of the Renaissance in the art of home-building.

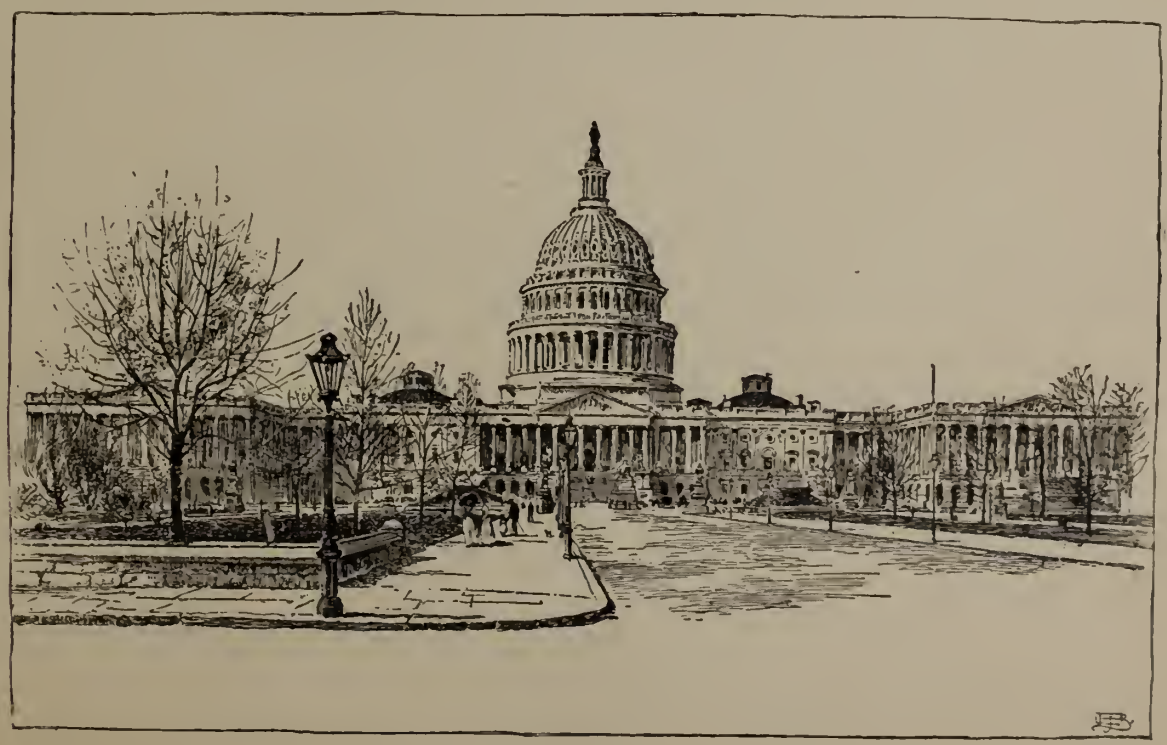
The Capitol is the largest Government building in the world, its new wings alone covering an area greater than any cathedral except St. Peter's. It was many years in assuming its present form. George Washington laid the corner-stone September 8, 1793. The wings were completed in 1811, and burned only three years later by the British. In 1827, the center was completed and in the meantime the wings had been rebuilt. The new dome was finished in 1863 and the extensions to the wings in 1867. As it stands to-day it represents a cost of fifteen and one half million dollars. The Rotunda under the dome is justly famous for its loftiness and impressiveness, but the less said about its decorations of painting and sculpture the better. About it are grouped the National Hall of Statuary, the chambers of the House, Senate and Supreme Court and the Congressional Library, the largest collection of books in the country. For this last, however, a separate building is soon to be provided east of the Capitol, which is to have a capacity of four million books, and is estimated to cost four million, five hundred thousand dollars.

The White House — so called because it requires a fresh coat of white paint annually to preserve its soft stone from disintegration — is at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol, at a distance of over a mile. The two buildings were thus widely separated by design, the wily founders of the Government thinking thus to prevent too close association between the Executive and the Legislative departments. It has been the home of every President and his family except Washington, and consequently must have been the scene of many gorgeous and some ridiculous spectacles. It is a mansion of considerable stateliness, and considering the time it was built may make some pretensions on the score of elegance. But after all, it is hardly worthy the chief of so great a nation even as a residence, and is certainly entirely inadequate for both this and the transaction of executive business.

On the east side of the White House is the Treasury, a huge granite building in the Ionic style which cost six million dollars; on the west a single structure devoted to the three departments of State, War and Navy, just completed at a cost of ten million dollars. Half a mile away to the south dominating all views and closing all vistas stands the Washington Monument, dedicated on Washington's Birthday, 1885 — thirty-eight years after the laying of its corner-stone — a towering if tardy tribute to the greatest of Americans. It is the highest stone structure in the world, and the highest artificial eminence except the Eiffel Tower. Its total cost was one million, two hundred thousand dollars, three hundred thousand dollars of which was raised by subscription.

The Smithsonian Institution is housed in a pile of dark sandstone Norman buildings situated in the Mall, south of the Botanical Gardens which are themselves adjacent to the Capitol. Its endowment is the only legacy ever received by the United States government, and this, strangely enough, came from an Englishman, James Smithson, a scientist, whose faith in the United States was only equalled by his abhorrence and distrust of the despotic Governments of the Old World. He bequeathed his entire property of over half a million in these words: "To the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The form which the institution assumed, when in 1846 under the leadership of Professor Joseph Henry it began its work, was a unique but admirable interpretation of the liberal provisions of the will. Its objects were then declared to be "to prosecute methods of abstruse research, and publish the results," to get together "a library of the transactions of learned societies and records of discoveries and inventions" and "a museum illustrative of the resources of North America." In pursuance of these objects it has already attained large results. Next to the Smithsonian Institution is the National Museum — five acres under a single roof. Its collections are intensely interesting and cover a very wide range, but are not yet equal to similar ones in Europe. Among other noteworthy public edifices are the Naval Observatory, the New Army and Navy and Medical Museums, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Post-office — Corinthian — and the new building of the Interior Department — Doric.

Such is the city. Who are its people? One third are negroes, and they are generally admitted to be a very useful element. Of the other two thirds, congressmen, judges, diplomats, politicians, lobbyists, army and navy officers and Government *employés* and their families consti-



THE CAPITOL.



MOUNT VERNON. — HOME OF WASHINGTON.

tute a majority. There is besides a large and rapidly increasing number of winter residents, people of wealth and leisure who have nothing to do with politics or the Government. The scientists of the departments are so numerous and so able that there can no longer be any doubt as to the location of the scientific center of America. There are no laboring people — in the common sense of that word — inasmuch as there are no industries and no commerce. The combination of the above-mentioned elements produces an atmosphere first of all cosmopolitan and second democratic; it cannot in the nature of the case be local, provincial or even distinctly or narrowly national. Politics and society are the foci of its activity, and these two continually overlap although the extent to which politics have coarsened society has just as certainly been grossly exaggerated by the novelists and newspapers as has the brilliance and costliness of living in the Capital by the popular imagination. "Society in New York," says a recent critic who has had wide opportunities for observation in both cities, "is more dashing, exacting, costly than in Washington, but it occupies less space in the public eye."

Washington, beautiful as it is, is not a finished city. But if everything is not yet done, there is fortunately almost nothing that needs to be undone or done over — a thing that can hardly be said of another city in the New World or the Old. It is not a "finished city," but it is ready for the finish. And now that the American people are at last thoroughly alive to the fact that they have a Capital, there is no reason why it should not ultimately take as proud a position among capital cities as the United States has already taken among the nations of the world.



TURIN.

IN a beautiful plain of North Italy, surrounded by the Alps, lying on the Po at its confluence with a smaller stream, both rivers being spanned by noble arched stone bridges, approached from the west by a splendid avenue, one of the largest and finest in Europe, few cities have a finer approach or a more imposing effect than has Turin although its magnificence is mostly of recent date.

In the modern city the monotony of the broad streets intersecting at right angles is relieved by the lofty houses, many with rich, sculptured façades and beautiful decorations, while ever and anon, through the long vistaed streets break glorious glimpses of the Graian and Cottian Alps and sunny hills, lending a touch of brightness and beauty to the walls and arcaded streets of the capital of Piedmont.

For a city of such ancient lineage, Turin possesses few heirlooms; few Italian cities are so poor in ancient buildings; but, to balance this lack, its modern edifices are numerous and magnificent.

The ancient castle, the Palazzo Madama in the center of the great Square of the Piazza Castello, the heart of the town, is the only mediæval structure of which Turin can boast; its beginnings date from the thirteenth century when it was erected by William of Montserrat.

In the Royal Palace is the most interesting Royal Armory: where flags, armor, swords and all the cumbrous war-machinery of the Middle Ages are displayed. Another palace contains the Picture Gallery, which is later in date and distinctly inferior to those of most Italian cities.

A favorite promenade is the New Public Garden, which is thronged by a merry Italian crowd, especially in the evenings. Nor must the University, a large and magnificent building, with its students numbering nearly one thousand, eight hundred, be forgotten.

Turin's wealth, which is great, is derived chiefly from her silk-manufacture, which employs a vast number of hands. Wine and liquors, fruit and corn are also staple articles of trade, and the industry and perseverance of her inhabitants has caused Turin readily to recover from the losses inflicted by war and the removal of the Court.

Turin has been the focus for the Italian struggles for unity and liberty; many handsome statues of her heroes adorn the spacious streets and courts: chief among which is the monument to Count Cavour, erected by the grateful city of his birth in 1873. Its motto, "a free church in a free state," balanced by statues of Justice, Duty, Policy and Independence, well represents the spirit of United Italy, whose mouthpiece has been the brave city of Turin.

MINNEAPOLIS.

IN 1855 there was no Minneapolis. To-day it is a city of two hundred thousand people, famous for its enterprise, its beauty and its healthful climate. It has miles of busy streets, acres of saw mills, flour mills and iron foundries, four large parks, a magnificent system of boulevards, palatial residences, the Minnesota State University and suburbs with such charming bits of natural scenery as Lake Minnetonka and the Falls of Minnehaha — a city New England in its make-up and its spirit, "a new Boston in the region of the lakes."

If it were incumbent upon one to name the factors which have contributed most to the extraordinary development of Minneapolis, the three that would first suggest themselves would be: the Falls of St. Anthony, the wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota, and the invention of a new method of purifying middlings.



CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE.

The Falls of St. Anthony make a total descent of eighty-two feet within the city limits, twenty-five feet in a single plunge, the other fifty-seven in rapids. They make a superb water-power, for the utilization and preservation of which everything has been done that mechanical skill can do. A dam has been built some distance above, to which a boom for logs is attached, and still further up reservoirs have been provided in which, during the flooded season, water is stored for consumption during the summer droughts. Even the falls themselves have been covered with planking to prevent the erosion of the bed rock. These devices have marred much of the original beauty of the turbulent stream, but it still presents — at least in spring and winter — a marvellous spectacle for the heart of a great city. The Falls of St. Anthony have come to be as inseparable from every mental picture of Minneapolis as the Thames from London or the Seine from Paris.

The wheat lands which pour their harvests into Minneapolis are without a rival on the continent in richness and extent. Minnesota alone is larger than all New England; and Minnesota and Dakota together are equal to three and one half New Englands. Their combined annual wheat product is over seventy-five million bushels. Some of this product goes to St. Paul and more still to Duluth, but so long as her water-power continues unimpaired, Minneapolis is sure of its quota. But neither her water-power nor her position relative to the wheat fields would have sufficed to give Minneapolis her present enviable prosperity had it not been for the discovery of a new method of bolting by which the most nutritive portions of the wheat kernel were saved. These cling closely to the bran and had formerly been waste. The invention was made by a Frenchman in 1860, but it was not until 1871 that Ex-Governor Washburn of Wisconsin introduced it into the Minneapolis mills. It completely revolutionized the milling industry. At that time Minnesota wheat sold for thirty cents a bushel less than that of Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. But now, after a little, when the new process has itself been improved upon by Minneapolis millers and has become well-nigh perfect in its adaptations, Minnesota and Dakota hard spring



MINNEAPOLIS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

wheat out-sells all others. In the meantime, Minneapolis flour has earned the reputation of being the best flour in the market and Minneapolis has grown to be one of the largest wheat and grain markets in the United States, and the largest flour manufacturing city in the world.

Minneapolis has also the distinction of having the two largest flour milling firms, the Pillsbury and the Washburn. The Pillsbury A Mill is the pride of the city, of the whole Northwest in fact. From twenty-four thousand bushels of wheat it turns out every day five thousand, two hundred barrels of flour which are packed and loaded at the rate of eight per minute or five hundred and twenty per hour. In four days its out-put would load an ocean steamer.

Of less importance than the flour mills, but second to them only in their relations to the business life of the city, are the Minneapolis saw-mills. They number more than a score and turn out annually more than three hundred million feet of lumber.



THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

In spite of its rapidity, the growth of the "Floury City" has been no mushroom growth, and its prosperity is no mushroom prosperity. Energy and integrity have gone hand in hand from the beginning and so far at least as the markets of the world are concerned the name "Minneapolis" is a synonym for the best.

BRISTOL.

UNLIKE many commercial towns whose chief interest is in their shipping and commerce, Bristol possesses an ancient and antique flavor all her own, a mingled essence compounded of the salt sea and the mould of antiquity, so that the sentimental tourist labors under an embarrassment of riches.

What shall he first visit? Shall it be the ancient Cathedral which was begun as an Augustine Abbey in 1142, with its most beautiful Norman Chapter-House, now the only remnant of the original church, and its elder Lady Chapel begun in 1210? Good King Hal, who founded the bishopric in 1542, would knit his sturdy brows to find the changes from Norman to Early English and Perpendicular Gothic that this Cathedral exhibits to-day, unique as it is, among all English Cathedrals for its high arched vaulting and its singular flying arches across the aisles. Or, shall the tourist, casting a withered flower on the monument of Bishop Butler whose "Analogy" made his early schoolboy days a dream of horror, emerge on the Cathedral's west side and linger a moment at the beautiful Norman archway of the College Gate belonging to the old Abbey buildings? Perhaps that little gem of Early English, St. Mark's Church with its curious old



COMING INTO PORT.

monuments and radiant stained glass will draw him across the way, or St. James, one of the oldest Norman churches in Bristol, will lead him a still longer chase.

High above all, even above the Cathedral itself, towers the lofty spire (two hundred and eighty-five feet high) of St. Mary Redcliffe, visible as soon as the station is left. To-day, in its grass-grown close, it stands peerless as an example of rich Perpendicular Gothic.

Bristol's shipping trade to-day is great and imposing; in 1886, vessels entered her port with an aggregate burden of 1,343,962 tons; they bore rich freight of sugar, rum, coffee, tobacco from the West Indies, with wool, turpentine, hemp, timber, wine and brandy from the United States and France.

In return for this rich freight of wines and brown sugar the old Cathedral city sends out its manufactures of soap, tobacco, leather, boots and shoes, glass and brass, copper and iron, cotton, and refined sugar, formerly its staple commodity. No doubt it is obliged to send goodly quantities of sugar to sweeten its chocolate, for Fry's chocolate and cocoa factory which employs eleven hundred hands is to-day one of the greatest of Bristol's manufacturing industries.

But Bristol ancient is more interesting than Bristol modern; though the two are closely linked. Half-way between the Floating Harbor and the streets of Corn and Wine, lies the quaint, narrow little street of Mary-le-Port, with its old-fashioned houses with their high gables, many still dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At the end of the street lies the beautiful Gothic pile of St. Peter's Hospital begun in the twelfth century; near by stands St. Peter's Church, the mother-church of Bristol.

From the narrow picturesque streets of Bristol, where St. Augustine is said to have preached, where Cromwell razed the castle in which Queen Matilda imprisoned King Stephen, within whose Blue-Coat Colston School poor Chatterton shivered, where David Hume "clerked it" in 1734, where Sebastian Cabot was the first governor of the "Merchant Venturers" still existing, where Robert Hall lies buried, and where tablets are erected to the memory of Southey, Hugh Conway of "Called Back" fame and Mary Carpenter, all Bristol born: it is somewhat of a breathing relief to emerge into the beautiful and high-lying suburb of Clifton.

For a breath of the fresh west sea-breeze and a glimpse of the villas of the well-to-do Bristolians we hie ourselves to the breezy Clifton Downs. Here on the west we see the fair Avon

flowing through the picturesque gorge of St. Vincent's, the rocky chasm spanned by a noble suspension bridge of seven hundred feet span, two hundred and fifty feet above the rushing stream. Hard by are the remains of British earthworks with their Roman improvements. Or, if we think a live empress is better than a dead Roman, we can return and visit the Royal York Crescents in Clifton, where the Empress Eugénie spent much of her school-life.

ST. PAUL.

IF I were to live on the Mississippi, I would live here," said the famous Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer, writing from St. Paul, during her visit of several years ago. St. Paul existed only in outline then. Nothing has been lost and much has been added since to its attractions as a place of residence. Not the least of these is its beautiful location. Its four terraces overlook the rolling Minnesota prairies, lakes Elmo and Como and a score of others, and the rivers Mississippi and St. Croix. The ambitious city — itself a thing of beauty with magnificent business blocks, apartment houses, palace hotels and government buildings — has resolutely climbed all the terraces and is now hurrying across the plateau beyond. On this plateau are the finest residences of the city. Summit Avenue (two hundred feet wide) which runs along its ridge is unquestionably the most splendid avenue in the whole new Northwest. It is a veritable crown of palaces for the brow of this fair and queenly city. Residences cover the next lower terrace also. The first and second, however, are mostly given up to business.

Sanitary statistics show St. Paul to be the healthiest city in the United States, a fact easily accounted for by its almost perfect natural drainage, its pure water supply drawn from the clearest of the lakes with which the whole State is honeycombed, and its cool, dry, bracing atmosphere. This exceptional healthfulness is another inducement and a strong one to residence.



THE STATE CAPITOL, ST. PAUL.

The people of St. Paul have an abundance of that indomitable pluck and energy which has come to be denominated "New England," and can point to prosperous churches, admirable public schools and growing colleges; at the same time they have in full measure the social expansiveness and hospitality of New York and the Southern States from which many of them have come.

But all these things, important as they are, have had and are having comparatively little influence in building up the city. The West is pre-eminently devoted to business, and St. Paul is, like every other city in this section, the child of business opportunities. It is the head of river navigation on the Mississippi and the natural focus of the transportation system of the entire Northwest. Without mentioning freight, it is enough to say that two hundred and sixty thousand passenger cars carry about six million passengers over its roads every year, an average of twenty thousand per day. Jobbing has been its specialty from the first, and the last twenty years have witnessed a marvelous increase in the extent of it. In 1870, no exclusively wholesale house had been established, and the jobbing trade amounted to only ten million dollars. In 1880, it was forty million dollars, in 1885, eighty-four million dollars, and in 1888, over one hundred million dollars.

Manufactures are a very recent development; they were of little importance up to 1884, and yet in 1887, twenty thousand men were employed in the production of thirty-six million dollars' worth of manufactured goods at the same time that thirty-five new establishments with a combined capital of six million dollars were being got under headway.

St. Paul history has few important dates. In 1838, seven adventurers took up claims upon its present site. It was incorporated as a town in 1849, as a city in 1854, and was made the State capital in 1858. Its name was derived from a mission church that a Jesuit, Father Galtier, built in 1842, and there is a tradition that this early period was marked by a bitter rivalry with Stillwater, which bade fair to be the larger city. And this is the same St. Paul whose real estate sales for 1887 aggregated seventy-five million dollars, and whose new buildings in that year cost twelve million dollars!

Minneapolis and St. Paul touch in their municipal boundaries. Their business centers are but ten miles apart. The intervening space is occupied by the colleges, public buildings and citizen residences of each. It is impossible to contemplate their growth without a conviction that at no distant day, the rival cities will be one city, and that city the metropolis of the Northwest.



ST. PAUL FROM PROSPECT TERRACE.



VIEW OF SYDNEY.

SYDNEY.

THE oldest city in Amsterdam, Sydney, though outstripped by Melbourne, is still a great and growing city, the capital of the British Colony of New South Wales and the center of a large and rapidly-increasing trade. To one who imagines that a city in the Antipodes is necessarily a raw and heterogeneous town such a place as Sydney will prove both a surprise and an inspiration. It is, says Dr. Wight, a recent visitor at this Australian metropolis, "a beautiful city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, including the suburbs. Its harbor, opening out of the Pacific Ocean by a safe channel, two miles wide, with its deep fiords running far and wide into the high rocky shore, containing two hundred miles of navigable waters, with its villa-studded islands and peninsulas is, perhaps, the finest in all the world." The city is modern in every way, and contains no suggestions of the convict settlement of Botany Bay in which it had its beginnings a hundred years ago. "A magnificent park," says Dr. Wight, "botanical and zoölogical gardens, elegant theaters, imposing public buildings, costly churches, massive warehouses, sumptuous residences, hospitals and institutions of learning, attractive suburbs, well-appointed clubs, and refined society make Sydney a charming place of sojourn for the weary traveler." Fashion has its home in the east, business at the west, and manufacturing in the southern part of the city, which has an area of two thousand and seven hundred acres, with scarcely any part of the town a mile distant from the water. Sydney is the home of many extensive and growing industries, its climate is most agreeable, the spring being especially delightful with balmy air and an endless profusion of gorgeous flowers.

ANTWERP.



CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP.

PICTURESQUE and delightful, the ancient city of Antwerp on the Scheldt, dating from the seventh century, is one of the most interesting cities of the Low Countries. Like Venice it has seen better days; under Charles the Fifth its commerce blossomed like the rose: thousands of vessels lay in the Scheldt at one time, while the great fairs held in the city attracted merchants from all parts of the world.

Those were glorious days for Antwerp; Venice herself with all her glory, did not equal her northern rival in commerce or splendor.

To-day this strongly fortified town, defended by massive ramparts almost fifteen miles in length, preserves much of its ancient, picturesque appearance. Once a fief of the Duchy of Brabant, now the principal seaport town of Belgium, its commercial aspect fortunately but adds to its artistic interest. Its numerous churches, spacious convents, its magnificent public buildings (chief among which is the splendid marble Hôtel de Ville, with its Salle Leys, whose decorations give the history of the town, the fine Gothic Bourse, in the style of the first Exchange built in 1531, and the Hall of the Hanse Towns), its elaborate and extensive fortifications, some of them erected by order of the Duke of Alva, and only recently dismantled—all these give a distinguished air to the town. Add to these, the number of beautiful squares with which the city is adorned, and let stately antique-looking houses with their curious Dutch gables and brilliant bricks look down upon long streets shaded by a profusion of beautiful trees, and, even though many of the streets are tortuous and irregular, rivalling those of our own Boston-town, the general effect is pleasing.

Above all, the splendid Gothic Cathedral, the most beautiful in the Netherlands, bordering on the Place Verte attracts the traveler. Begun in 1352, it has only recently been completed; its "long-drawn aisles and spreading vaults" supported by one hundred and twenty-five splendid pillars, its stained-glass windows, its richly-sculptured marble altars and its wonderful Rubens religious pictures—all this is worth a long journey to see.

Rising to the height of four hundred and two feet is the wonderful tower begun by Hans Amel, the first architect of the Cathedral. "It is as delicate and beautiful as a piece of rare Mechlin lace," said Napoleon; "It should be preserved under a glass case," said another great soldier, Charles the Fifth.

In the extensive Museum, once an old monastery, the finest works of the Flemish School are shown; the home of Rubens, Antwerp is brilliant with his canvases. In the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Jacques, beside many high-born lords and ladies, his family lies buried under a splendid altar. In the splendid Place de Meir, the finest street in Antwerp, hard by the Royal Palace, rises the richly decorated house of Rubens, the original design made by the great painter himself. Here Rubens died in 1640, but unfortunately the house has been too much restored.

To see Antwerp from all sides, after the ascent of the Cathedral Tower, where from the top of the six hundred and twenty-two steps in clear weather, the spires of Malines and Bruges and Ghent can be seen glistening, it is well to view the city from the Scheldt along which extend the handsome and busy quays which Napoleon the Great constructed in 1802. From here, the spires and the gabled roofs of the city with its foreground forest of masts, look extremely picturesque, although the "march of improvement" is sweeping away some of its characteristic attractions. Near the great docks, which cost Napoleon thirteen million francs, a clatter and chatter of all kinds of tongues can be heard; bronzed sailors from all over the globe pass and repass in the neighborhood of one of the "finest harbors in the world.' In 1878 nearly five thousand ships entered the harbor with a tonnage of over two million. Steamships ply to England and New York; black silks and velvets, lace and carpets are sent abroad from her looms, and in return her trade in hides is very extensive. Down by the docks, Antwerp's wealthy past, her downfall under the Spanish power and her later desolation in the memorable siege of 1833—all seem forgotten in this tide of returning prosperity which did not begin until 1863, when she again obtained from Holland her maritime rights on the Scheldt.

To-day the lines of the old Flemish monk seem about to come true again: "Brussels rejoices in noble men, Antwerp in money;" and those who have loved and visited this quaint old Flemish city cannot but rejoice in her growing prosperity.

BUCHAREST.

PICTURESQUE as to location and surrounding, laid in a hollow on the River Dimbovetza, a tributary of the Danube, green with a profusion of foliage and gleaming with domes and minarets stands Bucharest or Bukuresci, "City of Joy." It is the capital of Roumania, occupies an area of over twenty square miles and is the home of more than two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its streets are irregular and unpaved, cafés and coffee-gardens abound, droshkys in summer and sledges in winter are the chief methods of city travel, though a horse railroad has recently been laid by an English company. The city is lighted with gas, the manufacturing industries are slight, but the foreign merchants of the town do a considerable business. The city boasts of a fine theater and academy, but the other public buildings are of small account. Bucharest is the residence of the prince and the seat of a bishop, but the palace is an almost insignificant building and few of the churches are notable. Society is exclusive and clannish, the different nationalities drawing sharp social lines. The population is made up of Boyars, Transylvanians, Russians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Gypsies and Jews with the foreign merchants—Germans, Greeks, Frenchmen and Swiss. The Boyars are the aristocratic and dominant "caste."

MILWAUKEE.

THE first thing about Wisconsin's greatest city — Milwaukee — to attract the attention of the visiting stranger is that which has won for it its most popular *sobriquet* of "The Cream City" — *alias* "The Blonde Beauty of the Lakes," to employ the felicitous phraseology of one of her ambitious and poetic paragraphers — namely, the prevalence of cream-colored brick in both residences and business blocks. This common use of an uncommon material recommends itself to the artistic eye, not only because it is the mark of a very real individuality — of itself a desirable thing — but because it also lends an aspect of inexpressible cheerfulness, and is an element of a truly beautiful contrast in the summer, when the abundant green of the lawns and the foliage of the shade trees in the streets, parks and gardens throw it into a sunny relief.

The dockage rendered necessary by Milwaukee's lake trade is partly furnished by the crescent-shaped shore of Milwaukee Bay, and partly by the three rivers which split up the city into sections — the Milwaukee, Menomonee and Kinnickinnic. If a city which has several lively business nuclei can be said to have a business center at all it would probably be located in what is generally known as the "West Side" at the lower end of Grand Avenue, a street whose extension toward the suburbs is the great winter drive, the Brighton Road of Milwaukee.

The glory of the East Side, the residence district *par excellence*, is Prospect Avenue, a noble roadway running along a line of bluffs that overlook the waters of the lake. The bulk of the manufacturing is done on the "South Side," and here in close proximity to their work most of the laborers live. Their neat villages of cottage homes are not the least attractive of the city's sights. These people are mostly Germans as are also very many of the most influential men of affairs. In fact, Milwaukee comes very near being a German city. In 1885, according to the State Census, it had a population of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand. Of these over forty-eight thousand were native-born Germans, and almost as many more were of German descent. Thus what may fairly be classed as the German element was nearly two thirds the whole. It certainly speaks well for the character of the Germans as citizens that they have built and maintained so fair and prosperous a city. Milwaukee is, according to the latest statistics, the most orderly city in the United States: it is also thirteenth in population, tenth in manufactures and first in the average cost of its dwellings and in the proportion of them owned by their occupants — a city of homes, therefore, in a more vital sense than any that has the traditional reputation of it. This is the place of which Henry George, the labor agitator, frankly admitted that a careful search had failed to reveal any poverty, and with which a somewhat fastidious Eastern author was so favorably impressed on a recent visit as to say: "The general impression of Milwaukee is that it is a city of much wealth and a great deal of comfort, with a settled, almost conservative, feeling like an Eastern city and a a charming, cultivated social life with the grace and beauty that are common to American society anywhere."

Brewing is at once the greatest and most conspicuous Milwaukee industry, its product for 1889 being almost ten and a half million dollars. A single brewery here, the largest in the world, has a capacity of eight hundred thousand barrels a year; 1,537,500 kegs and fourteen million bottles — the corks alone cost seventy-eight thousand dollars — was its actual output for 1889. This necessitated the consumption of seven hundred and ninety-four thousand pounds of hops, one million, two hundred thousand bushels of malt, 2,029,300 pounds of rice and 24,735 tons of coal; and, during the same period, its huge refrigerating machines produce the equivalent of two hundred and ninety-two million pounds of ice. The buildings cover ten acres and have a total floor space of twenty-seven acres. It is well worth a trip to Milwaukee just to see the wonderful labor-saving appliances and perfect order of this monster brewery.

Packing is next in importance to brewing. Ten million dollars' worth of packed meats were sold in 1889, of which eight million dollars represented pork. The largest pork-packing establishment in the world is located in Milwaukee. Among other colossal single establishments should be mentioned the largest mill-machinery factory and the largest vinegar works in the world. The iron and flour mills, machine shops, tanneries, and clothing and wooden ware factories average about five million dollars each per year. These several items plus those of packing and brewing


The Library Building
Layton Art Gallery.
Juneau Monument.
The Water Tower.
Light Horse Squadron Armory
Court House.
Normal and Public Schools.
Grand Avenue.

equal over fifty million dollars more than half the entire manufactured product. In the matter of flour there was an increase of 313,011 barrels from 1886 to 1889, and thereby Milwaukee has stepped into the place of St. Louis as the second flour city in the country.

The accession of one hundred and ten thousand people to the population and of forty-five million dollars to the value of real estate between 1880 and 1889 is sufficient to indicate the exceptional prosperity of the last decade, while the seven million dollars of new buildings, ten million dollars of real estate sales, ninety-four million dollars of jobbing, one hundred million dollars of manufactures, two hundred and fifty-four million dollars of bank clearances for 1890, exhibit the prosperity of a past so close to the present as to be in effect an instantaneous record. Milwaukee is advancing along every possible line. Like the drummer boy in Napoleon's army she has never learned to beat a retreat.



VIEW OF ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA.

OUT of the mellowest of sunsets, wrote Mark Twain, telling of his oriental sight-seeing, rose the domes and minarets of Alexandria — a beautiful city and an Egyptian one, but too much like a European city to be novel. And it is modern — for Egypt — for it only dates back to the days of Alexander the Great, three hundred years before Christ.

The modern city stands on a peninsula and is neither striking in appearance nor attractive in its surroundings. The Turkish quarter is filthy and meanly-built, with irregular and narrow streets; the French quarter is much like a European city, with handsome streets and squares and excellent shops. The public buildings and offices are on the Great Square and among the principal buildings are the palace of the pasha, the naval arsenal, the naval and military hospitals, custom house, bourse, theaters, mosques, churches and convents. The population has grown during the present century from six thousand to over two hundred and fifty thousand, but in the old days of its Greek supremacy Alexandria had a population of over six hundred thousand.

BELFAST



AT BELFAST DOCKS.

A RAPIDLY-GROWING modern city, whose population of 208,122 shows an increase of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants since 1841, Belfast owes its development and growth to a great extent to its extensive linen trade. It is the great depot for the North of Ireland, and is also the chief seat of manufactures of cotton and linen. The growth and trade in the flax of Ireland in comparison to the size of the country is only rivalled by that of Belgium and Holland, all three countries having the moist climate which is necessary for successful flax-culture.

Much of the Irish flax is consumed in its raw state in the United States, which is not able to produce and prepare this fibre to advantage, owing to the greater cost of labor in America. Its growth has been encouraged in Great Britain by fines imposed upon the farmer (as early as 1532) if he did not grow it, and the English government has vigorously discouraged all other branches of manufacture in Ireland except linen. As early as the end of the seventeenth century, Parliament prohibited poor Ireland from exporting her woolen goods anywhere except to England, and laid such a heavy prohibitory duty on their importation in England itself that the woolen trade of Ireland was ruined. This built up the Protestant flax-spinners in the North of Ireland; while the Catholics, engaged in other industries, suffered materially. For a hundred years government gave a bounty to encourage the flax industry in Ireland. The imports of raw flax into Belfast in 1848 were 4,665 tons, in 1854, 8,986 and in 1862 (the most recent report) 10,965 tons. When one considers the enormous quantity of materials in which linen plays a component part, the threads, twines, yarns, linens ducks, canvas for sails, fish-lines, seines and gill-nets, not to mention the articles of luxury, such as laces, fine embroideries, batistes, fine handkerchiefs, etc., and remembers that $33,807,283 of flax goods were imported into the United States in 1877, on which a duty of nearly ten million dollars was paid, he may form some conception of the vastness of this industry. In 1880, nearly one hundred and sixty thousand acres in Ireland were devoted to the growth of flax, and about twenty-five thousand tons of fibre valued at nearly eight million dollars were produced, Ireland standing sixth in the flax-producing countries of the world.

Attractive from a business point of view, with regular, spacious, well-paved and lighted streets, Belfast is a pleasing modern city, with nothing especially striking about it. The square tower, one hundred and forty feet high erected to the memory of the Prince Consort in 1870, is perhaps the most striking architectural feature.

Unlike many Irish cities, Belfast is industrious and thrifty, and what is perhaps better than picturesque, she is wide-awake and enterprising.

PALERMO.



A GIRL OF PALERMO.

PALERMO, the ancient Panoramus of the Phœnicians, with its quarter million population of to-day, seems to the eyes of Mr. Wakeman, one of its latest visitors, "to be one of the brightest and most beautiful cities of Europe." We borrow his words in description of the sea-washed city.

"Beautiful as is the winsome city itself, its site is far more lovely and enchanting. At the northwestern extremity of Sicily, huge precipices throw protecting arms nearly around Palermo on the north. These almost mountainous heights to the right and left descend to the sea in delicate lines and with tints of rarest tone. Between the headlands lies the deep and dreamful harbor: then the city on a gently-rising plain; behind this, encircled by a vast mountain-capped loop, shaped almost precisely like the horseshoe arch of the Moors, stretches far and far away that most famous of all Italian valleys, Conca d'Oro, known to translation as the Valley of the Golden Shell.

"Palermo itself is bright, dainty, splendid in architecture, in promenade and garden, in balcony, gallery, monument and fountain, and in all the lightsomeness of figure, habit and expression which distinguish the more southern of the Latin peoples, especially when wedded with the exuberance and elation which prosperity and prideful consciousness in surrounding always entail. Intersecting the city at right angles are two magnificent thoroughfares, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, a perfectly straight northeast and southwest street: and Strada Macqueda, running from the northwest to the southeast in a straight line. The northeast terminal of the Corso touches the splendid bay: and at the intersection of the two, the business, social and geographic center of the city, is a spacious octagonal, circus-shaped space known as the Quattro Cantoni. The façade of this comprises a magnificent series of piazzas adorned with massive colonnades and superb statues. Noble gates stand at the four terminals of the Corso and the Strada Macqueda, as well as those of many other important thoroughfares within the four very nearly equal quarters thus formed, from any portion of which divisions the main arteries of the city are easily reached.

"So, mountains encircle and protect in the rear: a vast and fruitful valley of bloom and perfume stretches from the city's gates; then the bright and beautiful city descends gently to a

noble harbor side: and, as if to perfect the loveliness of the entire scene, art in the splendid Marina — the most gigantic and massive sea-drive and promenade possessed by any European city — to the right, and nature in the precipitous cliffs called Monte Pellegrino, to the left, join in forming at once the most beautiful and glorious harbor entrance to be found on any European shores."

"The architecture as well as the dialect of Sicily is a mixture of Greek, Arabic, Norman and Spanish. Nowhere else is this more noticeable than in Palermo, whose streets disclose most curious composite of structures, though the effect is always extremely bright and interesting, if never artistically wholly satisfying.

"While the shops and cafés are very beautiful, the street façades above present a grotesque commingling of sunken galleries like cloisters, colonnaded fronts of the most classic severity, and projecting balconies as graceful and delicate as may anywhere be found in Southern Spain. At all hours of the day the streets, which for the most part are exceedingly narrow, swarm with priests, officers, nobles and picturesque mountaineers, with every manner of the lowly city folk of the south; while carpenters, tailors, coopers, cobblers, locksmiths and the various petty artisans, unconcerned for the comfort of pedestrians, pursue their several vocations with delightful conscious importance entirely outside their shop-doors, gossiping, whistling and singing, adding much to the picturesque confusion of the thoroughfares.

"Of the hundreds of religious edifices of great age and exceeding interest in and about Palermo, the stranger will linger longest at the church and monastery of Santo Spirito, famous as the scene of the sad tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers, on March 30, 1282; the huge convent of San Martino and cathedral of Monreale, built by William the Second to outrival the greatest religious edifices of northern Europe; the Royal Chapel, with its marvellous mosaics, finished in 1132: the interesting Saracenic relics of La Cuba and La Zisa; and the magnificent cathedral (Il Duomo) with its mighty sarcophagi where repose the ashes of the royal Normans, King Roger the First, his daughter Constantia, and Emperor Frederick the Second."

KANSAS CITY.

IN 1880, when the last national census was taken, Kansas City had fifty-five thousand inhabitants and was thus practically on a par with Lowell, Worcester and Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Troy and Syracuse, New York. In 1887 its population was one hundred and seventy-five thousand: to-day it has at least two hundred thousand inhabitants and has earned a right to be classed as one of the "Great Cities of the World." For the fifty years between 1830 and 1880 there was an average yearly addition to its numbers of one thousand, one hundred: for the seven years between 1880 and 1887, the average was seventeen thousand; that is, a year of the last period was more than equal to fifteen years of the first, and three of the last to almost the whole of the first. At the close of these same periods the property valuation was thirteen million dollars and fifty-three million dollars respectively, so that in this particular one year of the new was worth twenty-one years of the old.

The causes of the comparative sluggishness of its first half century are the same which have held back many other southern cities, namely, slavery and the conservatism of a farming population. The causes of its sudden advance are those that have boomed the other new cities of the West but which are only just beginning to reach the South with electric power — the building of railways and the development of agricultural and mineral resources.

Kansas City is situated in the State of Missouri at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, just where the Missouri by turning abruptly eastward ceases to be the western boundary

line of the State. It is the national commercial metropolis of a large and rich country embracing southwestern Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Indian Territory, northern Arkansas and northern Texas. Fifteen railway lines including many thousand miles of track (of which 4515 miles were laid in a single year, 1887) connect it with these and other States. The flats bordering the rivers are occupied by manufactories, stock-yards and the railway terminals. Back of these flats rise a series of ridges and these are nearly covered already with solidly built, handsome houses and business blocks with others in process of erection, it being almost impossible to build fast enough to house newcomers. Cable cars connect them with the busy world of the flats below. Kansas City, across the river in Kansas, made up of the towns of Wyandotte, Armourdale, Armstrong and Riverview and containing over forty thousand inhabitants, is more level and therefore more desirable for manufactories and stockyards. It is connected with Kansas City, Missouri, by an unique elevated railway. A bridge 1387 feet long, resting on seven piers, also crosses the Missouri at this point.

Kansas City makes one fourth of all the farming tools used in the United States and is easily the first city in the country in this respect; fifteen million dollars' worth was its product for 1887.

It is an important coal and grain market, the second live-stock market in the country and so the first west of Chicago showing receipts, for 1887, of six hundred and seventy thousand cattle, two million, five hundred thousand hogs and two hundred and ten thousand sheep, representing an aggregate value of fifty-one million dollars. It is the first beef and the second pork packing city in the world. In 1887, one packing-house alone slaughtered 195,993 cattle and 1,907,164 hogs.

Kansas City has no parks and needs them lamentably. She has as yet paid very little attention to learning or the fine arts. It was not to be expected. She is a new city with as many of the merits and as few of the defects of newness as any western city has had. Business is everything at present; culture must bide its time. But when Kansas City "once does take hold of culture in dead earnest, she will make it hum."

LOUISVILLE.



THE site of the first settlement of Louisville is now no more. Corn Island, on which General George Rogers Clark landed a little band of colonists in 1778, was for many years a favorite resort for barbecues, picnics, barn-dances, camp-meetings and fish-parties, but the Ohio has swept it down stream bit by bit until New Orleans owns more of it than Louisville, all that is left to the latter being its rocky bottom. The Eastern colonies were in the midst of their war for independence in that year of 1778. The contagion of their love of liberty had traveled even into the wildernesses of the then Far West. Here as there it was the dominating passion, and so as a tribute of gratitude to France who was helping in the fight, the new trading-post was named Louisville from the reigning king, Louis the Sixteenth. These early settlers were backwoodsmen — fearless hunters and trappers and Indian fighters like their prototype, Daniel Boone. They were model pioneers. Representatives of ancient and honorable Virginian families joined them later, and it is to this infusion without doubt, that the city is indebted for that "hereditary flavor of manners and fine living" which has since distinguished it.

Louisville has always been commercial, but it has lately awakened to a new life in this respect. The principal causes of this commercial *renaissance* are the working of the neglected coal and iron mines and the development of the agricultural resources of Kentucky as well as the building of

new railways. How great and how recent the change has been is indicated by the fact that the year 1887 showed an increase in trade and manufactures of from twenty to fifty per cent. over 1886, seventy-three new manufacturing concerns being established during that time, with a capital of $1,290,500. For the same year bank clearings were fifty million dollars more, and bituminous coal receipts 747,546 tons more than in 1886.

Louisville is the largest tobacco market in the world, whether bulk or variety be taken as the basis of comparison. Receipts and sales for 1887 were twice as much as those of its principal tobacco rival, Cincinnati, and more than those of any other three tobacco markets combined.

Nobody needs to be told that Kentucky has raised distilling to a fine art, and Louisville is the natural receiving and distributing point of the Kentucky stills. Tobacco and whiskey are her contributions to the luxuries of life; she also contributes largely to its necessities. Pork-packing, tanning and cement-making are very large industries. Agricultural tools and woolen goods are important products. She turns out annually seven million, five hundred thousand yards of Kentucky jeans and has the largest plough factory in the world. By her agency also over one hundred and twenty-five million feet of lumber from the hard-wood forests of Eastern Kentucky are put upon the market every year.

Louisville is often called "The Falls City," owing to the fact that at this part of its course the Ohio River makes a descent of twenty-two feet in two miles that renders navigation impossible. It was to these falls that Louisville owed its early importance as a trading point, it being its principal function in those days to unload, transfer and reload goods brought down on vessels above the falls to those below them. A canal, two and one half miles long, has for many years, however, made it possible to sail past without unloading.

The city is built along the southern bank of the Ohio one hundred and thirty miles below Cincinnati upon a broad plain which slopes gently away from the water, and although it has no public parks its unusual openness prevents this from being a great deprivation or a great discredit to its citizens. Its streets are laid out at right angles. Its avenues are broad, well paved and shaded, and bordered, in the southern portion especially, with hospitable-looking colonial mansions set in the midst of ample grounds — homes that make no pretense to being luxurious but are supremely comfortable. In fact, comfort is the prevailing note in this, the chief city of Kentucky, so far so that even the rush of business is not able to dominate it.

Louisville has always been celebrated for its politicians, orators and lawyers, also for its medical institutions, of which it has four besides a College of Pharmacy and a School of Pharmacy for women.

"A regular, cheerful city," was Charles Dickens' verdict on his first visit to America; "A fair, great city," Anthony Trollope called it several years later. To-day Louisville is fairer and cheerier and greater than ever and a new era of prosperity has only just begun.

SMYRNA.

"SMYRNA," says Charles Dudley Warner, "may be said to have a character of its own in not having any character of its own. One of the most ancient cities on the globe, it has no appearance of antiquity; containing all nationalities, it has no nationality; it is an Asiatic city with a European face; it produces nothing, it exchanges nothing; it is hospitable to all religions and conspicuous for none."

The city, with its Turkish quarter and its Frank quarter stretches from north to south along the Gulf of Smyrna. It is the home of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom one hundred thousand are Greeks and another hundred thousand Turks. It is the greatest commercial city in the Levant, is the terminus of the growing railway system of Anatolia and does a large export business in Turkish products and manufactures.



THE SHAH ENTERING TEHERAN.

TEHERAN.

A PLACE of bazaars and caravansaries, of baths and mosques, of mud-brick palaces and plain mud hovels, of *kanâts* and *mâdrasahs* — canals and colleges, Teheran, capital of Persia and home of the Shah, lies in the extreme northerly part of the Empire, not far from the Caspian Sea. A typical Persian town it has, however, of recent years taken on some of the signs of European progress and civilization, notably a few wide streets, gas, the telegraph and a more liberal system of education. The citadel encompasses the best portion of the city's public buildings, together with the palace of the Shah. From it to the outer walls run four principal thoroughfares. Among the city's notable buildings are the mosque of the King and the mosque of the King's mother — the Masgid-i-Shan and the Masjid-i-Madar-i-Shah — each with picturesque and handsome enameled fronts. The King's college stands in the middle of a gas-lighted square, the Tôp Maidan, and has some two hundred and fifty students, with European professors and courses of study in mathematics, engineering, military tactics, music, telegraphy, painting, Arabic, English, French and Russian. The noblest of Persian mountains — Demavend — gives picturesqueness and importance to Persia's otherwise uninteresting capital in which little is made, bought or sold that would seem to give the city any prominence apart from its political character as the residence of the Persian court.

The environs of the city are striking and picturesque, and are the resort or the homes of the few European inhabitants of the capital during Persia's heated term. These European residents are increasing as the capital of the old Persian autocracy grows more progressive and modern. There is also an increasing number of Armenian merchants and wage-earners in this old home of mystery and magic.

NOTTINGHAM.

CROWNING the summit of a precipitous rock high above the level of the meadows of the River Leen stands the picturesque castle of Nottingham. Here it guards the busy town that creeps up the sandstone rock-slopes at its feet. A fort in the time of the Danes, a castle in the days of William the Conqueror, from its sally-port frequent forays were made to repress the bold outlaws who roamed in Nottinghamshire and made Sherwood Forest their home. Here, in 1330, was Mortimer, the guilty favorite of Queen Isabelle, surprised by her enraged husband, Edward the Third; here Owen Glendower languished in imprisonment; here Charles the First in 1642 unfurled his royal standard and summoned his loyal followers. But the next year the grim Parliament seized it, and after being cared for by Colonel Hutchinson, during the Commonwealth, its old walls were demolished. But the Duke of Newcastle in 1674 began to rebuild it according to his own "forme and modell." Its new walls sheltered Princess Anne and Lady Churchill as they concerted measures to restore William of Orange. In the beginning of this century the distress of the poor and their hatred of the newly introduced machinery culminated in the Luddite riots, where the stocking-makers destroyed over one thousand of the stocking-frames in order to force their masters to improve their miserable condition. In these riots the castle was again somewhat injured, and in 1831 it suffered still more. An armed mob, furious at the Duke of Newcastle's opposition to the Reform Bill, stormed the heights and burned down most of the historic edifice.

To-day it has passed out of the hands of the Dukes into the hands of the people; bought by the Corporation of Nottingham, restored in palatial Renaissance style, its mass crowning the hill, it towers to-day as the Midland Counties Art Museum, where the artisan can learn the secrets of his trade. Its history is the history of the town that nestles at its feet; first, rapine and bloodshed, then the strong hand of power and kingly rule, then the quiet and peaceful pursuits of the arts and manufactures.

To-day in the vast hosiery works of I. R. Morley & Co., six thousand working men and women are busily employed tending the stocking-frames their grandfathers sought to destroy. In the sixteenth century the hand-knitting of stockings began; who could foresee its wonderful growth aided by machinery?

And the machine-made lace, begun scarcely a century ago when the point-net machine was invented, vies with, if it does not rival, the stocking trade. These trades, formerly carried on in the workmen's houses on a small scale, now occupy thousands in the large factories; the Nottingham Manufacturing Company, turning out lace curtains and piece lace as well as hosiery, employ almost as many hands as Morley, and the great depot for the sale of lace goods is Thomas Adams & Co. Silk, worsted and cotton are spun as well, wire, pins and brass goods are made, and the thirsty weavers of Nottinghamshire can wash the dust out of their throats with draughts of justly celebrated home-brewed ale. At their annual Goose Fair, the largest market-place in England, five and one half acres in extent, is thronged with a crowd of eager buyers and sellers; pretty girls lean out from the projecting second stories of the lofty houses somewhat in the style of Chester, for the houses project over the pavement and form an arcade supported by pillars, encircling the market-place which even in Henry the Eighth's time was called "the fairest without exception in all England."

Though the town in the older part is indifferently built, the streets narrow and the brick houses huddled together, the effect is picturesque, and some of the public buildings are imposing. The University College, with library, museum and laboratories, the Church of St. Mary's of Fifteenth Century Gothic and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Pugin's architecture are all imposing.

Only eight miles distant lies the Newstead Abbey, the home of the unfortunate Byron. When the poet's body was brought back from Greece, the Corporation of Nottingham and the nobility and gentry of the town received the body and attended it to its simple place of burial, the churchyard of Hucknall Torkard, half-way between Nottingham and Newstead. There under a simple marble slab marked but with title, date and age rest the remains of the poet.



VIEW OF MONTEVIDEO.

MONTEVIDEO.

"MONTEVIDEO," says Mr. Ford, a visitor to this South American city in 1890, "is neither quaint like Bahia nor picturesque like Rio, but it is modern and handsome. The city is seen to excellent advantage from the harbor; the cathedral, churches and public buildings standing on high ground along the crest of the peninsula, and the warehouses and shops receding tier by tier to the sea-walls of the water-front. This favorable impression is increased when the customs line has been passed, and the traveler is fairly in the town. The streets are wide, well-paved, amply lighted and compactly built up. The architecture is modern and massive. Granite and Italian marbles are used in the handsome building fronts. Portuguese tiles are seen only in the oldest quarters of the town. Plaster fronts, so common in Brazil, are replaced with fine building stone, much of which is quarried in the Uruguay Hills. The streets are laid out with as much regularity as those of the upper portions of New York.

The leading thoroughfare, known as the Julio, and recording a date of patriotic memory, is as much finer than the Ouvidor of Rio as Broadway is more impressive than William Street, New York. It leads through three plazas or squares. On the first of these stands the cathedral, a massive building with two towers and impressive architectural effects. On another side is the showy Uruguay club house, with statuary to match that of the cathedral. Close at hand is the chief opera house and theater of the town, and the handsomest and most tasteful building which I have seen on the Atlantic coast of South America. A few blocks farther on is a plaza, surrounded on four sides by Government and other buildings, with continuous lines of colonnades and arcades — a unique and striking effect. The trees in these squares are all young, and time will be required for obtaining from them shade and for freshness of color in contrast with the marble and granite of the impressive façades. A third plaza with a graceful column surrounded with a statue of Liberty is in the heart of the city. All the way from the cathedral the Julio is lined with handsome shops, in which European goods are attractively displayed.

"Montevideo is as modern in its manner of life as in its architectural aspects. An atmosphere of healthful bustle and activity pervades its streets. There are street-cars trundling in every thoroughfare, the musical horns of the conductor being heard long past midnight and in the earliest hours of the morning. Handsome carriages and cabs are in the streets. The wide sidewalks are thronged with a busy, energetic and thrifty population. There is a wide-awake and prosperous air

about the town that reminded me strongly of Boston, to which it bears a marked resemblance in topographical features and compactness of construction. But Montevideo is European rather than American in its aspects and customs. It is a modern Spanish town, with glimpses of Italian architecture and refinement of taste, and with the commercial bustle and movement of Bremen or Hamburg. The banking quarter is as solid and enduring as the financial system of the country on the basis of gold. The custom-house is an institution conducted on modern principles and with a business intelligence that is lacking in Brazil. There is no dawdling in street or in shop. Men have work to do, and they do not waste time over it. The city belongs to the last decade of the nineteenth century, and not midway in the eighteenth, like many of the Brazilian towns."

PRAGUE.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, most eminent of "globe trotters," is often quoted as having called Prague the most beautiful inland city he had ever seen. If the quotation be not authentic it is certainly near the truth. Very few cities, whether inland or sea-girt, are worthy even to be compared with Prague for beauty. Its charm is half natural, half architectural; and the two factors so harmonize and enhance each other that it seems as though Nature had worked with a prophetic eye upon the artist, and the artist always with a grateful care for her.

On both sides of the wide and wooded Moldau, lies this ancient, historic, picturesque town; just where the stream makes a right-angled turn. Snugly nestled in this elbow lie the Alt and Neu Stadt, once wall-divided, now contiguous, but both hoary with antiquity and memories of the past. On the high hill of the Wissehrad in 874 was built Prague's first Christian church — the second in all Bohemia.

On the left precipitous bank of the Moldau, a tangled mass of fortifications, palaces, churches, with the effective, but unfinished, mass of the great cathedral towering over all, stands the royal *burg*. From this point, the Hradschin, the crown and pinnacle of Prague, the view is magnificent.

The palace-dotted hillside is in the foreground; in the middle distance rises the city proper; towers, spires, domes and turrets of every shape and size, with the river meandering between: the wooded hills of Bohemia, sculptured into most enchanting outlines; form a soft, harmonious background.

The city itself is full of varied architecture; Romanesque in part, Gothic still more; incongruous, it may be, from a severe architectural standpoint, but delightfully Bohemian, nevertheless — a Paradise for the water-color artist and a veritable "bonanza" for the young woman with a sketch-book. Color runs rampant everywhere. In the Thein-Kirche curious little sidewise spires sprout out of the two main spires, which are balanced in a delightfully insecure way over a great arcaded mass.

In this wild Bohemian country of Ziska, of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, where Wallenstein fought and Frederick the Great bombarded, where the earliest stronghold of Protestanism is to-day the most Catholic of Catholic cities, counting only three thousand Protestants among its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, every step is interesting historically as well as artistically.

But the tourist, if he be mortal, is forced to take his steps by proxy in a cab, for Prague's distances, like her lions, are immense. With a good Jehu, the Powder Tower, the relic of the Altstadt wall; the Rathhaus with its curious sixteenth century clock, near by the Grosser Ring Square where the great religious struggles took place and countless heretics were burned at the stake; the Carlsbrücke, named after Charles the Fourth who founded the famous University of Prague in the fourteenth century, may all be visited. The tower-capped end of the bridge facing the Altstadt is most picturesque.

From this bridge the Emperor Wenzel caused the father-confessor of his wife, St. John Nepomuk, the great saint of Bohemia, to be cast into the river because he refused to betray the secrets of the confessional. Many days and nights the body of this holy man floated on the surface of the pitying Moldau, with five bright stars, as token of his innocence, shining above it. To-day he is sculptured, carved, painted and illuminated in every corner of Prague.

Another pilgrimage should be made to the Cathedral completed by Peter Arler or Parler in 1385. Its splendid tower, five hundred and twenty feet high, was reduced by fire to a little over three hundred feet. "It is not a church of any ordinary pattern, but a great octagon, rather more than twenty-five meters in diameter, and vaulted in a clear sweep, and in the most beautiful star-like design, to almost exactly the same height above the floor."



THE GANGES, AT BENARES.

BENARES.

WHEN Babylon," so says Mr. Sherring, "was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added luster to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, Benares had already risen to greatness, if not to glory." One of the most ancient of the great cities of the world, Benares is to-day the religious center of the Hindoo religion and has been from time immemorial a "holy city." Situated on a broad bend of the Ganges in the form of an amphitheater, and extending three miles in one direction and one in another, thickly studded with domes and minarets, the bank of the river lined with stone embankments and highly ornamented landing places, with shrines and temples, Benares is at once the most picturesque and interesting city of India. Besides its religious importance it is a wealthy and growing trade center, and the residence of many English merchants, officials and missionaries.



IN THE GARDENS OF LILLE.

LILLE.

THE ancient capital of Flanders, once known as the historic city of Lisle, is to-day the capital of the French province of Nord. It is the chief fortress of the north of France, is admirably situated and defended, and is an excellent type of a modern fortified city. Lille is pre-eminently a manufacturing and commercial town; its principal industry is flax-spinning, thirty-five mills with one hundred and ninety thousand spindles giving employment to fourteen thousand persons. Eighty factories manufacture damasks, tickings and the usual staples of the linen trade, and there are dye-works, bleacheries, and establishments for the manufacture of factory engines and machinery. The broad boulevards and handsome squares in the new part of the city contrast pleasantly with the dingy and somber old town. The new streets are bordered by substantial brick houses, and among the twenty public squares the *Grande Place* is of almost noble extent. Arches, gates, bridges, public buildings, churches, schools, hospitals, museums and private residences give an air of prosperity and architectural beauty to this old Flemish city. The city is entered by seven gates and still retains many of its old picturesque features and elements. It is fortified at its northwestern side, possessing a strong citadel with barracks and magazines. The town hall, public library, museum and picture gallery are its most notable buildings.



IN THE HARBOR OF ROTTERDAM.

ROTTERDAM.

IT is a singular thing," says the Italian traveler De Amicis, "that the great cities of Holland, although built upon a shifting soil and amid difficulties of every kind, have all great regularity of form. Amsterdam is a semicircle, The Hague square, Rotterdam an equilateral triangle. The base of the triangle is an immense dyke, which defends the city from the Meuse, and is called the Boompjes, signifying in Dutch small trees, from a row of elms, now very tall, that were planted when it was first constructed. Another great dyke forms a second bulwark against the river, which divides the city into two almost equal parts, from the middle of the left side to the opposite angle. That part of Rotterdam which is comprised between the two dykes is all canals, islands and bridges, and is the new city: that which extends beyond the second dyke is the old city. Two great canals extend along the other two sides of the town to the apex, where they meet and receive the waters of the river Rotte, which with the affix of *dam* or dyke gives its name to the city."

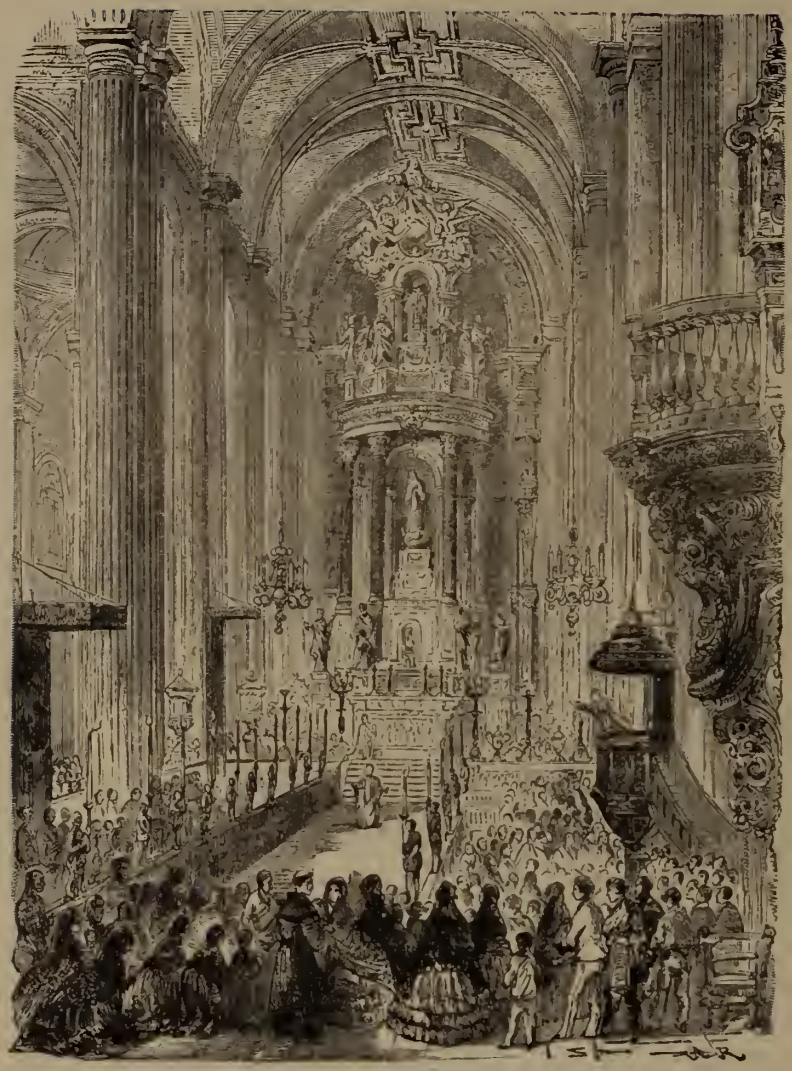
Rotterdam is, commercially, the first city in Holland after Amsterdam. Its prosperity dates from the year 1830, when, upon the separation of Holland and Belgium, Rotterdam seemed to secure everything that was lost to its rival, Antwerp. To-day the city is growing rapidly. It is the leading port of Holland. It does fully two thirds of the export trade of the nation, and has nearly fifty per cent. of the vessels and tonnage of Holland. Its leading industries are shipbuilding, sugar-refining, and the production of lead, iron and copper wares, white lead, varnishes, tobacco and cigars, chocolate and confectionery. It has some notable buildings — the Boymans Museum, the town house, exchange, court house, the Delft Gate, seamen's home, hospital and theaters. Statues of Erasmus the scholar, Van Hogendorp the statesman and Tollens the poet, adorn the squares and market-place. The people are active, ambitious and progressive.

Rotterdam, according to De Amicis, has a future more splendid than that of Amsterdam. She does not, he says, possess the wealth of the capital, but she is more industrious in increasing what she has; she dares, risks, undertakes, like a young and adventurous city. At Rotterdam, he concludes, "fortunes are made; at Amsterdam they are consolidated; at The Hague they are spent."



PICTURESQUE HOLLAND.

HAVANA.



IN THE CATHEDRAL.

PICTURESQUE as seen from the sea, tame as viewed from its low background, the city of San Cristobal de la Havana, the capital of Cuba, is situated on the beautiful Bay of Havana, one of the finest natural harbors in the world, land-locked, deep and free from rock or bar. This harbor is capable of accommodating fully a thousand ships of the largest size, and deep enough to allow them to anchor close to the docks. The Morro and Punta castles, the citadel and the long line of fortifications that defend the entrance to the city, give the town ample protection from the sea, while on the land side a deep fosse separates the fortifications from the arsenal and the suburbs of Salud and Guadalupe, in which fully one half of the inhabitants of the city find homes. Most of its houses are of solid stone, flat-roofed and substantial. It has many important but few noteworthy buildings. Of the score of churches in the city the most important is the cathedral built in 1724, and noted for its richly frescoed walls, its variegated marble floor and its costly altars. Within this cathedral for many years was the tomb of Columbus. Havana possesses also a university, a theological seminary, a military school and a school of art. The Tacon Theater accommodates fully three thousand people, the bull-ring and the cock-pit are popular amusements, and the promenades, drives and public gardens are a notable feature in Havana life. It is a big, busy, noisy, malodorous and not always healthy town, with imperfect drainage and careless sanitation. Its commerce is large, and is chiefly with the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. Steamers ply constantly between Havana and New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and Baltimore, while the city is connected with the towns in the interior of the island by railroads. Havana's staple manufacturing industry — that of tobacco — gives the city over a hundred cigar factories of the highest class, and its exportation of sugar runs into hundreds of millions of pounds yearly. The Royal factory of La Honradez — one of the sights of the city — has a daily product of over two and a half million cigarettes. A large export trade is also carried on in sugar, molasses, bees-wax and honey. Trade is lively, taxes are high, and life generally is on a correspondingly fast scale — the numerous cafés, restaurants, clubs and casinos testifying to the absence of a real home or domestic life among Havana's white residents. The island metropolis is the chief commercial city of the West Indies, a pleasant winter resort for visitors from the colder North, and always interesting and picturesque to the student of man and his manners.



NEWARK FROM THE PASSAIC.

NEWARK.

AS New York City marches steadily forward to Metropolitan immensity, so do its sister and suburban cities progress proportionately toward bigness. One of the most noticeable of these outlying cities of the American Metropolis is Newark, nine miles distant, the largest city in the State of New Jersey, and given by the census of 1890 a population of one hundred and eighty-two thousand — an increase of over one hundred and fifty thousand within fifty years, and of fully fifty thousand since the last census of 1880.

Newark is pleasantly and favorably situated in an elevated plain on the right bank of the Passaic River, four miles from Newark Bay. It is regularly laid out, with broad and beautiful streets, many of them elm-shaded and lined with handsome buildings and private residences. Broad and Market Streets are the principal business thoroughfares — the one cutting the heart of the city north and south, the other east and west. Among the city's most important and imposing buildings are the Court House, the City Hall, the Custom House and Post-office and numerous beautiful churches. Among its business edifices one — that of a successful Life Insurance Company — is said to be the finest business building in the State.

The railway facilities of Newark are abundant, four great trunk lines making it an important station, but alike the situation and inclination of the town have given it an especial prominence as a manufacturing center. Even in 1870 it was known as the "Birmingham of America," and in twenty years the growth of its industries has been proportionate to that of its population. Jewelry, carriages, paper, leather and beer are its chief manufactures, but pressing these closely are many other interests — celluloid goods, hat-making, boots and shoes, harness, trunk and saddlery-making; tools, tobacco, chemicals, clothing, machinery, iron and steel-manufacturing with sewing-machines, cotton, woollen and silk-thread factories swell the list of Newark's industries.

"Newark's growth," says a recent observer of the city's progress, "has been of the solid and realistic variety: there has been nothing of the artificial about it. What she has, she has fairly won and is clearly entitled to."

MONTREAL.



IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

ONE thousand miles from the ocean, the gateway to a great chain of river, lake and canal navigation, crowning a series of terraces and overlooked by the great pile of trap-rock known as Mount Royal, the largest city of the Dominion of Canada, Montreal, has stood for three centuries and a half, steadily growing, a power in colonization, in politics, in trade and in manufactures in the history of the sturdy northern neighbor of the United States.

The modern city of Montreal occupies an area of nearly eight square miles. Its principal streets run parallel with the St. Lawrence. Its public buildings and many of its private residences are built of the gray limestone quarried from the Royal Mountain on its northern side. In the river below, the great Victoria Bridge, a triumph of modern engineering, spans the space between Nun's and St. Helen's Islands. It is a tubular iron bridge, measures nearly nine thousand, two hundred feet in length, and is supported on twenty-four piers of solid masonry so constructed as to successfully resist the rapid current of the river and the enormous pressure of the ice in spring-time.

Above the mass of Montreal's crowding houses rise the towers, spires and domes of its churches and public buildings. Montreal is a city of churches. The Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Peter reproduces on a reduced scale the leading characteristics of St. Peter's at Rome, and forms a striking feature in any general view of the city. The Parish Church of Notre Dame accommodates ten thousand worshipers. The new city hall, a superb structure, the court house near by, Bonsecours Market in St. Paul Street, McGill College and its buildings in Sherbrooke Street, the Hotel Dieu, and the Grey Nun's Hospitals, are among the principal buildings of the city, which is also adorned with numerous statues and monuments.

A city of ice and snow for a good portion of the year, its cold cannot chill its advancing prosperity. The commercial houses and the substantial harbor of Montreal testify to its wealth, its strength and its solidity, while such pleasure grounds as the lofty park on the summit of Mount Royal are proof at once of the picturesque situation and the general prosperity of this leading city in the great Dominion.

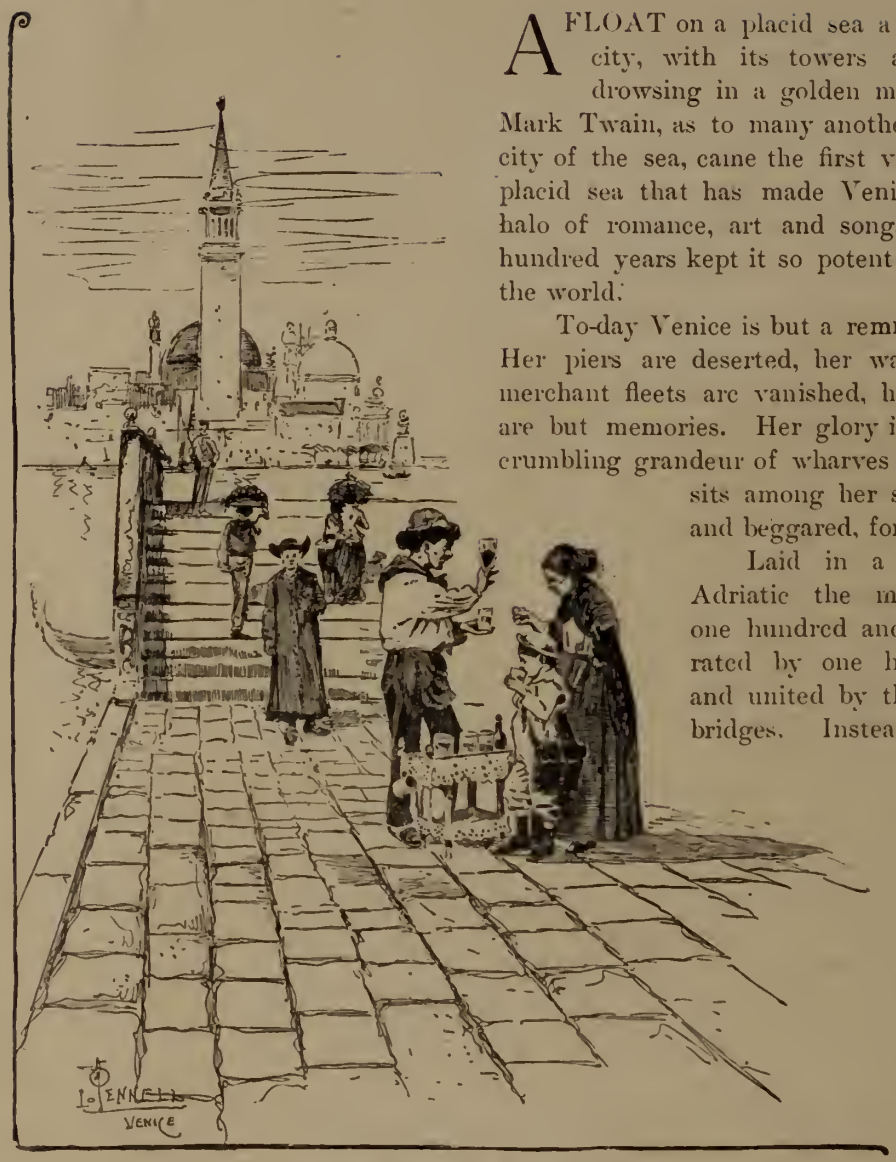


THE HUDSON RIVER AT JERSEY CITY.

JERSEY CITY.

TO be a "railroad town" is to be eminently prosaic. From all such points the tourist in search of the picturesque incontinently flees, knowing it only as a good place to get away from. As such a place does the unthinking tourist regard Jersey City, New York City's depot, entrepôt and overflow on the further side of the broad and busy Hudson River. But all such hasty conclusions are often apt to be both rash and wrong, and he who only knows Jersey City as a railway center, unattractive because simply a place for departure or arrival, knows but little of the real life of this busy, bustling, ever-growing town. Incorporated in 1820 as the City of Jersey and re-incorporated in 1838 under its present name, it is eligibly placed alike for traffic and sitely location on the mile-wide Hudson just where it enters the beautiful Bay of New York. Jersey City is now an aggregation of three distinct municipalities. It has been well laid out with wide and regular streets, four public squares, substantial business structures and public buildings and many handsome private residences. Its chief importance is, necessarily, its relation to New York City as a terminus for travel. At least three lines of ocean steamers, five trunk lines of railways, seven lesser railways and the Morris and Essex Canal center upon its river frontage and foster its industries. Of these latter the name is legion. Watch-making, glass-works, zinc, boiler, machine and locomotive works; foundries, railroad repair and supply shops, sugar refineries, breweries, planing mills and the thousand and one kindred or companion industries find a home in this busy city, and give daily occupation to the thousands of toilers who are daily increasing its usefulness and importance, and making it, if not the most picturesque, certainly one of the most practical and productive of all the great and growing cities of the American Union.

VENICE.



A WATER-VENDER ON THE RIVA.

AFLOAT on a placid sea a league away, lay a great city, with its towers and domes and steeples drowsing in a golden mist of sunset." Thus to Mark Twain, as to many another visitor to the beautiful city of the sea, came the first view of Venice. It is the placid sea that has made Venice, that has given it the halo of romance, art and song, and that for fully five hundred years kept it so potent a power in the history of the world.

To-day Venice is but a remnant of her ancient glory. Her piers are deserted, her warehouses are empty, her merchant fleets are vanished, her armies and her navies are but memories. Her glory is departed, and with her crumbling grandeur of wharves and palaces about her she sits among her stagnant lagoons, forlorn and beggared, forgotten of the world.

Laid in a shallow portion of the Adriatic the modern Venice stands on one hundred and seventeen islands, separated by one hundred and fifty canals and united by three hundred and eighty bridges. Instead of streets its traffic passes along these canals. "There is," says Mr. Stockton, "not a horse, a cab or a carriage of any kind, in all the city. The people go about in gondolas or other kinds of boats, or walk in the alleys, streets and squares which are found all over the city." Since 1880 "omnibus" steamers have been introduced on the Grand Canal, over which have also been thrown two nineteenth-century iron bridges — useful, but by no means picturesque.

The Grand Canal winds its serpentine length of two miles through the city, with a railway station at one end and a hotel at the other. It is lined with buildings and palaces, some moldy and some magnificent, and almost midway in its course it is crossed by the famous Rialto — a queer but historic bridge, high in the middle and with a good many steps at either end. The Rialto is in the busiest portion of the city, for Venice in spite of its ancient flavor and its moldy life, is growing in industry and prosperity. Gold and silver work, velvet, silk and glass are its leading manufactures, while an extensive traffic is carried on in cotton, grain, oils, wine, fruits, drugs, fish, hides and leather.

But the effect of the old Venice is more lasting than that of the new. "What a funny old city this Queen of the Adriatic is!" exclaimed Mark Twain. "Narrow streets, vast, gloomy marble palaces, black with the corroding damps of centuries, and all partly submerged; no dry land visible anywhere, and no sidewalks worth mentioning. In the glare of the day there is little poetry



ON THE GRAND CANAL.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK.

about Venice, but under the charitable moon her stained palaces are white again, their battered sculptures are hidden in shadows and the old city seems crowded once more with the grandeur that was hers five hundred years ago."

The central and objective point of Venice is, of course, the square of St. Mark, at the mouth of the Grand Canal. Here is the pink and yellow palace of the Doges, a building that fills a large share of Venetian story; here the historic Bridge of Sighs that links a palace to a prison and has seen so much of tragedy and tyranny; here, too, are the Cathedral of St. Mark — the venerable relic of the ancient glory of Venice — and its beautiful tower or Campanile, rising high over every thing in this picturesque city of the sea.

The visitor in this moldering but quaint old sea-town need never tire for sights and expeditions. "Ever so much more," says Mr. Stockton, "shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas and see the old dock yards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a steamboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs; we shall explore churches and palaces; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city she is."